



1893

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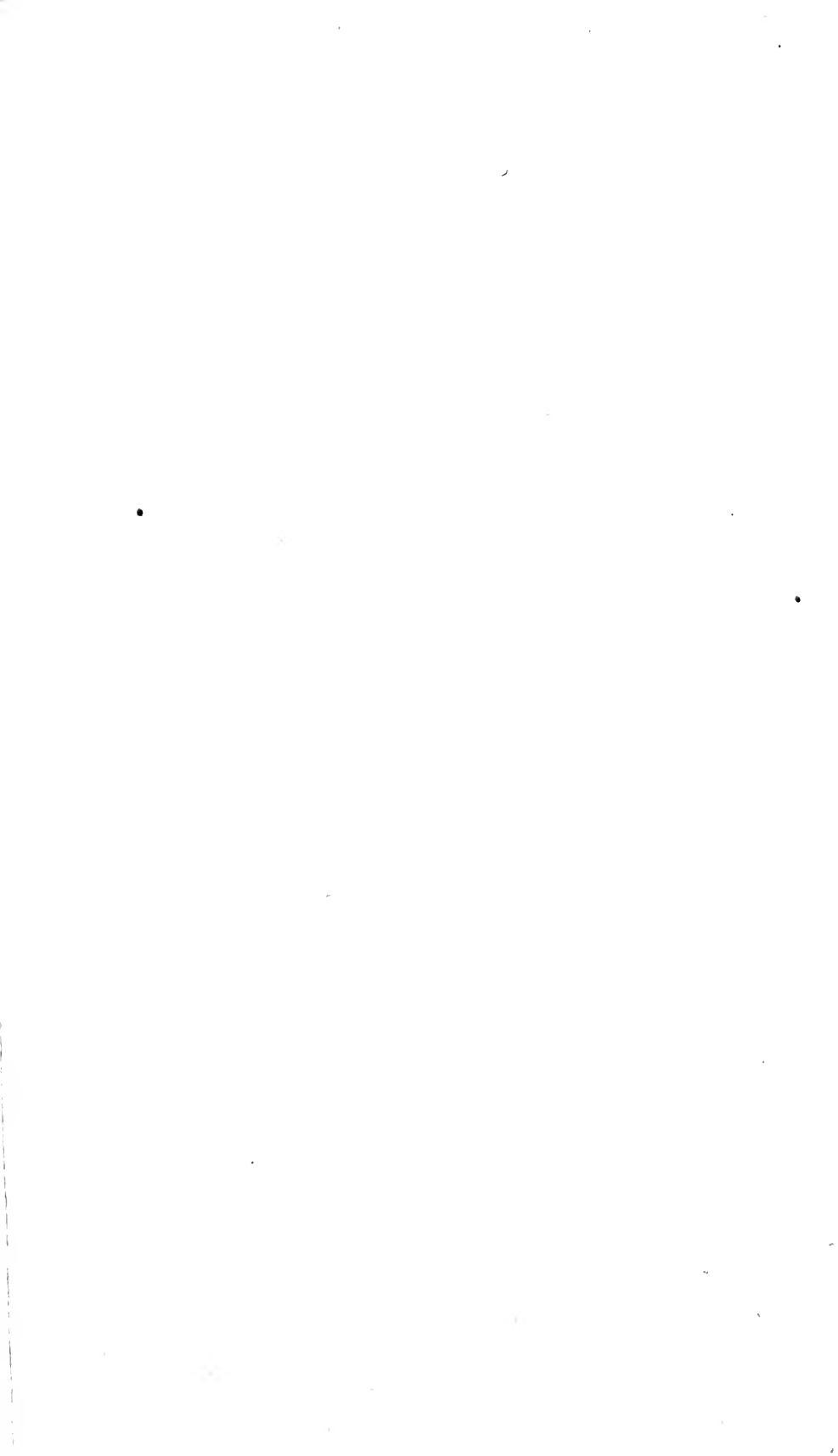
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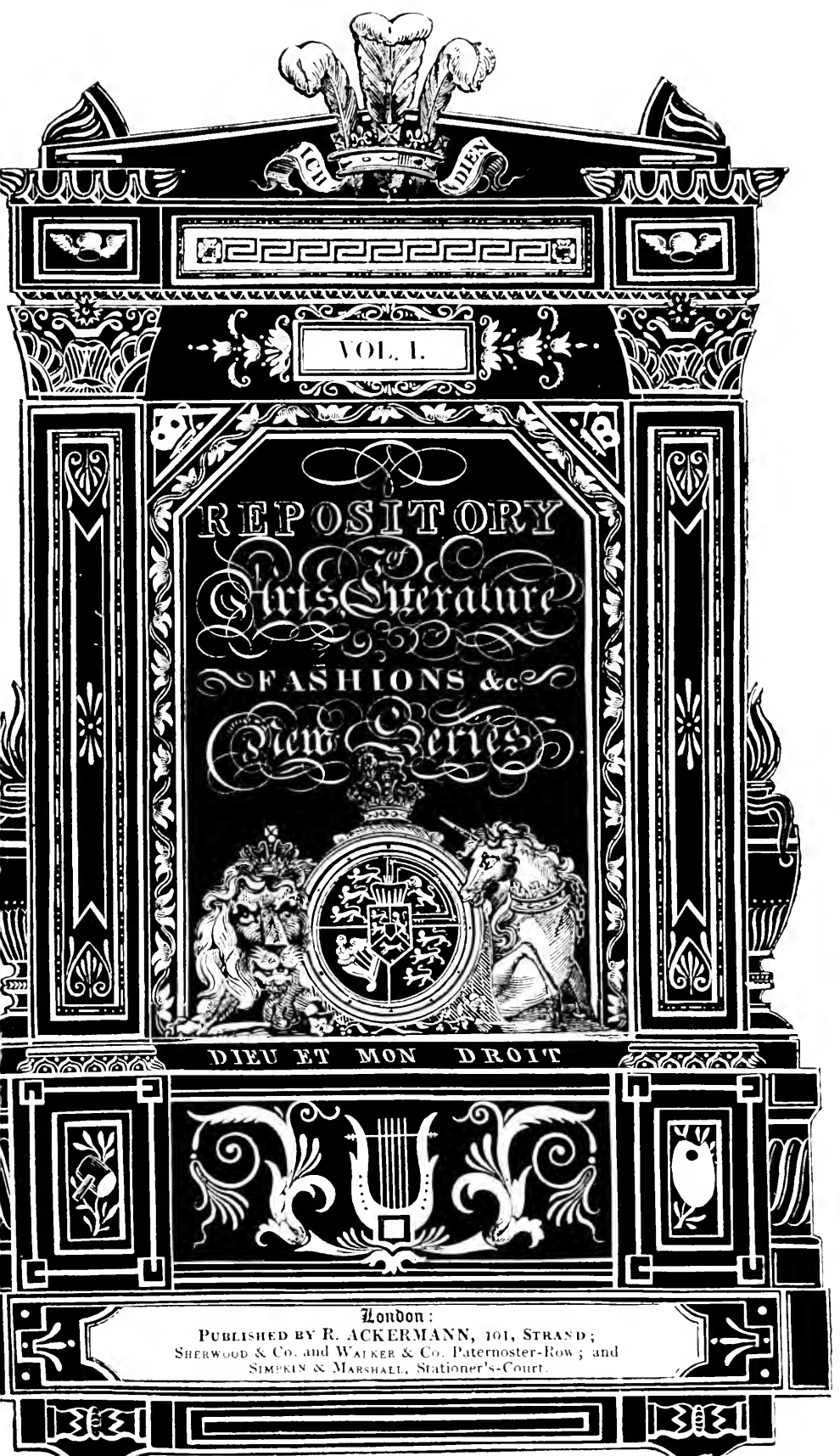
*Emilia Croker*

*1893*

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VOL. I.

REPOSITORY  
OF Arts, Literature  
FASHIONS &c.  
New Series



DIEU ET MON DROIT



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THE  
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OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,  
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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. I.

JANUARY 1, 1816.

No. 1.

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## TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

*In the first Number of our New Series, which we here present to our readers, we trust that they will perceive, that the solicitude to afford them gratification, which during seven years has been the object of our exertions, is by no means abated. We have the presumption to anticipate their approval of the alterations that have been made in the arrangement of the work, in which experience will doubtless enable us to introduce farther improvements; and though some few individuals may perhaps experience disappointment at the omission of certain articles which they have been accustomed to find in our pages, we are confident, that the general voice will pronounce in favour of our endeavours to heighten their interest and to enlarge the sphere of their utility.*

*We beg leave to call the attention of the purchasers of the First Series of the Repository to the announcement, in our Literary Intelligence, of a Supplementary Number, which will contain a General Index and an Appendix to the Retrospect of Politics. This Number will be sold at a very low price, and being necessary for the completion of the Series, we suggest the propriety of withholding the 14th volume from the binder till after its publication, which is expected to take place on the 1st of February.*

*Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expence. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.*

*The attention of our fair readers, especially those resident in the country, is requested to our notice respecting an extension of our observations on Female Fashions, which we trust will give them general satisfaction.*

*The communication on Architectural Criticism was received too late for insertion in the present Number, but will find a place in our next, and will be acceptable, it is presumed, to our readers, both on account of its novelty and general interest.*

*R. on the Character of Bonaparte, wants novelty.*

*If Stella, Somerset, and others of our poetical contributors, should feel disappointed at our apparent neglect of their favours, we assure them, that their exclusion is solely attributable to the management of the printer.*

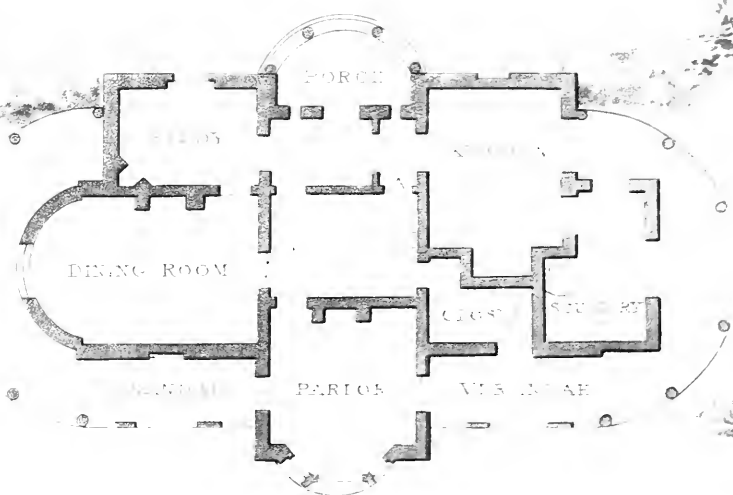
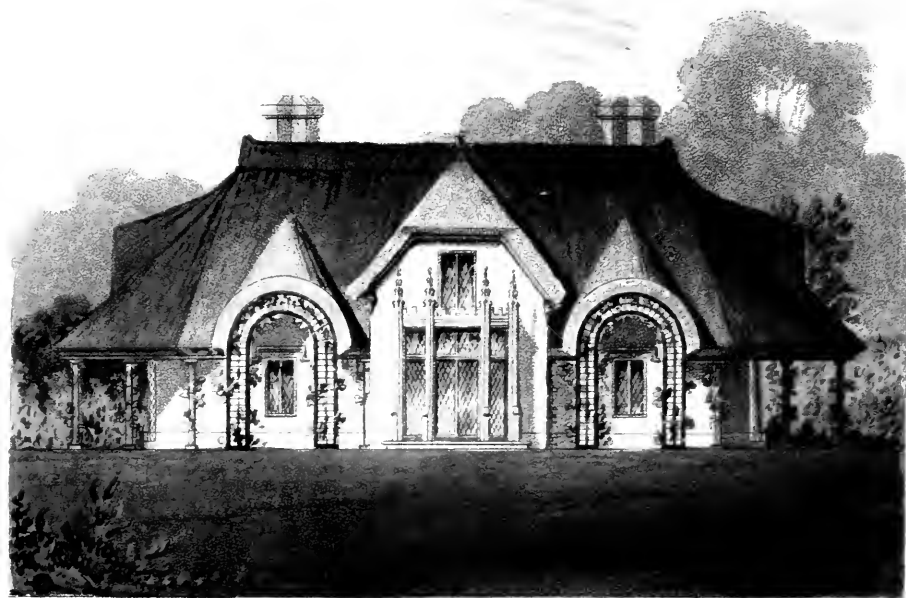
*The contributions of our literary friends on every subject calculated to amuse, interest, or inform, are earnestly solicited.*

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Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any Part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.







COTTAGE CHASE

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THE SECOND SERIES.

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VOL. I.

JANUARY 1, 1816.

N<sup>o</sup>. I.

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FINE ARTS.

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ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE I.—COTTAGE ORNEE.

THE commencement of this New Series of the *Repository* affords an opportunity to introduce, with other novelties, a subject presumed to be of extensive interest, as it will embrace, in continuation, a large portion of the means by which convenience, usefulness, and beauty are obtained, in a various, though properly circumscribed view of architectural and rural improvement. These speculations, so intimately connected with the elegancies of social life, are now generally cultivated by the affluent: indeed these arts have acquired a patronage and encouragement unknown in earlier times; for in proportion to the extensive increase of knowledge, and the consequent refinement of the public taste, a just appreciation has been formed of the advantages which result from science towards the perfect understanding of those laws of proportion and style, that in all cases may be superadded to fitness and accommodation. Hence whilst pub-

*Vol. I. No. I.*

lic bodies, with an unexampled boldness and munificence, erect splendid edifices that are permanent monuments of glory to our cities, the country scenery is converted, by the taste of individuals, into an extensive and embellished garden.

To the subject of the latter only the "Architectural Hints" are intended to apply; the greater works of art must ever remain wholly with the professional artist, and his hands must be completely liberated from the shackles by which fashion, or caprice, too frequently encumbers them, if it be expected that our own nation shall rival in excellence even the vestiges of taste that time has spared for our instruction; nor is it expected, that any thing offered in these pages will make needless the architect's valuable assistance. It is hoped, however, that useful matter will be found in them, and that they will lead to many points, both in the theoretical and practical economy of rural im-

B

provement, not usually contemplated by the amateur; although it is certain, that very little will be advanced that can be new to the enlightened and scientific professor.

The plate annexed represents the elevation and plan of a cottage ornée: the apartments on the ground-floor are a hall, parlour, dining-room, and study, a store-room, kitchen, and scullery; under the three latter are a larder, coal-cellar, ale and beer-cellar, and a moderate-sized wine-cellar: the stairs to these are under the best stairs, and commence at A. On the chamber-floor would be five bedrooms and a closet. A verandah, formed by the roof, encompasses the principal apartments, affords shelter to them, and forms either a walk or a sort of open conservatory for plants. By permitting the parlour to have casements opening to the floor, and communicating to the verandah on each side, a very pleasant and pictorial summer-room would be obtained; and if in winter outside shutters were added, the quantity of window would not be objectionable to many persons, even at that season.

The elevation exhibited is towards the garden, and it is rendered picturesque by the arched interruptions to the otherwise level line of the verandah, and by the bay window which increases the length of the parlour; the roof is supported by the stems of small trees, and an occasional trellis-work is introduced for the purpose of receiving ornamental foliage, which may be entwined about it: indeed, the construction of this cottage would allow so extensive an appli-

cation of plants, that the lower apartments of the garden front might be completely embowered. The entrance front would be more simple here; the verandah is abridged, the walls would be carried as high as the gable of the garden front, and a small porch introduced, covered with thatch and supported by plain octagon pillars.

The cottage ornée is a fertile theme, and from its interest will of course be frequently reverted to, particularly as relates to the decoration of the apartments: it will not, however, be wholly foreign to the general subject, if some observations are made on the cottage of the husbandman. Of his humble dwelling the character of style cannot be too simple: the ornaments which fancy in her playful mood may suggest, ill associate with the modest and moderate claims of this respectable and useful class of society; the symbols of ease and luxury are incongruous with his laborious life and frugal means, and ought therefore to be omitted: but a gracefulness of form and proportion is as applicable to this edifice as to the mansion, and there are also genuine embellishments belonging to the cottage of the British labourer, which if denied, an important source of rural beauty has lost its best sentiment with its greatest charm: the broken casement, the patched wall, the sunken roof, the hatch unhinged, the withered shrub, are corresponding testimonies of the husbandman's relaxed energies and broken spirit.

The porch in which he rests after the fatigues of the day, ornamented by some flowering creeper, at once

affords him shade and repose; neatness and cleanliness connected with these and other means of external cheerfulness, bespeak that elasticity of mind, that spring of action, which produce industry and cheerfulness, and demonstrate that peace and content at least dwell with its inhabitants.

The labourer's cottage should be placed in a situation so raised above the common level of the ground, that the rains and meltings of the snow shall readily escape from it; although the chamber should invariably be above stairs, some part of the family occasionally sleep on the ground-floor, which, notwithstanding it may be boarded, is often rendered unhealthful by the damps that are commonly concealed beneath it: the dryness of his habitation is among the foremost of the husbandman's comforts.

If it be possible, the lowest part of the wall should be higher than the level of the highest standing water in the ponds and ditches about its neighbourhood, or the foundation will partake of their contents, and drains should be made from it that the water, which will from various sources collect there, may immediately be carried off. Without this precaution, the trench that is dug for the foundation becomes a reservoir for all the water that falls about it; and it is this water which, having no means of escape, too frequently rises by capillary attractions, as also by the absorbing nature of the materials of which the building is composed, to some feet above the floor of the lower apartments of a house, and damages the skirtings, dadoes, and plastering: to this stagnant

water is often traced that corruption which causes the dry-rot in its floors and timbers. Where a drain cannot be made from the foundation, owing to the necessity of building in a low situation, the capillary attraction should be arrested by a course of slates, lead, or other substance, placed all round the building the whole width of the walls and immediately above the level of the ground.

It may be readily conceived, that when the earth is wet on which a house is built, the consequent rarefaction of the air, produced by fires or by the mere inclosure, will cause an exudation of moisture from it, that will render the lower rooms unhealthful to the inhabitants. This will, however, soon become dry, and cease to issue these vapours, unless the wet is renewed by the progress of water through the substrata of the earth: when this circumstance is suspected, and it is one that must take place when the building is on the side of a hill, it is judicious to cut a channel or ditch several feet deep a few yards above the site of the house, and extending some yards on each side of it, so disposing the channel, that the water it collects may thence be conveyed to drains in the lower ground beyond the building itself; if the channel be made narrow at the bottom, and large stones or brick rubbish be thrown in to about two feet deep, these covered with bush-wood, and the ground filled in upon them, the drain will not be perceived, and large quantities of water may often be diverted from its natural course, that, without some such remedy, would render the building uninhabitable. These ob-

servations may be considered as applicable to buildings in general.

A gentleman in Surrey, whose name does not immediately occur, has built cottages for his work-people, and of necessity in a very damp situation, it being low, and near the current of the river Wandle: he has succeeded in intercepting the damps, by covering the area of the whole cottage, even including the walls, with the composition called *tessera*: it lies on the ground and on the walls, both being prepared for it, one step or six inches above the common level of the ground. The *tessera* being kept at a medium temperature by the continually wet earth beneath it, fully answers this purpose: it is not, however, intended to bestow encomiums upon it for any other.

It is desirable, that every situation adopted for the cottage should afford to it a piece of ground for a small garden: usually the policy as well as the humanity of the proprietor will suggest the necessity of such a disposition of a small part of his domain. There are moments of leisure and remains of strength and spirits, even after a hard day's toil, that the uncultivated mind of the husbandman cannot afford to lose in idleness, and he has but little refuge from the temptations of the village alehouse, if the culture of such a piece of ground is denied him. A fruit-tree or two are planted with little expence; they afford a produce to his family of great value; and by the potatoes and herbage that he cultivates as substitutes for more expensive fare, he is enabled to save something for those little purchases which many cottagers feel the want of severely

during the inclemencies of winter. The morals of the man are preserved, the example of a sober and industrious father is before his children, the wife is happy in the presence of her husband, and society rejoices that another of its members is an honour to his humble state. There is no important work so cheaply effected, perhaps, as thus amending the condition of the poor, in thus allowing them the exercise of so much of the natural pride of the human heart as may be innocently effective of the works of pride; and happy indeed is he who feels its influence, and evinces it only by the neatness of his habitation, and by the quantity or quality of the vegetable which, by his care and industry, his little garden produces.

The materials of which a cottage is to be built depend greatly on the nature of the supply the county of its site affords; wood, with brick pannels, covered with rough-cast. Brick, rough-casted or coloured, or stone, for the walls, is to be preferred; and reeds, straw, or slates for the roof. A tasteful mind will readily select those materials which, when combined, shall make an agreeable whole; and, in a future paper, some observations will be introduced, on the selection and harmony of colours dependent on these materials, its surrounding landscape, and distant scenery. A cheap walling for cottages is made in some counties of the west of England, which the builders denominate *cob-work*: it is a compost of clay, small gravel, and straw, beaten well together, and applied of a substance sufficient to form the wall, which is usually from 15 to 18

inches thick. A more scientific and durable walling has been some time adopted, introduced to us by the late Mr. Holland, the architect. It is called *pisé*, and is in great repute in Italy and the south of France; at this time it is well known in England. If several cottages are to be built for the labouring class of men, it is on every account worthy to be adopted. A foundation of stone or brick must be prepared to receive the *pisé*, about a foot and a half above the surface of the ground; the native loam is then prepared, and a species of coffer or chest is applied to the foundation, and so arranged that the loam may be thrown into it, and compressed, by frequent beat-

ings with a mallet, to form a portion of the wall the size of the coffer. When this portion is complete, the chest is moved forward to form the next portion, and so on until the wall is about two or three feet high; upon this the same operation takes place, and is repeated until the *pisé* wall is high enough to receive the roof: the doors and windows are cut out after the wall is otherwise completed. The process at length will be found in the quarto volume of *Communications* published by the Board of Agriculture about sixteen years ago: a greatly improved operation of the *pisé* walling has since been separately published.

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#### CHRONOLOGICAL SURVEY OF THE MOST EMINENT ARTISTS TO THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

##### ARCHITECTS.

##### *Epochs of the History of Architecture.*

GREEK architecture derived its origin from that of Egypt and Phœnicia. Cecrops, the founder of Athens, Danaus, the founder of Argos, and Cadmus, the builder of Thebes, brought it from those countries, and introduced it among the people of Greece, who were in a state of barbarism till their arrival. But the sublime and unfettered genius of the Greek, and especially of the Ionic-Greek tribes, here imparted to it a peculiar and equally original and worthy form. From this style originated the Hetrurian, and, at a later period, the Roman architecture. It presents itself in the following four epochs.

##### *First Epoch.*

From the most ancient times to Pericles; or,

From Erysielthon to Libon and Ictinus.

The character of architecture during this epoch is dignified simplicity and colossal form; an approach to beauty by the purely symmetrical combination of all the principal parts into one whole.

In this character it was applied only to the erection of temples.

The remains of this epoch are—

1. The ruins of the temple of Corinth.
2. The ruins of Pæstum.
3. The ruins of Agrigentum, Segesta, Selinus, and Syracuse.
4. The ruins of the temple of Theſcus.

##### *Second Epoch.*

From Pericles to Alexander the Great; or,

From Ictinus and Calliocrates to Dinochares.

The character of architecture during this period is imposing magnitude of the whole, combined with perfect beauty in the details. Its grandeur was not merely harmonious in its principal masses, and highly suitable to the object, but also perfectly tasteful or beautiful in its minor parts. During this period the higher style of architecture was not confined to temples, but extended to theatres, gymnasiums, odeons, treasuries, and other public edifices.

The oldest of the orders, the Doric, was still retained in an embellished and more slender form; the Ionic was also beautified, and the Corinthian invented in this interval.

It produced the following buildings, of most of which ruins are still extant:—

1. The Acropolis, together with the Propylæa at Athens.
2. The temple of Pallas on Cape Sunium.
3. The temple of Jupiter Olympius at Olympia.
4. The temple of Apollo at Delphi.
5. The temple of Æsculapius at Epidaurus.
6. The theatre at the same place.
7. The temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, together with the theatre at Ægina.
8. The temple of Minerva Alca at Tegea.

#### *Third Epoch.*

From Alexander the Great to Hadrian; or,

From Cleomenes and Dinochares to Apollodorus.

The character of architecture during this epoch consists almost solely in aiming at a more agree-

able, more beautiful, and more tasteful form, both in the whole and in the parts. The ancient simplicity was forsaken, and, on this account, the ancient Doric was very rarely employed; the Ionic more frequently, and the Corinthian in preference to either.

During this period the higher order of architecture began to be chiefly applied to private habitations.

Some of the principal buildings which were erected in it, and with the ruins of which we are still acquainted, are—

1. The temple and palaces of Palmyra.
2. The Pantheon at Rome.
3. The ruins of the Golden House at Rome.
4. The ruins of the palace and baths of Titus.

#### *Fourth Epoch.*

From Hadrian to Theodoric; or, From Apollodorus to ———.

The character of architecture in this epoch is, an overloading of the beautiful with decorations to the total decline of the art.

The principal structures, the ruins of which still exist, are—

1. Hadrian's villa at Tivoli.
2. The temple of Jupiter Olympius at Athens.
3. The baths of Caracalla and of Dioclesian at Rome.

ARCHITECTS; PERIOD IN WHICH THEY FLOURISHED; THEIR PRINCIPAL WORKS AND MERITS.

ERYSICHTON, son of Cecrops, of Athens. He built the temple of Apollo in Delos, which being afterwards enlarged at the joint expence of all Greece, was one of the noblest edifices of antiquity.

THEODORUS, of Samos, before Christ



700. His works were, the labyrinth of Lennus, which Pliny even prefers before those of Crete and Egypt; some buildings at Sparta, and the temple of Juno at Samos. To this artist the ancients ascribe many inventions of great utility in architecture.
- HERMOGENES**, of Alabanda, B. C. 650. The temple of Bacchus in Teios; the temple of Diana at Magnesia.
- AGAMEDES**, of Delphi, B. C. 600. The first magnificent temple of Apollo at Delphi was the work of this artist and of Trophonius.
- TROPHONIUS**, of Delphi, B. C. 600.— See **AGAMEDES**, above.
- MEMNON**, of Persia, B. C. 600. A palace of king Cyrus at Ecbatana.
- CHERSIPHON**, of Ephesus, B. C. 600. The first temple of Diana at Ephesus, which was burned by Erostratus.
- DEMETRIUS**, of Ephesus, B. C. 540. He continued the building of the first temple of Diana at Ephesus begun by Chersiphron.
- PÆONIUS**, of Ephesus, B. C. 420. He completed the building of the same temple, which took from 220 to 240 years.
- EUPALINOS**, of Megara, B. C. 500. Many edifices in Samos; a celebrated aqueduct there.
- MANDROCLE**, of Samos, B. C. 500. The wooden bridge which was thrown, by command of Darius, over the Thracian Bosphorus.
- CUROSOPHOS**, of Crete, B. C. 500. The temple of Ceres and Proserpine; the temple of the Paphian Venus; the temple of Apollo—all at Tegea.
- PYTHIUS**, of Priene, B. C. 450. Design for the temple of Pallas at Priene; the celebrated mausoleum of Artemisia in Caria, in which work he was assisted by Satirus.
- SPINTHARUS**, of Corinth, B. C. 450. He rebuilt the temple of Apollo at Delphi, after it had been destroyed by fire.
- AGAPTUS**, of Elis, B. C. 450. Portico at Elis.
- LIBON**, of Elis, B. C. 450. The temple of Jupiter Olympius at Olympia: equally celebrated for his architecture and for the statue of the same god by Phidias.
- AMPHION**, of Thebes, B. C. 600. The citadel of Thebes, called Cadmea.
- ICLINUS**, of Athens, B. C. 450. The temple of Pallas Athene in the Acropolis at Athens; the temple of Ceres and Proserpine at Eleusis; the temple of Apollo Epicurius in Arcadia.
- CALLICRATES**, of Athens, B. C. 450. He assisted Ictinus in the erection of the Parthenon.
- MNESICLES**, of Athens, B. C. 450. The Propylæa of the Parthenon at Athens.
- CORGIUS**, of Eleusis, B. C. 450. The Celesterium at Eleusis.
- ANTISTATES**, of Athens, B. C. 450. A temple of Jupiter at Athens.
- ARCHIAS**, of Corinth, B. C. 400. Many temples and other edifices at Syracuse.
- CALLIAS**, of Aradus, B. C. 400. Many temples and other edifices in Rhodes.
- ARGELIUS**, B. C. 400. The temple of the Ionian Æsculapius.
- MNESTHES**, B. C. 400. The temple of Apollo at Magnesia.
- CLEOMENES**, of Athens, B. C. 350. The plan of the city of Alexandria, in Egypt.
- DINOCHARES**, of Macedonia, B. C. 350. He rebuilt the temple of Diana at Ephesus; continued the building of Alexandria; and proposed to transform mount Athos into a colossal figure.
- ANDRONICUS**, of Athens, B. C. 350. The Tower of the Winds, still standing at Athens.
- EPIMACHUS**, of Athens, B. C. 300. A storm-tower.
- SOSTRATUS**, of Gnidus, B. C. 300. The Pharos of Alexandria.
- PHILO**, of Athens, B. C. 300. He enlarged the arsenal and the Piræus at Athens, and erected the great theatre in that city which was rebuilt by order of Hadrian.
- EUPOLEMOS**, of Argos, B. C. 300. Several temples and a theatre in that city.

- PHEAX**, of Agrigentum, B. C. 200. Several works at Agrigentum.
- COSSUTIUS**, of Rome, B. C. 196. Design for the temple of Jupiter Olympius at Athens.
- HERMODORUS**, of Salamis, B. C. 100. The temple of Jupiter Stator in the Forum at Rome; the temple of Mars in the Circus Flaminius at Rome.
- MUZIUS**, of Rome, B. C. 100. The temple of Honour and Virtue, near the trophies of Marius, at Rome.
- VALERIUS**, of Rome, B. C. 100. Several amphitheatres with roofs.
- BATRACHUS**, of Laconia, B. C. 40. Several temples at Rome were built by him and Sauros.
- SAUROS**, of Laconia, B. C. 40.—See the preceding.
- POLYCRITUS**.
- DEXIPHANES**, of Cyprus, B. C. 40. He rebuilt the Pharos of Alexandria, by command of Cleopatra, after the old one had fallen down.
- CYRUS**, of Rome, B. C. 35. Cicero's Villa Tusculana, or at least some of the buildings belonging to it.
- POSTUMIUS**, of Rome, B. C. 30. Many works at Rome and Naples.
- COCCÆUS AUCTUS**, of Rome, B. C. 30. The grotto of Pozzuolo, and likewise the grotto of Cumæ, near the Lago d'Averno.
- FUSSITIUS**, of Rome, B. C. 30. Several works at Rome. He was the first who wrote on the subject of architecture at Rome.
- VITRUVIUS POLLIO**, of Formiæ, after Christ 1. A Basilica Justitiæ, or a court of justice at Favo. He is chiefly eminent for his invaluable works on architecture.
- VITRUVIUS CERDO**, of Verona, A. C. 1. A triumphal arch at Verona.
- CELER**, of Rome, A. C. 50. The Golden House of Nero, built by him and Severus.
- SEVERUS**, of Rome, A. C. 50.—See Celer
- RABRIUS**, of Rome, A. C. 80. The palace of Domitian on Mount Palatine.
- MUSTIUS**, of Rome, A. C. 90. A temple of Ceres at Rome.
- FRONTINUS**, of Rome, A. C. 100. He was the author of a remarkable work, still extant, on the Roman aqueducts.
- APOLLODORUS**, of Damascus. The celebrated Forum Trajani at Rome; the bridge over the Danube, in Lower Hungary.
- LACER**, of Rome. A bridge over the Tagus, in Spain; and a temple, now dedicated to San Giuliano.
- DETRIANUS**, of Rome. The Moles Hadriana and the contiguous Pons Ælius, the present Castello and Ponte Sant'Angelo. Several other magnificent edifices in and near Rome.
- ANTONINUS**, the senator, of Rome. A pantheon at Epidaurus; the baths of Æsculapius.
- HIPPAS**. Various baths.
- NICON**, of Pergamus, A. C. 150. Several admirable works at Pergamus.

(To be continued.)

## THE DOMESTIC COMMONPLACE-BOOK;

*Containing authentic Receipts and miscellaneous Information in every Branch of Domestic Economy, and of general Utility.*

In commencing a series of papers under this title, it would be superfluous to expatiate on the utility of the application of the arts to the purposes of common life. This is sufficiently demonstrated by the important improvements in almost every department of domestic economy, which have resulted from the investigations and discoveries of scientific men. The science of chemistry alone has, within these few years, created various new branches of industry; it has improved a still greater number, and made public almost all the secrets of certain arts. The Domestic Commonplace-Book is designed to bring before the public, in a popular form, all

such genuine receipts, hints, and facts, offered by the arts and sciences, together with original information, not to be met with elsewhere, as are of universal interest, but more particularly concern the heads or superintendents of household establishments. We earnestly invite the communications of authentic information suitable for this portion of our Miscellany; and from the assistance which we have already secured, we venture to promise our readers a collection equally diversified, amusing, and valuable; by means of which any of them will be enabled, without the necessity of previous study, not only to extend the sphere of their comforts and enjoyments, but also to detect, with the same certainty as the professed chemist, the various fraudulent adulterations, by which health is often undermined and life itself sometimes endangered.

ON THE GENERAL NATURE OF FOREIGN WINES, AND EASY METHOD OF ASCERTAINING THEIR RELATIVE STRENGTH, OR THE QUANTITY OF SPIRIT WHICH THEY CONTAIN.

*Preliminary Observations.*

WINE appears to have been known in the earliest ages of the world; the Scriptures inform us, that Noah planted a vineyard, and drank wine. Every body knows, that no product of the arts varies so much as this substance, and that there is a great variety in the colour, flavour, quality, and strength of wine, which depend not less on the quality of the grape from which the wine is prepared, modified by climate, soil, and culture, than on the manner in which the wine is manufactured.

If the grapes be gathered unripe, the wine abounds with acid, and has a thin, sharp taste; but if the fruit be gathered ripe, the wine is rich and strong-bodied.

If the wine be casked in an early stage of the fermentation, it becomes brisk, sparkling, and lively, on account of the predominant quality of carbonic acid gas, which is rapidly disengaged when the bottle is opened. Such wines are not sufficiently *ripe*, they contain little or no spirit, and soon become vapid or flat. Champagne may serve as an example.

*Vol. I. No. I.*

Sweet wines always abound in sugar; they do not keep well, because they contain no tartar, or tartrate of potash, which is essential to the constitution of all wines.

The best of the red wines of France, namely, claret of Bourdeaux, and those of Burgundy and Languedoc, although they contain tartrate of potash, abound in mucilage; and they do not keep well on that account.

The wines of Germany, which are white and full of spirit, are almost free from mucilage, and therefore keep for a long time, and improve much by age. Hock, which is a famous German wine, is almost free from mucilage; it is one of the most perfect wines produced by nature and art.

The Italian wines are always well fermented, and greatly resemble those of the south of France. Syracuse, for example, which is a rich, generous, and very delicious wine, abounds in sugar and mucilage; it contains but little spirit, and is almost free from tartar, or tartrate of potash. The quantity of mucilage which is contained in this and several other Italian wines, is often so great, that it may be separated and its quantity ascertained, by evaporating or boiling down the wine to about one-fourth of its bulk, and then mingling it with alcohol. By this means the mucilage

C

lage will coagulate and fall to the bottom. In sherry the quantity of mucilage is comparatively small. In Malaga it is much larger; but the wines of Alicant, which are reckoned cordials, are full of it.

The wines of the Cape of Good Hope are the best, or at least most perfect, of all wines; they are full-bodied, highly spirituous, and absolutely free from mucilage.

The wines of Portugal, which are mostly red, differ very much from all other wines, in containing, besides the usual ingredients, a considerable portion of *tannin*; and hence they have a rough and astringent taste. The quantity of tanning matter may readily be ascertained, from the quantity of a solution of isinglass or glue, which they are capable of decomposing\*.

But as it is not our intention to speak of the general chemical constitution of wines, but merely on the method of ascertaining their comparative strength, we shall not enlarge on this subject, and content ourselves with observing, that the immediate constituent parts of wine are the following, not to mention water, which forms a considerable portion in every wine; namely, *alcohol*, or *spirit of wine*, *supertartrate of potash*, or *cremor tartar* as it is commonly called, *malic acid*, and *extractive matter*. The quantity of extractive matter and supertartrate of potash diminishes and

\* From this fact, we might be led to suppose, that those who drink large quantities of port wine, stood a chance of having their stomachs tanned, or, more or less, converted into leather. Indeed it is not impossible that the coats of that organ may become, in some measure, hardened by the constant use of this liquor.

becomes gradually precipitated as the wine grows oid: these substances form the crust in the cask and bottles in which wine is kept, and to this is owing the improvement of wine by age. The red colour of wines proceeds from the husk of the grape, and not from the juice: hence white wines are frequently prepared from red grapes, the liquor being drawn off before it has extracted the colouring matter from the husk, or by allowing no husk to remain mixed with the juice: therefore the skin of the grape alone gives the colour to wine. Malic acid is most abundant in thin, poor, and ill-fermented wines: whereas full-bodied, rich wines are nearly free from it. If wines are examined chemically in this respect, it has been found, that the quantity of acid is always in the inverse ratio of the quantity of spirit which the wine contains.

The quantity of spirit is very different in different wines, and may be easily ascertained, in the following manner, by those who are not familiar with chemical processes.

*Easy Method of ascertaining the relative and real Strength of foreign Wines, or Quantity of Spirit which they contain.*

Take any quantity of wine, and drop into it a solution of acetite of lead (sugar of lead), till no farther precipitate ensues. The precipitate thus produced, consists of the extractive and colouring matter of the wine, combined with the substance added to effect its separation. Then filter the fluid, and add to it as much dry salt of tartar, or pearl-ash, as it will dissolve. The filtered fluid consists of the alco-

hol or spirit which was contained in the wine, and also the water which it contained; now by adding salt of tartar or pearl-ash to this compound, the water combines with the pearl-ash, and the spirit is set at liberty, and floats at the top of the fluid. If this experiment be made in a glass tube graduated into 100 parts, the quantity of spirit may be read off by mere inspection. A French chemist has lately recommended\* the substitution of very finely powdered litharge, for the acetite or sugar of lead. From an extensive series of experiments made, the following facts have been ascertained.

*TABLE showing the Quantity of highly rectified Spirit of Wine, or Alcohol, contained in various Kinds of Wine.*

<i>100 Parts of Wine afforded</i>	<i>Parts of Alcohol.</i>
Port wine afforded, upon an average . . . . .	21.50
Ditto, highest . . . . .	32.46
Ditto, lowest . . . . .	16.25
Sherry, six samples, upon an average . . . . .	18.00
Ditto, highest . . . . .	21.81
Ditto, lowest . . . . .	16.75
Madeira, four samples, upon an average, highest . . . . .	19.00
Ditto, lowest . . . . .	16.75
Claret, average of eight samples . . . . .	12.00
Lisbon, average of four samples . . . . .	10.75
Burgundy, four samples, highest . . . . .	9.50
Ditto, six samples, lowest . . . . .	7.00
Hock, four samples . . . . .	30.75
Vin de Grave, four samples . . . . .	6.00
Cape Madeira, two samples . . . . .	16.00

Some doubt may perhaps be ex-

cited of the accuracy of this statement, by a reference to the comparative intoxicating effects of wine when compared with the same quantity of alcohol or brandy. But let it be remembered, that in wine the alcohol exists in a state of chemical combination with other substances, which necessarily diminishes its activity on the animal system.

#### ADULTERATION OF PEPPER.

*To the Editor, &c. &c.*

SIR,—Your Magazine being open to whatever is useful to be known in the arts and public affairs of life, I am induced to forward to you herewith a sample of artificial pepper-corns, which are manufactured somewhere, and fraudulently mixed with real pepper. The mode of detecting the cheat is easy. It is only necessary to throw a handful of the suspected pepper into a bowl of water; the artificial pepper-corns, which are made of clay and ground peas, speedily fall to powder, or become partly dissolved, whilst the true pepper-corns remain whole. I hope you will insert this notice, because the fraud should be publicly known; for such an adulteration may prove, in many cases of household economy, exceedingly vexatious and prejudicial to those who ignorantly make use of such pepper. I have examined large packages of both black and white pepper, and have found them to contain 25 per cent. of this artificial compound; and I have been told it is chiefly used for pepper destined to go to our neighbours on the other side of the Channel.

I am, &c.

T. B.

\* *Annales de Chimie*, vol. LVI. p. 175.

## METHOD OF RENDERING LEATHER WATER-PROOF.

It is sufficiently known, that the object of the common mode of *currying* leather for shoes, boots, &c. consists in soaking the hides in water as they come from the tanner, and then impregnating them with oil, to render them impervious to moisture, and therefore proper to defend the feet from the inclemency of the seasons. But nevertheless common boot and shoe leather is still in some degree pervious to water, particularly by long exposure to wet; and therefore fishermen, wild fowl-shooters, and those whose employment or amusement leads them to be long on wet ground, are hereby informed, that their boots and shoes may be rendered perfectly water-proof in the following manner\* :—

Mix together in a pipkin  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. tallow, 3 oz. hog's lard, 3 oz. of common turpentine, 1 oz. of shellac, and 1 oz. bees' wax. Make the boots or shoes *perfectly dry* (this

\* We are indebted for this information to a chemical friend, who is a pout-shooter in the fenny parts of England, and who has made a series of experiments on this subject.

is absolutely essential) and warm, and rub in this mixture as hot as possible, and repeat this operation every other day, for at least four times, successively. The articles thus impregnated will be found perfectly water-proof.

## TEST TO DISTINGUISH IRON FROM STEEL.

Chemists possess a ready method of distinguishing iron from steel, which is not sufficiently known to those who are not familiar with chemical science, and the knowledge of which may often lead to useful purposes. The test is as follows :—

When a drop of dilute nitric acid, or aqua fortis, is put upon steel, and allowed to remain upon it for a few minutes, and then washed off with water, it will leave a *black* spot : whereas the spot formed by nitric acid upon iron is *grey*.

The colour of the black spot is owing to the carbon of the steel, which is converted into charcoal by the acid, and in that state is distinguishable by the eye : whereas upon iron, which is nearly free from carbon, this effect cannot take place.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.

## BEATRIX CENCI.

THERE is scarcely a stranger who has resided for any time at Rome, but must have heard of Beatrix Cenci, who, descended from one of the first families of that city in the 16th century, and richly endued by nature with all the charms of person, was convicted of parricide, and publicly executed, during the reign of Pope Paul V. and involved her whole family in total ruin. The beautiful Borghese park near the Porta del Popolo, which has been adorned by a succession of respectable proprietors with a variety of treasures of art, which forms, through

their liberality, the finest public promenade in the environs of Rome, and once belonged to the possessions of her family, still frequently reminds its inhabitants of her name. The popular tradition still agrees in many parts with her tragic history; and the numerous portraits of her preserved in various galleries at Rome—of which, however, that in the Villa Aldobrandini, near Frascati, alone is genuine—heighten the melancholy sensation which her fate, as well as her crime, is calculated to excite. If we except Muratori, there is not any writer, even of Italy, who has given any thing like a circumstantial account of her; and yet her story, which would afford a fit subject either for the drama or the imitative arts, deserves to be better known than it is. The following account is extracted from a cotemporary manuscript, preserved in the library of a distinguished family at Rome. It is entitled,

THE DEATH OF FRANCESCO CENCI;  
*Together with the Trial and Execution of  
his Wife and two of his Children.*

Francesco Cenci belonged to one of the most distinguished and most ancient families of Rome. As the only son of an opulent *marchese*, he inherited at his death a considerable fortune; and by the bequest of a Monsignore Cenci, his father's brother, who had amassed great wealth under Pope Pius V. it was so increased, that he derived from all his possessions a yearly revenue of 80,000 Roman scudi, which in those times was a very large sum. He was twice married. His first wife was a rich Roman lady of high rank, by whom he had six

children, four sons and two daughters. Soon after her death, he united himself with another young and beautiful female, of high birth, but poor; and by her he had no issue. Born in the lap of Fortune, and favoured by all external circumstances, he might have ended his life as happily as he commenced it, had not the most frightful passions made themselves masters of his soul, and prepared for himself and his family that ruin, which the philanthropist cannot think of without horror. A disobedient subject, he was at the same time a bad citizen, who kept a number of banditti in his mansions for the purpose of revenging every affront; a bad husband, enslaved by lust and the basest avarice; but above all, a cruel and unnatural father: so that his life, even in that immoral age, excited the most deserved abhorrence among the nobility of Rome.

His three eldest sons, Jacob, Christopher, and Roche, had been sent by him, while still very young, to the university of Salamanca, in Spain. It was not a laudable solicitude to procure them superior means of instruction, but the most sordid avarice that induced him to remove them to such a distance from Rome, where an education suitable to their rank would have been attended with greater expence. He left these unfortunate youths to languish in a foreign country upon a scanty pittance; so that when all their applications to him for an allowance more adequate to their wants had proved ineffectual, they found themselves necessitated to have recourse to the Pope himself, who fixed the sum that was to be paid yearly for their mainte-

nance. He treated his two daughters with the like severity. They too were obliged to complain of their cruel father to the Pope, who, moved by the account of the ill treatment which they had received, gave the eldest in marriage to Gabrielli, a gentleman of Gubbio, and thus saved her from the catastrophe which soon afterwards befel her family. The youngest only, named Beatrix, was left in the hands of the father, who, incensed in the highest degree at the invasion of his paternal rights by the Pope in the marriage of his elder daughter, sent for his sons home from Salamanca, that he might wreak his vengeance on their innocent heads.

Two of these, however, not long after their return, were suddenly placed out of the reach of his tyranny—they fell by the daggers of assassins. On this occasion the obdurate father shed not a single tear; nay, he was unnatural enough to exclaim, “How happy should I be to get rid of my two other sons in the same manner!”

Beatrix was at this time in the flower of life. Endowed by bountiful Nature with every personal charm, she bore away the palm from all the beauties of Rome, as she combined the exquisite beauty of shape and perfect regularity of features, which distinguish them from the northern fair, with the delicacy of complexion peculiar to the latter. These charms rendered her the idol of the Roman youth of the other sex; but unfortunately for her, they kindled a detestable flame in the bosom of her father, who, stifling the voice of nature and the reproofs of conscience, de-

termined to reserve them for his own enjoyment.

All his attempts to carry his guilty purpose into execution, were, as might be expected, repulsed with just abhorrence. His rage was roused by this resistance; Beatrix patiently endured personal ill usage and confinement in the dungeons of his houses, rather than yield to the criminal desires of her father. At length, when he resolved to try the effect of milder measures, and accordingly set her at liberty, she addressed three successive petitions to the Pope, imploring him to deliver her from her state of torment. Unluckily no answer was returned to these memorials; perhaps because the Pope might be unwilling to interfere again in the domestic affairs of the powerful, malicious, and already exasperated Cenci; or because the father himself might have found means to intercept his daughter's complaints before they could reach the hands of his holiness. The unhappy Beatrix was left a prey to despair in her helpless situation, and every day prepared new torments for her susceptible soul. She now imagined, that there was no other way of escaping these, as well as the threatened dishonour so repugnant to the feelings of a virtuous woman, than by plunging into a crime equally revolting. She conceived the design of abridging her father's life; and it is extremely probable, that if the first idea of this project did not originate with other persons, she was at least encouraged by them to put it in execution.

These persons were her step-mother, her elder brother, and a Monsignore Guerra. The two former



were fellow-sufferers with her from the tyranny of her father. Monsignore Guerra was something more than thirty years of age, and not less amiable for a handsome person and prepossessing manners, than distinguished for his abilities and extensive attainments. A tender attachment to Beatrix, who was not wholly insensible to his love, had instigated him to make several attempts for her rescue. As, however, all his efforts for this purpose had proved fruitless, he was one of the principal advisers consulted on the subject of the new enterprise, which was at length unanimously resolved upon by the four persons above-mentioned.

Francesco Cenci intended to remove for the summer, which is always intolerable at Rome, to the Pedrella, one of his country-seats at Frascati, in the lordship of the House of Colonna, where now stands the celebrated Villa Aldobrandini. Twelve assassins were bribed with the promise of fifty thousand crowns, to lie in wait for him, and dispatch him on the road. Whether he set out earlier than was expected, and before the murderers could take their station; or whether the contract with them was not finally concluded, is not known: but so much is certain, that this plan for getting rid of him completely failed.

At this country-house each day augmented the sufferings of the unhappy family, and especially of Beatrix, whom her father persecuted more than ever with his importunities, which he now enforced with the impious assurance, that he knew, from a divine intimation, that the offspring of their

embracees would be a male and a saint. Driven to the brink of despair, the wretched daughter, together with her mother and brother, now projected another plan for her deliverance.

There were at the Pedrella two vassals of Francesco. One of them was named Marzio and the other Olimpio. Both had been already banished from the Ecclesiastical State on account of crimes which they had committed, and kept themselves secreted there. Both too were bitter enemies of Cenci, who had offered them various insults, which they only waited for an opportunity to revenge. They were easily prevailed upon by Beatrix to undertake the intended murder: but that it might be executed without noise and alarm, it was agreed that it should take place in his own chamber. In order to make doubly sure, in the evening before he retired to bed, an opiate was mixed with his drink. The night advanced, the opiate was taken, and the murderers concealed in the house. Beatrix led them from their lurking place to the perpetration of the horrid deed. Provided with the instruments of death, they reached his room, and went up to the bed, where the defenceless and unsuspecting Francesco was locked in the arms of sleep. Beatrix herself, with averted face, stopped trembling at the door. But the darkness of the night, the horror excited by the idea of co-operating in a parricide, the emaciated figure of the slumbering old man, who already looked like the image of death, conspired to paralyze the arms of his two enemies, though thirsting for revenge. Repeatedly

did they draw aside the curtains of the bed; repeatedly were their daggers pointed to the bosom of the sleeping Francesco; but as often did their hands shrink nerveless from the task. An unusual paleness overspread their faces as they returned from his bed to Beatrix. "Have you done the business?" said she to them with a tremulous voice.—"No," replied they, "we had not the courage to murder an old man who seems to be dead already." Beatrix sunk, as if thunderstruck, into an arm-chair. Her whole frame was violently convulsed; it was the conflict between death and life, between honour and disgrace. Amidst this contest of the passions, she sprung furiously from her seat, and, with terrific voice, thus addressed the assassins:—"What! traitors and cowards, have ye not executed my order? By my soul, I swear, that ye shall not go out of this house alive till ye have performed what you promised!"

The awful tone in which she pronounced these words, the threat which they conveyed, and above all the idea that they, disguised in such a place, were exposed to the

fury of a female, deterred the assassins from farther opposition. They again entered the chamber of the old man, and while Marzio held an iron wedge to the right temple, his comrade, with one blow of a mallet upon it, dispatched the miserable Cenci. Scarcely had he heaved his last sigh, when his body, covered only with his shirt, was carried into a waste garden adjoining to the house, and thrown into a bush, in order to encourage a belief, that having had occasion to rise in the night, he had fallen over the low wall of a high terrace leading from his bedchamber to the offices, upon a sharp-pointed stake, which penetrating his temple, had occasioned his death.

When the corpse was discovered the following day, not a soul at the Pedrella had the least doubt that this catastrophe was the effect of accident. Beatrix not only gave the two murderers the two thousand scudi which had been promised, but made them considerable presents besides. Olimpio received from her a magnificent sword with a silver hilt, and Marzio a scarlet gold-laced cloak.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

#### ANECDOTES OF METASTASIO.

THE celebrated Italian poet Metastasio was the son of a shopkeeper at Rome, and was intended for the same profession. The following circumstance led to his removal to that sphere in which he subsequently so much distinguished himself.

The Abbate Gravinna, one of the first scholars of his time at Rome, was on a fine summer evening walking out with a friend in one of the

streets near the Porta del Popolo, in the ancient Campo Marzio. He perceived in front of a booth a large concourse of people listening to the singing of some person who was within. He enquired of the bystanders what was the matter; and was informed that it was the son of a shopkeeper, called Trapassi, who was singing extemporary verses. This answer excited his

curiosity; after stopping for some minutes at the door, he pushed through the circle with his friend and entered the booth. Here, in the midst of a great crowd of people of the lower class, he found a boy about ten years old seated, pouring forth, in a most melodious voice, the effusions of his inspired imagination, and accompanying himself on the mandoline. The entrance of the new auditors, whose appearance proclaimed them of the superior class, though it excited some embarrassment among the bystanders, produced not the least impression on the young singer. When he had finished his theme, the abbate, turning to him, said, "Who taught you those verses, my little fellow?"—"Nobody," replied he; "I composed them for my own amusement."—"Then you can make very pretty verses," rejoined the abbate: "you are of course an *improvisatore*; shall I give you a subject?"—The boy signified his compliance, and Gravianna proposed a description of the beauties of a summer evening. The youth tuned his instrument, and in a few moments commenced a song, which he extended to upwards of thirty stanzas, to the utmost astonishment of the proposer. Tears trickled down the cheeks of the latter, and when the performance was finished, he clasped the boy in his arms before the bystanders, exclaiming, "Rejoice, ye Romans! here is a child that affords the promise of a great man!" He offered a scudo to the boy, who refused it, observing that he was glad to have had an opportunity of gratifying a learned man. This was succeeded by a second embrace, and a request to

the parents to call upon him the following day with their son. They accepted the invitation, and Gravianna declared, that from that moment he was ready to perform the part of a father to the child. This duty he punctually fulfilled, as he had him educated at his expence till he attained to manhood, and when he died left him sole heir to all that he possessed. Metastasio, even at the most advanced period of his life, could not think without deep emotion of this circumstance, which threw him into the arms of a father and a friend, through whose support he acquired those talents for which he afterwards became so eminent. It is but seldom that a heart so excellent is united with such extraordinary abilities.

Metastasio, who changed his family name of Trapassi for the nearly synonymous Greek appellation of Metastasio, from *Metastasis*, made his *débüt* as a writer of operas at Naples. Here he was once involved, in spite of all his efforts to adjust the difference, in a vexatious law-suit, which in the hands of the advocates, of whom there were at that time not fewer than 8000 in the city of Naples, seemed likely to be prolonged into a tedious process. At length he conceived, that the application of the Princess Belmonte to the judges in his behalf, would be the best means of bringing the affair to a speedy issue. He was known to her family, and accordingly repaired one day to her house. The princess, previously informed of Metastasio's talent as an *improvisatore*, told him that she would not fail to exert all her influence for him, if he would sing her on the spot a poetical de-

scription of his case. Metastasio excused himself, partly on account of his distress of mind occasioned by the law-suit, and partly his want of exercise in extemporary versification: but to no purpose; he was obliged to comply. He then began his song, setting forth the affliction which this dispute occasioned him, and all the circumstances attending it: how he could neither sleep nor attend to his occupations; how he was treated by the advocates; together with an admirable delineation of the character of Neapolitan justice, at one time so affecting, and at another so extremely comic and sarcastic, that the princess now shed tears of sympathy, and now laughed till she wept. Upon the whole, she was so delighted with it, that she gave him her promise that the affair should be decided, without farther delay, and desired him to call upon her again in a few days at a particular hour.

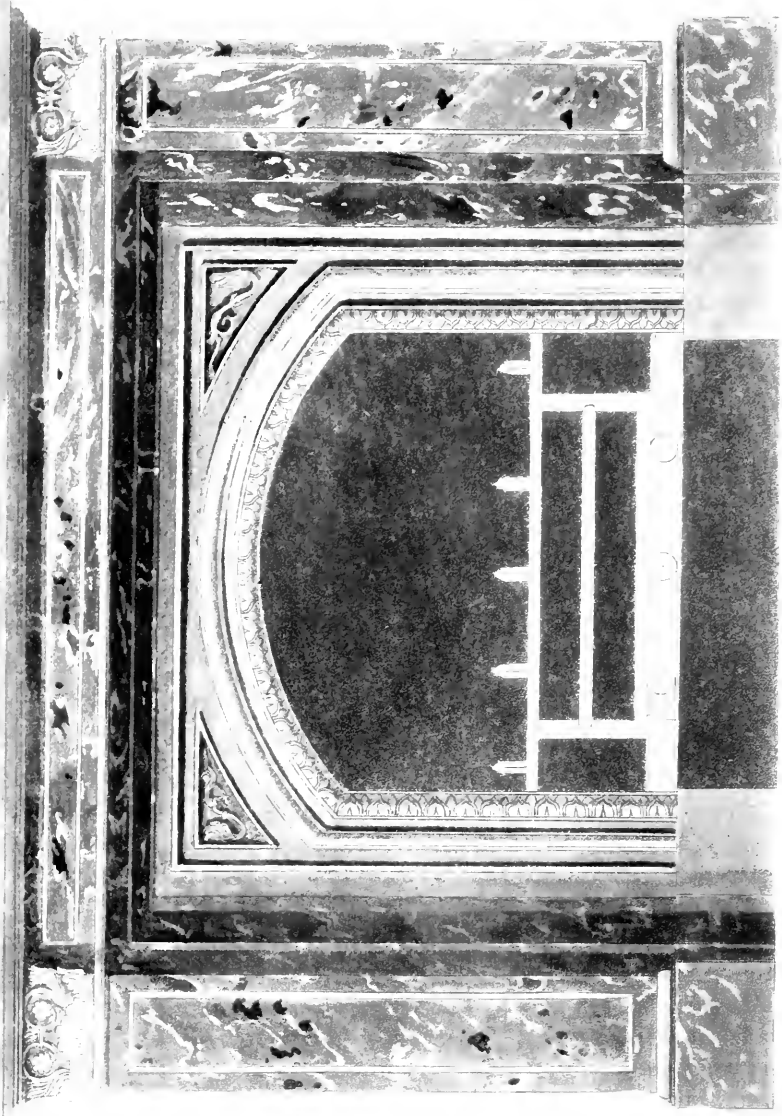
Metastasio was punctual to this appointment; but how great was the embarrassment of the poet, who was naturally very shy, on being ushered into a room filled with the most distinguished persons of Naples, including the judges who had to decide his cause, and on being told by the mistress of the house, that this company was assembled to hear him repeat his *improvviso* on the subject of his law-suit! "It is out of my power," was his reply.—"How so?"—"I forgot it immediately."—"Well then," rejoined the lady, "let us have a fresh one." By this time he was completely hemmed in by the eager circle, and whatever reluctance he might have felt, was obliged to comply. He now sung for almost half an hour toge-

ther a kind of Iliad, rich in episodes, but arising naturally out of the subject, with separate stanzas addressed to certain individuals of his auditors, so that when he had finished, all of them flew to him in the greatest ecstasy of delight and loaded him with caresses. The princess declared, that the latter *improvviso* was in every respect different from the former; and he himself, notwithstanding his natural modesty, observed, with great *naïveté*, "I do not like improvising, but perhaps I was never so successful as this time; if I am to surpass this attempt, I must be soundly beaten first."

On the following day his suit was decided to his satisfaction; but from that time he gave up the practice of extemporary composition.

The most celebrated *improvvisatore* now at Rome is a Trasteverine, by trade a wool-comber, and therefore called Lanaro. He is between thirty and forty years of age, and his person and manners are equally prepossessing. It is a pity that, owing to the low occupation which he follows and poverty, very great poetic abilities are lost in this man; for he is not a mere rhymester, like most of the Italian *improvvisatori*, but a genuine poet, though not himself aware of his talents. His extemporary songs abound with elegant images and delicate sentiments; they are both energetic and graceful, nay, even frequently striking and original. If a subject be given him, he takes but a few minutes to prepare for working it up in such a manner as to delight his auditors. He knows Homer, Virgil, and Ovid, in Italian translations, almost by heart; and is inti-





mately acquainted with the ancient mythology and the history of Rome. The writer still recollects, with the greatest pleasure, two contemporary effusions by him on the preeminence of Pallas over Venus, and on the taking of Rome by Brennus, both which subjects were proposed to him for the amusement of a company.

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## FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

### PLATE 2.—A CHIMNEY-PIECE OF MONA MARBLE.

THE subject of the annexed plate is a chimney-piece and stove, the former being executed of the *Mona marble*, and ornamented with bronze or or-molu; the design is from Mr. Bullock's extensive and tasteful repository in Tenterden-street, Hanover-square. The importance of this invaluable marble to the purposes of interior decoration, renders the discovery of it highly interesting, as it vies in richness of colour with the precious marbles of antiquity, and affords to the artist, at a reasonable price, a means for this splendid decoration, and for combining it with the colours of the apartment and the furniture.—The columns of the *Repository* will not afford space to notice adequately the merits both of the material and tasteful feeling with which the articles of Mr. Bullock's manufactory are composed; but an early opportunity will be taken to describe the excellencies of the *Mona marble*, and of his peculiar applications of it and of the British oak to splendid furniture.

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## MISCELLANIES.

### MATRIMONIAL ADVENTURES OF HARRY HEARTRIVE.

Mr. Editor,

WOMEN are generally and in my opinion very unjustly accused of being weak, timid creatures, shrinking from danger, or else encountering it with terror and reluctance. Without combating an opinion of which every day's experience proves the fallacy, I would only ask, whether it is not sufficiently refuted by the courage which the fair sex every day display in the grand affair of matrimony. I do not believe that there ever was a single instance, from the days of Blue Beard to the present

time, in which the ill conduct of a widower to a deceased wife was the means of preventing him from getting another. My friend Harry Heartrive was a short time ago a widower for the third time, and neither of his two last wives had survived their marriage a year. A young lady declared, in my presence, that she believed, if the English laws took no more cognisance of men who cut off the heads of their wives, than of those who broke their hearts, Harry would have had recourse to the former method, as a more expeditious one of getting

rid of his helpmates; and in about a month afterwards, I was introduced to this very lady as Mrs. Heartrive. There was resolution for you! that of a man who mounts a breach is nothing to it. As Mr. Heartrive's matrimonial adventures are rather singular, and may perhaps amuse your fair readers, I will, with your permission, Mr. Editor, relate them.

Harry Heartrive was the youngest branch of a respectable family, and in his minority had considerable expectations from an old maiden aunt, who supported him at the university, and declared that he should certainly be her heir; but, at the age of sixty-four, the old lady was captivated with the person and accomplishments of Mr. Brian O'Blarney, who swore that he could not exist unless she married him. He really swore the truth, for her fortune was his last hope; and as Harry was undutiful enough to reproach his aunt with what he called her folly, the good lady left him at the age of twenty-two to shift for himself; bestowing upon him a great deal of good advice, and the liberal sum of fifty pounds.

In this dilemma, my friend Harry considered, that as Hymen had ruined his fortune, the deity owed him a reparation, and beseeching his godship to be propitious, he laid formal siege to the heart of the rich Mrs. Blubber, widow of Alderman Blubber, citizen and oil merchant. The lady was in her forty-fifth year, and her person would in some parts of the world have been thought very handsome; for she weighed eighteen stone, was possessed of a regular set of black teeth, and her nose was nearly flat

to her face: but she had one hundred and fifty thousand pounds at her own disposal, and Harry accepted, with undissembled rapture, the hand that secured him possession of so many charms.

Poor Mrs. Blubber began to find out, even in the first week of her honeymoon, that she had, to use her own phrase, made a bad bargain. She was, it must be confessed, a sad compound of ignorance and vulgarity, and what was worse, she was a complete shrew. As she speedily perceived that Harry relaxed in his attentions to her, she began to worry him from morning till night; and the merits of her poor dear dead alderman were incessantly opposed to his defects. Harry retorted with considerable acrimony, but in a war of words she was more than his match, and he was nearly driven out of the field, when he determined to try what effect cool contempt would have upon her. The next time she began one of her harangues on the virtues of her poor dear alderman, he listened for some time with provoking nonchalance, and then interrupting her, declared, in a sarcastic tone, that it was a thousand pities she had profited so ill by the example of the amiable alderman, since it was sufficiently obvious, that she had not acquired any of the virtues for which she gave him credit. Seeing her motionless with astonishment and rage, Harry thought it a good time to retreat, and taking his hat, he told her, with a polite bow, that he hoped to find her perfectly composed on his return; and he marched off in triumph, singing,

"Her bosom's the mansion of peace."

As he was determined to give his



lady time to compose herself, he made an excursion to Brighton, and did not return home for a week.

This was a very tolerable beginning, you must allow, Mr. Editor, but much yet remained to be done; his rib was not of a disposition to be so easily conquered, and to attack her with her own weapons was a task to which Harry, with all his cleverness, was very unequal. All he could do, therefore, was steadily to persevere in treating her with contemptuous indifference; and this perseverance was, it must be confessed, no common effort, for Mrs. Blubber had a tongue that might have rivalled that of the far-famed Xantippe; but when she reviled her husband in the most opprobrious terms, he replied only by whistling an opera tune, and surveying her with looks of cool contempt, which sometimes irritated her almost to phrenzy. Of a disposition naturally irritable and malignant, scolding was to Mrs. Heartrive an absolute necessary of life; she vented as much as she could of her natural virulence on her servants, but even with them she was at last obliged to submit to some restraint, as they generally quitted her service once a week. In this way matters went on for nearly ten years, and Harry began almost to despair of ever breaking either his wife's temper or her heart, when one day, in the violence of her passion, she burst a blood-vessel. A lady who was present, proposed to send instantly for the nearest surgeon, but Harry declared vehemently, that his dear wife should have the best advice that money could procure, and he sent accordingly for Mr. ———; but as it

was above three miles to that gentleman's house, and he did not happen to be at home, Mrs. Heartrive bled to death before he could be found.

In as short a time as decency permitted, Harry became again a candidate for matrimony, but he was determined not to sacrifice his liberty a second time at the shrine of Plutus: though insensible to the charms of wealth, those of rank were irresistible, and he paid his addresses to Lady Laurelia Lofty, who, though descended from the kings of Scotland, and haughty to excess, condescended to overlook Harry's want of *nobility* in favour of his hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and after taking care to secure a good settlement, her ladyship honoured him with her fair hand at the hymeneal altar.

Although Lady Laurelia's rank had been Harry's principal inducement to marry her, yet he was also rather captivated with her person, which, though not strictly beautiful, was apparently very desirable. Her complexion in particular Harry thought the loveliest he had ever seen; but he soon found himself egregiously mistaken: her ladyship was indebted to Warren for her lilies and roses, and to her staymaker for the fine contour of her form. In short, she was a withered, shrivelled skeleton, but this was not the worst of the business; Lady Laurelia had married him, because thirty years and more had seen her

“Withering on the virgin thorn,”

in the vain hope of securing a husband of her own rank in life; but she determined, in bestowing her fair hand upon an inferior, to make him fully sensible of the favour, and

in pursuance of this resolution, she was incessantly placing before Harry's eyes the honour which she had conferred on him. Tired at length of this haughty insolence, Harry thought proper to remind her ladyship of the advantages which she had gained by their union; but a hint of this kind was answered by the most bitter philippic on his ignorant presumption, in supposing that a woman of rank could derive any advantage from degrading herself by a plebeian alliance. This speech provoked from Harry the retort uncourteous, and, in short, open war was declared on both sides.

In the art of teizing, however, her ladyship, who was possessed of the greatest coolness and command of temper, was infinitely Harry's superior; and it is probable that hostilities might have continued for a long time, had not a circumstance occurred, which gave him the vantage-ground. Lady Laurelia was of the outrageously virtuous order of females, and in the long accounts which she frequently gave of her ancestors, she took care to represent the female part of them as purity itself; but by the merest accident in the world, he discovered that her great-great-aunt had in her girlish days made a *faux-pas* with her father's footman, and as she found that a little tell-tale was about to betray her secret, she had eloped with her lover, and married him.

The knowledge of this circumstance, Mr. Editor, enabled Harry to foil his fair tyrant at her own weapons; and he certainly deserved credit for the ingenuity with which he contrived, at all times and on all

occasions, to remind her ladyship of her aunt's frailty. He thanked Heaven very piously, that such a *shocking* circumstance had never occurred in *his* family; though he could not boast of the titles or honours of *his* ancestors, yet he had the happiness to say, that they were honest men and virtuous women: though *entre nous*, Mr. Editor, that was more than he could answer for. In short, by dint of patience and address, he worried her ladyship into a nervous disorder, that very soon left him at liberty to bestow his hand elsewhere.

Shortly after the death of Lady Laurelia, he became acquainted with Miss Sparkle, a lady who possessed some wit, and, as he thought, a great deal of good-humour. As he began to tire of hostilities, he was in hopes, from the suavity of Miss Sparkle's manners, that they might live on tolerable terms, and he offered her his hand, which was accepted: but they had not been married a month, when Harry found that his third wife was likely to prove as great a plague as either of his former ones; she was a wit, and what was still worse, an authoress into the bargain, and of all intractable animals, a female scribbler is certainly the hardest to tame. Harry's house soon became the resort of the pretended literati of both sexes; his wife's vanity drew around her a host of needy adventurers, who repaid her liberality to them by complimentary odes, and by dedicating to her some of their miserable productions. Harry saw that in a short time his property would be literally devoured by those locusts of literature, and he peremptorily shut his doors upon them.

This step, though really dictated by common prudence, procured Harry a host of enemies; his cruelty to his former helpmates was displayed in the strongest colours, and Mrs. Heartrive was exhibited in the character of a suffering angel by all the minor poets about town. Harry made himself very easy about the scandalous reports which were spread concerning him, but he could not be equally patient, while his wife assured him ten times a day, that she execrated the hour which had united her to a Goth, whose ignorance could only be equalled by his cruelty, and who, like the barbarians of old, would doubtless, if he possessed the means of doing so, immolate all traces of genius and learning.

With all Harry's cleverness and experience, he was really puzzled how to break the spirit of his rib, when chance furnished him with an opportunity of doing it effectually. Mrs. Heartrive had written a comedy, which her friends assured her, possessed more genuine wit than any production which had appeared since the days of Congreve: after some difficulty, she succeeded in getting it represented, or rather I should say partly represented, for the audience would not suffer it to be concluded.

Nothing could have happened more luckily for Harry; those sallies which he had hitherto borne with so much impatience, he now affected to disregard. "It was very natural," he observed, "for an author whose play had been damned, to be out

of humour." This unlucky circumstance, in fact, deprived her of that keenness and bitterness of retort which had hitherto rendered her invulnerable; she completely lost her temper, and Harry began to have a little advantage in the "war of words," when a circumstance occurred which terminated it for ever.

This was the death of Mrs. Heartrive; the damnation of her play affected her so much, that she had recourse to cordials to raise her spirits, and she indulged so freely in them, that her health became affected. A physician was called in, who delicately hinted to Harry, the necessity there was that he should exert his authority to prevent Mrs. Heartrive from taking what was certainly a slow poison. Harry gravely replied, that he had too great a respect for his wife's understanding, to presume to dictate to her in any way; all that he could do was, to observe a strict neutrality. He kept his word, and in a few months Mrs. Heartrive visited that "bourne from whence no traveller returns."

These, Mr. Editor, were the means pursued by my friend Heartrive to get rid of his shackles, when he found them troublesome; and I am sure you will agree with me, that the woman who has accompanied him a fourth time to the altar, gave a convincing proof, that she was not deficient in courage.

I am, &c.

A CONSTANT READER.

## AN EMIGRANT'S VISIT TO FRANCE IN 1815,

## IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

## LETTER I.

DIEPPE, Nov. 30.

WE arrived here two days ago, my dear Howard, after a rough but tolerably quick passage, and I hasten to apprise you of my having arrived in safety; but it is impossible to express to you my feelings on landing in my native country after an absence of twenty-two years. Until the revolution, which last year so fortunately reinstated a Bourbon in that throne which his illustrious ancestors occupied for so many ages, I had reconciled myself to the idea of being for ever an outcast from my native land; and there were even times when I derived so much happiness from the connections I had formed in England, that I believed I no longer regretted France: but no sooner did I learn that I was at liberty to revisit it, than the *amor patriæ* returned upon me in its full force, and in spite of every prudential consideration, I hastened to dispose of what I had acquired in your country, in order to return and end my days in my own. I will not speak to you of my sufferings when Bonaparte's escape from Elba put my hopes and projects to flight: I was, however, fortunate in one respect; I had not disposed of my property, and in endeavouring to be useful to some of the many whom the tyrant's return sent forth into poverty and exile, I tried to lose the painful idea, that I should see France no more: but, thanks to the valour of the allies,

my fears were vain; and here I am, accompanied by our venerable friend, the Abbé Clairon, and that original being, Sandford. "Sandford in Paris!" methinks I hear you exclaim. Yes, 'tis even so; and though he will not acknowledge it, I am convinced that he accompanies me with a design to find fault with every thing he meets with; he has already given a specimen of this disposition, which I shall relate to you by and by.

Before I begin my *itineraire* I must premise to you, that I shall send you an egotist's tale. Politics, you know, I have little relish for, and descriptions of the country would be superfluous, since you have visited it under the old regime, and the alterations it has undergone under the new one you will learn from other tourists much better qualified for the task than your friend, who has in truth much more inclination to dwell upon the alterations which have taken place in the national character and manners, than upon works of art, however magnificent. I had heard, that the overstrained politeness of which Frenchmen had formerly been accused, had given place to a roughness that was said to be *à la mode Angloise*; but this report, which as Sandford, in his usual complimentary style, observed, was highly favourable to us, I am sorry to tell you is very remote from truth: our affected roughness no more resembles your native plain-

ness, than a Bristol stone does a diamond. Napoleon, naturally harsh and brutal, assembled round him men whose manners assimilated with his own. The city by degrees took the tone of the court, and the lower classes, always extravagant in their imitation of the higher orders, present to us Frenchmen of 1815, no more like those of 1788, "than I to Hercules;" their roughness is ferocity, and their plainness rudeness. The populace, on our landing, conceived the majority of us to be English, and while some of them, with the cordial urbanity formerly the characteristic of the nation, welcomed us with *Vivent les Anglois!* others, in a low and surly tone, saluted us with a volley of execrations; which, as Sandford understands French perfectly, were of course very intelligible to him. I affected not to hear them; and the emotions of the abbé, who restrained himself, I believe with difficulty, from embracing, in a transport of pious gratitude, his dear native soil, prevented him from observing what passed. We were recommended to an excellent hotel, and found our landlady a French-woman of the old school, assiduous and attentive in the highest degree to *Messieurs Anglois*; for my pale and thoughtful countenance procured me the honour of being taken for an Englishman, a mistake which I suffered to pass unnoticed.

The abbé induced us to take a ramble round the town before supper: I found it very much improved; but the abbé would not allow that any thing could have altered for the better under Bonaparte; and Sandford was positively certain,

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that any alteration which had taken place, must be for the worse, because, as he observed, for many years past, Englishmen had been prevented from residing in France, and consequently the natives had not the same opportunity as before to form their taste by that of their neighbours. I could not help smiling at the national prejudice of the one, and the party spirit of the other; but you may believe I did not endeavour to alter their opinions. During our walk we did not meet with any actual insult, but yet we saw clearly, that a part at least of the lower class looked with a very unfavourable eye on the English. Sandford commented on this with bitterness. "If Voltaire," cried he, "was living now, he must have owned, that Frenchmen are not wholly composed of the tiger and the monkey; he must also have allowed them to possess a tolerable share of the bear."

On returning to our hotel, we had the pleasure of embracing my old friend de Courville, who had just arrived here from Paris. He supped with us, and the conversation happening to turn on the brave and unfortunate Pichegru, de Courville related an anecdote of him, which I cannot help telling you. The eldest brother of de Courville was amongst the emigrants who were in Holland when it was taken by the French, and he had not time to make his escape; he was consequently seized, and brought before Pichegru, whose situation was at once dangerous and unpleasant, since all his actions were inspected with a jealous eye by the two commissaries, *sans-culottes* of the most brutal stamp, who, if they had had the

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least reason to suspect him of showing mercy to an emigrant, would without scruple have sent him in chains to Paris, there to expiate this, in their eyes, heinous offence by the guillotine. Pichegru, assuming an air of the greatest severity, after briefly questioning de Courville, ordered him to prepare for being shot by torch-light, at two the next morning. Poor de Courville knew that it would be in vain to plead for mercy; he retired in silence to the prison whither they conducted him, and endeavoured to prepare his mind for that death which he believed to be inevitable. Some hours had elapsed when the door of his prison was cautiously opened, and Pichegru entered. "How much do I regret," cried he, advancing to the astonished de Courville, "what I have been compelled to make you suffer! but it was the only way I could have taken to preserve you. At half-past one, four fusileers will come to conduct you to some distance from the town, but they will stop at a place where four roads meet; here, while they make a pause, you must seize the opportunity to slip away, and take the left-hand road; they will not perceive your flight for some time, and when you hear them fire, do not be dismayed, as you cannot be hurt, since they will pursue the right-hand road; but, for Heaven's sake, be careful to follow my directions, since you would be lost should you take the wrong path." De Courville attempted to thank him. "Time presses," cried Pichegru, interrupting him; "have you any money?"—"No," replied de Courville, "the blood-hounds have

stripped me of every thing; but that is of no consequence, let me but once get out of their accursed fangs, and I shall do very well."—"And what would you do, my poor friend, without money," said Pichegru, pulling out his purse, which contained 100 louis d'ors; "here take this, I can well spare it."—"Ah, my God!" exclaimed de Courville, "how is it that a man like you is to be found amongst a ferocious banditti, who disgrace the name of Frenchmen?"—"My friend," cried Pichegru, while a deep glow overspread his countenance, "I became the soldier of the republic from principle; I believed I drew my sword in a just cause. Alas! I see that the sacred name of freedom is prostituted by the sanguinary and designing, to answer their own purposes, and I must go with the current which I cannot stem." He then reiterated his charge to de Courville to take the right road, and retired. Soon afterwards the fusileers entered. All happened as the general had said, and de Courville escaped in safety. You may believe, that had Pichegru lived, the transaction would not have been revealed till it could not have injured him. De Courville, who cherishes his memory with love and enthusiasm, says he has performed innumerable acts of a similar nature, but I relate to you this one only, because I know it to be authentic.

Our supper was excellent and well dressed, but they were determined to consider us as *Messieurs Anglois* in the bill, and they made us pay accordingly. "This is your cheap country," said Sandford to me this morning in a tone of tri-

amph, "where they let you have luxuries for nothing: they have given us an execrable supper, and a worse dinner, a parcel of kick-shaws, among which I could find nothing fit to eat, and they have made a charge as exorbitant as they could have done in an English tavern, where you would have had every thing excellent in its kind, and properly dressed."—"That is, dressed *à la mode Angloise*," cried I, smiling; "and I agree with you, it would have been so even with the wine."—"Nay, in spite of your sneering," replied he seriously, "I have certainly drunk much better Burgundy in England, than that they gave us last night." This was too much for my risible faculties, for our Burgundy and Champagne were really as good as I had ever tasted, and I burst into a laugh, which sent Sandford away half affronted. He was not, however, very long absent, and he returned with a degree of good-humour in his countenance that surprised me, till I discovered the cause of it. He had just been listening to a hot-headed boy, who, trusting to the known leniency of the present government, was lamenting the abolition of those abominable conscriptions from which my wretched country has suffered so much. "You conceive then that these unfortunate youths suffered nothing in being torn from their families," cried Sandford, "and exposed to all the horrors of want and fatigue; it is pity but you had had a taste of this *charming* mode of life."—"Ah, pardon!" cried the young man seriously, "I have suffered all that. Oh! I remember when they came to take me from the house of my poor mother; she was a widow too, monsieur: how she cried and hung about me! I tried to comfort her, but I could not speak for crying; and then Jeannette came in, a neighbour's daughter, whom I was to have married within a year; but when I saw my poor Jeannette drop down in a swoon at the sight of the soldiers, I was almost frantic; I strove to break from their grasp, but they held me fast, and told me not to blubber like a child, but behave like a man. *Oh, mon Dieu!* what would I have given for a sword! I would have lost the last drop of my blood before they should have taken me away; but when I joined the army, and heard all my companions talk of the glory they had acquired, and of the pleasure they should feel in exterminating the damned allies—I beg your pardon, monsieur, we were enemies then you know—I began somehow in a few days to think less of home, and in about a fortnight I was as merry as ever I was in my life."—"There's feeling and consistency for you!" added Sandford, who repeated the conversation to me with uncommon glee. "As to consistency," replied I, "we must give that up; but you must allow it was natural enough for the poor fellow to catch a little of the military spirit by which he was surrounded."—"Bless you, monsieur," cried our hostess, who was in the room, "all our young men were mad, I believe; I was obliged to make my son, who was not then seventeen, marry a girl three years younger, and trouble enough I had to accomplish it, for the foolish boy was mad for glory, as he termed it.—'But, François,' said I, 'I do not

see much glory in your being knocked on the head, and leaving your poor old father and mother childless and destitute.' — 'As to that, mother,' replied he, 'you cannot be sure that I shall be killed, and if I live I shall obtain promotion, and may yet be a general; there is — and —, who have risen from the ranks, why may not I also meet with similar good fortune?—However," continued my hostess, "as I could not relish any good fortune to be procured by standing to be shot at, or what would be still worse, from marching into Russia to expire with cold and hunger, if our emperor should take a fancy to make another campaign there, I insisted on François's marrying. Some of our neighbours, whose sons were unfortunately of age, have lost nearly their all in trying to buy their release. Ah! I shall never forget poor Philippe, the son of our neighbour Dourdon: he was ordered to join the armies on the very day that he was engaged to be married to Annette Voyaux. The poor girl had a little fortune, and she begged him to get out of the way, saying, that the fine which would be levied on his parents should be paid out of her money. Well, the fine was levied, and it exceeded all that she could raise, and in ten days afterwards another sum was required, if Philippe did not give himself up. His parents would not be outdone in generosity by their intended daughter-in-law, and they actually parted with every thing they had, to pay the several sums that were extorted from them. At last, when the wretches who levied the fines found that they could get no more, they took the second

son, a fine youth, but a mere boy, and poor Philippe surrendered himself immediately to save his brother. Fortunately, the very next day, the power of Bonaparte was declared at an end; and, consequently, he was suffered to remain with his family."—"I hope," cried I, "these poor people have recovered some part of the property they were so shamefully plundered of?"—"Ah, no, monsieur!" replied she, shaking her head, "restitution of property is, I fear, what no one must look for. However, Philippe married his Annette directly, and they have now got a fine little girl, and though they toil hard for their living, they are as merry and as happy as if they had all the riches in the world."—"A few louis d'ors would, however, I think, do them no harm," said Sandford to me, in English, "and as I am awkward at doing such sort of things, I wish you would give them these." I offered to go to them directly, and urged him to accompany me, and treat himself with a sight of the happiness he was about to bestow upon them. He declined it, observing, that if they were really pleased with the present, they would be so abominably loquacious, that he should be stunned with their noise; and, on the other hand, continued he, "if they should get upon the high ropes, and be above being obliged to me, it will be ten times worse: you must, therefore, manage it for me; and if you find that they are really very badly off, and seem worthy people, why, you know, I can do something more for them; and, in the mean time, I must muster all my French, and try to make our hostess ashamed of her



cursed, unconscionable bill." I merely staid to hear the beginning of his philippic on French extortion, and hastened to visit Philippe and his Annette; I must tell you more of these interesting young

people in my next, which will, I suppose, be dated from Rouen. Adieu!

Believe me, truly your's,  
DE GRAMMONT.

## ACCOUNT OF A TOUR IN THE KINGDOM OF NAPLES.

### IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

NAPLES, 20th October, 1815.

IT may not be unacceptable to you to have some little sketch of my journey, since it was through the most interesting country in the world for the lovers of antiquity. I left Naples in the diligence, which is in fact the mail, and passing the bold range of the Apennines, arrived safely at Barri. From thence I proceeded on horseback to Otranto, a very ancient town, and which once covered a vast extent of ground, but now nought is seen of its former greatness, except the present miserable town, and the ruins of the foundations of the ancient. Without the present walls is a lane leading to the country, supposed to have been the street of the goldsmiths of ancient Otranto, as whenever an excavation is made, trinkets of gold and silver, of various descriptions, are found there. Upon a hill about a quarter of a mile from the walls, once stood the temple of Minerva, which was destroyed by bigots, and in its place was erected a monastery, which in its turn was destroyed by the French, and is now in ruins. Upon the destruction of the temple, its marble columns were brought into the city, and the present cathedral is built upon them. The communication between the Ionian islands and the

kingdom of Naples is kept up by a packet which goes weekly from Corfu to Otranto: it was established by the French, and continued by the government of Corfu.

Having finished my affairs here, I again mounted my Pegasus, and passing by Lecce, the capital of the province, a very fair town, I proceeded to Brindisi: I found myself much more comfortable here, and formed several acquaintances; but party spirit runs so high in this country, that the moment a stranger is well received by one party, he instantly becomes an object of detestation to the opposite: this naturally limits our acquaintance, and is greatly to be regretted. Brindisi is a very ancient town, and famous but for the port where the Romans embarked for the East. It has an excellent port, the only one indeed in the kingdom of Naples; but it has been so sadly neglected, that at its mouth, where thirty years ago there were forty feet of water, now only nine are to be found. The city was once of great extent, and contained, in the time of the Romans, 80,000 souls; now there are only five thousand. There still exist many ancient buildings, and among the rest, a temple dedicated to Diana, now a church, where mass is said on Sun-

days. Without the town is the Appian fountain, erected by the celebrated Roman from whom it is named: having fallen into ruin, it was rebuilt under the Emperor Charles V. There is a stone over it, bearing an ancient inscription, but too much defaced by time to be legible; another stone, raised to commemorate its rebuilding, is likewise very much defaced; I could only make out—*Appia, Appio fons Tancredo rege ædita ambo Ferdinando*. In the town and about eight miles distant, are still the remains of the Appian way to Rome, upon which the journey was performed in thirty-six hours, which now takes four days, going with the greatest dispatch. Much treasure has been discovered at various times: I know a man who found a stone upon which was engraved, *In putco prope castrum jacet pecunia Romanorum*. He accordingly by night made many excavations about this well, which still exists: I recommended him to go down into it, but as the well is very deep, he is afraid. I had the good fortune to find a part of the wealth of the Romans, but it is a very small part, merely a halfpenny of Julius Cæsar. Brindisi produces much oil and wine; the latter very excellent at three half-pence per bottle.

I once again directed my course for Naples, but as the roads are very full of robbers, I was under the necessity of having an escort of *gens-d'armes*, and thus arrived safely at Barletta. Here I had to wait four days for the diligence for Naples. Barletta has many very good houses, is better paved and has broader streets than any in Puglia; but is in other respects

dirty and uncomfortable in the extreme. I employed my four days in visits to the ancient and once famous city of Cannosa, formerly of great extent, as may be seen by the ruins of the gateways, which seem to have been spared by time, to show how fallen is the greatness of the beautiful Italy. The modern town stands on the site of part of the ancient, on the side of a steep hill, the summit of which is crowned with the ancient castle, whose exterior, composed of large masses of stone, still bids defiance to man and time. The interior is all in ruins; but its vast and extended *souterrains* are still open for the inspection of the curious. The church was an ancient temple: on one side still exists the tomb of an ancient king; the doors are of brass, and contain many inscriptions. Just on the outside of the town was lately discovered one of the most interesting and perfect tombs. A farmer, wanting to cut a wine-cellar in the rock, availed himself of a small rising ground for the purpose: the rock is generally covered a few feet with earth. He accordingly commenced his excavation, and the workmen had not advanced far into the rock, before, on a sudden, their tools pierced a cavity, and in a short time they worked their way into the tomb. It was about 15 feet long, 12 feet wide, and 8 or 10 high: on one side; upon a block of stone, two feet high, was placed the body, the bones of which were all perfect; over the face was placed the vizor of brass, beside the head the helmet, and over the body the breastplate: on one side, the armour of the horse's head; around the block or bier were placed small

lachrymals of painted earthen-ware; on the opposite side stood two very large and beautifully painted vases of earthen-ware, similar to those of which Sir W. Hamilton published copies. At the head of the deceased stood, on a pedestal, a large dog, and on the opposite side of the tomb a wild boar, both cut out of the solid rock, and not detached from it. The whole tomb was curiously painted, and here and there were cut serpents in bas relief. On a plain stone was carved, in large characters, "THE TOMB OF DIOMEDE." The French intendant of police of Cannosa, as soon as he heard of the circumstance, imprisoned the family and all concerned in the discovery, took possession of the tomb and its contents, packed it all up, and sent it to Naples, to Madame Murat, who fitted up a small room in the palace, and arranged all the contents of the tomb in a manner similar to that in which they were originally found. I saw this piece of mummery, but it had none of the impressiveness, as it wanted the solemn quietness of the tomb of Cannosa.

From Cannosa I returned to Barletta by the way of the famous field of Cannæ, where Hannibal defeated the Romans. A valley, by which the Romans endeavoured to regain the high ground, still goes by the name of *Pezze de Sangue*. There is now a farm-house where Cannæ once stood: two large pieces of granite, still erect, are shewn as the gateways of the town: beneath, in the plain immediately at the foot of the hills, the fountain yet exists

where the Roman consuls took leave of each other after the defeat, and where the one who was mortally wounded (I think his name was Varro,) said to the other, "Go you to Rome and give the account of our defeat. I will die here." It is a fountain of most beautifully clear water; the fields all around are strewn with pieces of tiles and bricks, sad mementos of a population now no more.

About eighteen miles from Barletta, upon another high hill for this level country, is an ancient castle, called Castello de Monte, once surrounded by a large city, of which now no other vestiges remain than such as shew where Cannæ stood. It was flourishing in the time of the Angouins: the castle contained a very large and magnificent palace, sumptuously lined with white marble, and adorned with large and elegant columns of the Ionic order: these columns were removed and brought to Naples, and now form a part and one of the greatest beauties of the royal palace of Caserta, twelve miles from the capital.

About ten miles from Barletta is the very ancient town of Ruvo, famous when this country formed a part of Magna Græcia: at these places are continually found all kinds of rare and valuable antiquities, vases, money, stones, trinkets, &c.

Once more I embarked in the diligence, and, continually escorted by *gens-d'armes*, arrived safely in Naples.

## NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

NEW-YEAR'S day, or the day on which the year commences, has always been very different in different nations; and yet in all it has been held in great veneration.

Among the Romans, the first and last day of the year were consecrated to Janus; on which account it was, that they represented him with two faces. To them we owe the ceremony of wishing a happy new-year, which appears to be very ancient. Before the first day was spent, they not only visited and complimented each other, but also presented *strenæ* (from which the French derived their *etrennes*), and offered vows to the gods for the preservation of each other. Lucian represents it as a practice of a very ancient standing even in his time, and refers it to Numa. Ovid alludes to the same ceremony in the beginning of his *Fasti*; and Pliny more expressly, lib. xxviii. cap. 1.

The civil or legal year in England commences on the day of the Annunciation, i. e. on the 25th day of March; though the historical year begins on the day of the Circumcision, i. e. the 1st of January, on which day the German and Italian year also begins. Stowe observes, that William the Conqueror having been crowned on the 1st of January, that day thenceforth became the first of the year for historians; though in all civil affairs they retained the ancient manner of accounting, which began with the 25th of March. The part of the year between those two terms is usually expressed both ways, as 1748-9, or the 8 above the 9, as 174 $\frac{8}{9}$ .

Since the Conqueror, the king's patents, charters, proclamations, &c. are usually dated by the year of the king's reign.

The church, as to her solemn service, begins the year on the first Sunday in Advent, which is always that next St. Andrew's day, or the 30th of November.

The Jews, as most other nations of the East, had a civil year, which commenced with the new moon in September; and an ecclesiastical year, which commenced from the new moon in March.

The French year, during the reign of the Merovingian race, began on the day whereon the troops were reviewed, which was the 1st day of March. Under the Carolingians, it began on Christmas-day, and under the Capetians on Easter-day; which therefore varied between the 22d of March and the 25th of April: and this is still the beginning of the French ecclesiastical year. But for the civil, Charles IX. appointed, in 1554, that for the future it should commence on the 1st of January.

Mahometans begin their year the minute the sun enters Aries; the Persians in the month answering to our June; the Chinese, and most of the Indians, with the first moon in March; the Brachmans with the new moon in April, on which day they hold a feast, called *Samuat Saradi pau-uga*, which signifies *feast of a new-year*.

The Mexicans, according to d'Acosta, begin the year on our 23d of February, when the leaves begin to grow green: their year consists of twelve months, of thirty

days each, which making 360 days, the remaining five days are spent in mirth, and no business suffered to be done, nor even any service at the temples.

Alvarez relates much the same of the Abyssinians, who begin their year on the 29th of August, and have five idle days at the end, which they call *Pagomen*.

At Rome there are two ways of

computing the year, the one beginning at the Nativity of our Lord; this the notaries use, dating a *Nativitate*: the other in March, on occasion of the Incarnation, and it is by this that the bulls are dated, *anno Incarnationis*.

The Greeks begin their year of the world from the 1st of September.

SOMERSET.

## THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. I.

Quicquid agant homines, nostri farrago libelli.—*JUV. sat. i. v. 84-85.*

Whatever good is done, whatever ill,  
By woman kind, shall this collection fill.

I SHALL, I fear, convey rather an unfavourable opinion of myself to the generality of my readers, and particularly to those of my own sex, when I inform them that my object is to display, in their full extent, the imperfections as well as the perfections, the follies as well as the good sense, the vices as well as the virtues, of women living and dead, in all ranks and of all characters, in order to deter the rising female generation from those errors, to which they may be liable from the circumstances of life and delusions of the world; as well to hold forth those examples of excellence, which may induce them to become the pride of their own sex, the delight of man, and the ornaments of the age in which they live.

I shall certainly tattle about whatever happens in the circle of female society, that comes within the reach of my observation; but then my readers may be assured, that though I am a *tattler*, I shall always speak the truth; that though I am a *tattler*, and love talking, I

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shall never suffer scandal to mingle in my communications; nor catch up a prevailing story, and lend myself to the propagation of it, unless I have the most perfect conviction of its truth, and that it can be repeated without violating decorum, and with a justifiable expectation of its being productive of good.

Scandal as such I detest, and no class of women, and I know there are too many of them, will be more severely attacked in these lucubrations, than those who have ears ever open to hear what folly may utter, what calumny may invent, what ill-nature may exaggerate, and, which is still worse, have tongues ever ready to repeat it. Indeed I have sometimes met with those who possessed imaginations capable of enlivening their tales with the added decorations of their own malignity.

I must, however, beg leave to be preserved from the inference which certain persons may be disposed to draw from the foregoing observa-

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tions, that women are more habituated to the propagation of scandal than the other sex. This I boldly and peremptorily deny; and shall hereafter, in some future paper, confront, with irresistible arguments, and, I doubt not, confute it, in the opinion of every candid and unprejudiced mind.

The doctrine of conversation, if I may be allowed to use the expression, has never yet, as I believe, been philosophically analyzed, or at least such a circumstance has never unfolded itself to my enquiries or my researches. General observations, and useful lessons on the subject, which I think a very important one, are, it is true, to be found in most of our eminent writers on morals and on manners; but it has never yet been considered as a science, containing certain principles, and requiring certain specific rules, by which a greater or less degree of perfection may be attained in this first decoration of social life. This attainment is very rare, not only in the higher circles of society, but, even where it might be naturally expected to be found, among those who are distinguished by learned pursuits, and eminent for the qualifications of literature; a circumstance which can only arise from its not having been considered with the attention it so highly deserves. Hence it has frequently happened, that men, who have been gifted with what I shall call social or domestic eloquence, have borne away the palm, in the general intercourse of society, from persons of far superior talents, science, and erudition. Of the advantages of such a superiority

many examples could be given, which are well known to the world; and as I can produce one from my own sex, to which I exclusively profess to devote my labours, such as they may be, I shall just mention it.

The late Mrs. Montagu, of Portman-square, and her *protégée* and friend, the late Mrs. Carter, the celebrated translator of Epictetus, were too well known in their different situations, and according to their respective characters, to require any further remark, than that the former, with an understanding superior indeed to the generality of her sex, was fond of the world, and appeared in all the fashionable circles, while her years and health permitted, in a style which her large fortune enabled her to indulge. But of all the graces which she cultivated, that of shining in conversation was the favourite, and she succeeded in acquiring the admiration which was her reward. The latter was the most learned woman in Europe; she was not only remarkable for the various languages, both living and dead, which she had acquired, but for her knowledge of the most distinguished writers in them all, and consequently involving a mass of erudition which, great as it must have occasionally appeared to those who enjoyed an intimate communication with her, is never supposed to have been adequately known, from the predominant modesty and seclusive disposition of her character. Now if a stranger to these ladies had accidentally been introduced into any society of which they formed a part, he would have been astonished at Mrs. Montagu,

as a woman who knew every thing; and been rather disposed to consider Mrs. Carter, comparatively speaking, as a person who knew nothing. Indeed, to continue the subject a little farther, I have no doubt, in the contest for the affections of those of the other sex, whose affections would be lasting, and therefore are alone worth having, that the powers of conversation, conducted with ease, unaffectedness, and truth, with a due reservoir of materials to supply its wants, would be found to triumph over the glare of beauty, the gaiety of high spirits, what are called the embellishments of figure, and the accomplishments of fashion. The Female Tattler has a scheme for teaching and improving this pre-eminent qualification, which she will, at a future period, unfold, illustrate, and recommend to the youthful part of her readers.

As to the silent conversation of the eyes, it will be my endeavour to put it down altogether. I do not mean to include, in this description, the look of respect, the calm gaze of admiration, or the smile of applause, in which a stranger may indulge with propriety, when he contemplates a young female whose character and demeanour naturally excite those emotions. I rather allude to a practice very common among the young men, and too much encouraged by the tonish young women, which is called *ogling*. As I think the gentlemen who employ it are impudent, or ignorant, or impertinently curious, it may be readily imagined what I think of those persons of my own sex who hold themselves forth to be ogled,

and of course are vain and silly enough to be pleased with it. As it is a kind of conversation between persons who have no acquaintance with each other, it must be contrary to the first principles of good breeding, and therefore not to be allowed, or at least encouraged, by that sense of decorum which forms the comforts, as it composes the decencies, of social, virtuous, and elegant life.

I have thus cursorily introduced a topic which is connected with my character as a tattler; but I hope to amuse as well as instruct, and to illustrate my principles by characters drawn from life, with truth, with candour, and under the concealment of assumed names.— That I am, in some degree, qualified for the task, I may presume without vanity, and my readers will be of the same opinion, when I inform them, that I was a beauty in my early days, and admired, and followed, and courted as beauties are. Under the guidance of an aunt, for I lost both my parents when I was a child, and whose character I now emulate, I became the wife of a man of honour; of elegance, of learning, and of virtue, whom I lost too soon, though we had lived twenty years together, and the anniversary of whose loss I have made it a duty to devote to the lonely and undisturbed contemplation of his virtues. I was also a mother, but my son, whom no persuasions could restrain from a military life, died in the field of battle; and my daughter on the same day, I may almost say in the same hour, gave a female grandchild to me, and an angel to heaven. It is that amiable and charm-

ing creature who is now the principal object of my care; and, from the lucubrations which I am now preparing under the title which I have assumed as the writer of these papers, it will be seen whether I am conducting her onward to that excellence which her darling mother displayed during her short abode in this uncertain world.— I have also to add, that my husband, among the other proofs of his confidence and affection, made me the companion of his studious hours, and thereby qualified me for the delightful task of assisting him in them. I merely mention this that my readers may not suppose me pedantic and presuming, if I sometimes vary my subjects by launching into some of those branches of literature, which are not considered as a necessary part of female education. I shall, accordingly, conclude this my introductory paper with one of the beautiful little allegories of antiquity, and on a subject that carries a powerful interest with it, clothed in the language of virtue, and adorned with the symbol of truth.

“At the birth of *Beauty*,” says Plato, “there was a banquet prepared, and numerous guests invited to partake of it. Among others was the god *Plenty*, the offspring of the goddess *Prudence*, and who inherited many of his mother’s virtues. When the feast was concluded, he secluded himself in the garden of Jupiter, which abounded with ambrosial fruits. In the meantime a wretched female, named *Poverty*, on hearing of this great entertainment, hastened thither, in the hope of being relieved by its superabundance: she, however,

first arrived at Jupiter’s garden, which was open to persons of all ranks and conditions: she accordingly entered, and found the god of *Plenty* asleep in it. While she was admiring his beauty he awoke, and being informed of her situation, first pitied, and then loved her. The Temple of Hymen was not far distant, and the nuptial god united them in his holy bands. The offspring of this marriage was *Love*. The child grew up, and proved, as might be expected, a compound of opposite qualities. As the son of *Plenty*, he became subtle, full of stratagems and devices, audacious, confident, presumptuous, and quick of resentment. As the offspring of *Poverty*, he was fawning, doubtful, timorous, low-minded, fearful of offending, and abject in submission.” Here the fable of the pagan philosopher ends; and it cannot be denied, that the supposing *Love* to be born so soon after the birth of *Beauty*, the parentage of *Plenty*, and the inconsistency of the passion with itself so naturally traced, are in the happiest style of invention: but in the subsequent period of illumination, when the heart has assumed a new character, when its moral feelings and tender sensibilities are so improved and sublimated, a new power has appeared, the offspring of a marriage between *Love* and *Virtue*. This is *Affection*, which never fails, by possessing the corrected and purified qualities of her father, united with all the excellence of her mother, to render the nuptial state a heaven upon earth.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.





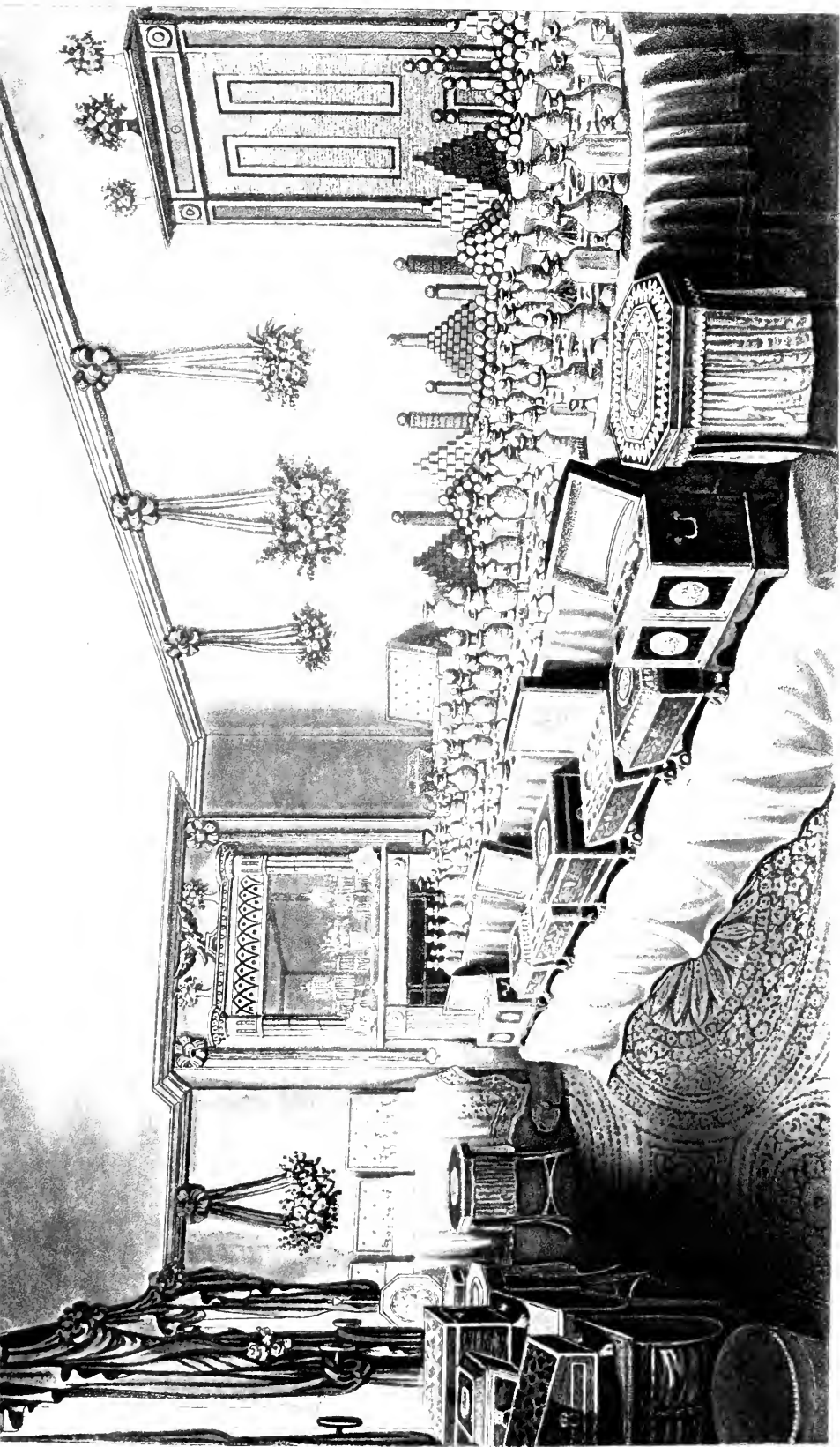


PLATE 3.—ACCOUNT OF THE ASSORTMENT OF PERFUMERY, &c. PREPARED BY MR. ROSS FOR THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

As soon as it was ascertained to be the intention of the British government to send another embassy to China, for the purpose of establishing our commercial relations with that country upon a more solid basis, the East India Company determined to avail itself of this opportunity of transmitting to the Chinese monarch, his family and ministers, a present of perfumery and other articles, worthy of such an august personage. The selection and general arrangement was committed by the Court of Directors to Mr. Ross, of Bishopsgate-street, whose skill and ingenuity in the execution of this order reflect the highest credit on himself, and have given the greatest satisfaction to his honourable employers. As it is not too much to assert, that so extensive or so superb a collection of the kind was never yet brought together, our readers will not be displeased to find here some account of the articles of which this magnificent offering is composed.

An elegant and very large assortment of cut decanters, with smelling-bottles in stopples, claim the precedence. These smelling-bottles are capped with gold, and filled with otto of rose of the first quality, with the finest quintessences at top, and with Ross's newly invented lavender-water, called the Emperor of China's lavender-water, now in the highest estimation for its superior sweetness and strength, and for the singular property of retaining its fragrance for a very long time after it has been poured on the handkerchief: this

delightful perfume is honoured by the first patronage in the three kingdoms.

A second and not inferior assortment of cut decanters, which have also smelling-bottles in stopples, and are capped with gold, are filled with oils of the most exquisite qualities, as rose, jessamine, orange, millefleur, jonquil, tuberosc, &c.

A large and truly elegant assortment of cut glass milk of rose bottles, with smelling-bottles as mentioned in the two other articles, and filled with the same kinds of oil as those just mentioned.

A most beautiful and numerous assortment of toilet bottles, cut in a novel and superb style, and filled with essences of chevrefeuille, rezeda, marechalle, vanille, heliotrope, orange, violet, cassia, jessamine, Portugal, Mousseline, bouquet de Florence, rose, ambergrise, jonquil, nerolli, tuberosc, millefleur, laure, &c. &c.

Another collection of toilet bottles, finished in a different but equally superb style, and filled with Ross's new perfume, the superior fragrance of which has obtained for it, from connoisseurs, the appellation of *la fleur d'alliance*. It is, in fact, the united essence of the sweetest flowers of France and Italy, which, being compounded with an ingredient lately discovered by the inventor, yields a lasting and delicious fragrance, infinitely superior to any thing yet used for the handkerchief or the ball-room.

A very large assortment of the Emperor of China's washing-soap, which has the peculiar property of

allaying heats in the skin, and preserving the hands from chapping; it is also pleasant to use, because it yields a most delightful perfume.

Another assortment of Ross's perfumed white and brown soap, vegetable tuberose, rose, jessamine, lily, orange, Abyssinian, otto of rose, Bandana, Palmyrene, musk, &c. washing-soaps.

Art and fancy have been exhausted, in order to introduce novelty of every kind into this superb collection: an assortment of hair-brushes, which forms a part of it, are inlaid with gold and tortoise-shell, in a style that combines novelty with taste and elegance.

A large assortment of Ross's shaving-soap, and elegant shaving-glasses with silver tops, superbly cut, and filled with soap and razors. The latter are particularly deserving of notice, since they are the most exquisitely finished things of the kind we have ever seen; the handles are mother of pearl, tipped with crowns, &c. of gold. These are accompanied by newly invented razor-strops, called the *eclipse strops*, now in high estimation; and also a renovator for them.

We remarked also various sets of cut-smelling-bottles, capped with gold, and filled with different scents, and others with gold vinegarettes in the centre; a handsome assortment of cut tooth-powder glasses, filled with tooth-powder; ivory tooth-brushes, nail-brushes, shaving-brushes, and ivory small-tooth-comb-brushes; three assortments of combs—one of very fine cut double superior tortoise-shell small-tooth-combs, another of tortoise-shell dressing-combs, and a third of knife-combs; scissars, having gold,

silver, and mother of pearl handles, superbly inlaid with gold, &c.

The assortments of ladies' work-boxes and work-tables, completely furnished with every little elegant implement necessary for the exercise of female ingenuity, are equally deserving of praise for the taste, novelty, and elegance displayed in their forms and construction.—These were all made by Mr. G. WISE, of Tunbridge, and reflect great credit on his skill and ingenuity.

Such of our readers as have not seen this superb collection, may form, from the annexed engraving, some idea of the beautiful effect of the whole as arranged for display. Mr. Ross shewed, in the selection of it, a degree of taste and judgment which it would be uncandid not to notice. The Hon. the East India Company were certainly fortunate in finding an agent so capable of executing their magnificent intentions in the best manner, as it may with truth be said to be the most elegant collection of the kind ever seen in this country, and worthy of the monarch for whom it is principally intended.

It is almost superfluous to add, that the collection was honoured with the high approbation of the ambassador, Lord Amherst, the chairman, deputy-chairman, and East India directors, as well as some of the most distinguished among the nobility and gentry who honoured it with their inspection previous to its being packed. The cases in which it will be conveyed to the place of its destination, are of mahogany, capped with brass and lined with velvet.

## MUSICAL REVIEW.

*Three Waltzes in the form of Rondos for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to H. R. H. Princess Charlotte, by Iwan Müller, inventor of the improved clarinet manufactured by Clementi and Co. Pr. 2s.*

MR. MÜLLER, whose unrivalled skill as a performer on the clarinet has caused considerable sensation in this country, by the publication before us establishes his name as a composer of no mean abilities. These waltzes combine originality with elegance of style and agreeableness of melody in a high degree. The harmony too, with the exception of one or two oversights, especially in the last waltz, is perfectly select. The first waltz distinguishes itself by the mellowness and the fluency of its ideas, especially in the second part; and the trio in four flats is of the softest and most tasteful texture. No. 2. possesses more originality, and the naïveté of its melody creates peculiar interest. Its trio is pretty, the modulatory passages (p. 5) creditable, and the three concluding lines (p. 6), although rather whimsical in their place, wind up the piece with great spirit. The 3d waltz, with the exception of an awkward harmony in ll. 3 and 4, appears to us really the best of the set. Its subject is very fine, the bass well imagined, and the three last lines are altogether beautiful.

*Arietta del Sig. Castello, intitolata La Donzelletta Amante, arrangiata per Chitarra, con Accompagnamento di Piano-Forte, dal Sig. G. Briccio, e dedicata alla Virtuosa di Musica Siga. Hamilton. Pr. 2s.*

Mr. Briccio, as the title imports, claims only the merit of arranging this air for the guitar and piano-forte conjointly; its author is Mr. Castello. The music, although not distinguished by thoughts of striking novelty, is not the less attractive: it possesses all that unaffected, yet delicately sweet simplicity and melodiousness, which form the characteristic feature of good Italian vocal compositions, and which, with few exceptions, are as unattainable by the harmonists of other countries, as the sweetness and graces of the painters of Italy by those of other regions of the globe. Mr. Briccio's arrangement is not only satisfactory, but in many instances elegantly decorative. The introductory symphony, however, is uneven in its rhythm. We need not add, that the guitar is essential in the accompaniment.

*"The Waves of Orwell," a Duet, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, the Words by Mrs. J. Cobbold; composed, and dedicated to Mrs. Newman, by J. F. Danneley. Pr. 2s.*

As this is the first production of Mr. D.'s Muse that has come under our notice, we feel the greater pleasure in bearing testimony to the skill and the talent which he has displayed in setting to music the interesting complets he has chosen for his labour. It is any thing but a commonplace composition; the parts, vocal as well as instrumental, are dovetailed into each other with ability and with obviously careful attention; at one time acting simultaneously in clever counterpoint, and on other

appropriate occasions imitating each other in fugued method. This is the general character of the duet before us, and that character is perseveringly maintained in every stage of its progress to the very conclusion, not excepting the end symphony, which is particularly distinguished by its able harmonic contrivance. As Mr. D. seems to have but recently begun his compositorial career, and as this specimen assures us that a hint or two will be thrown on promising soil, we shall, in the first place, remark, that, although the models he has followed are evidently of sterling worth, they belong to a period since which music has assumed a more pliant and pleasing aspect. Mr. D.'s melodies are too faithful to the old school. The next observation we have to make relates to harmonic structure. Melody ought to be the principal aim of the vocal composer, and harmonic contrivances and *concelli* but secondary aids. If the latter become too conspicuous, especially in lyric productions, they have precisely the effect which is produced by too glaring a display of muscular anatomy in painting. The Italian masters, with all their sameness, afford models for soft and graceful melodiousness; and the operas and songs of the great Mozart will, above all, exemplify to Mr. D. the possibility of uniting science with the sweetest and most affecting strains. We trust Mr. D. a true regard for whose abilities elicited these hints, will not think us fastidious in criticism. It is, alas! not often that we have to make observations on an overabundant display of contrapuntal arrangement.

*The Musical Paragon, containing a Series (?)*, most of which are newly arranged for the Piano-Forte. Nos. 1. 2. 3. 4. Pr. 1s. 6d. each.

The object of this publication of Messrs. Goulding & Co. as far as we can judge from the title and the numbers we have seen, appears to be that of giving, in periodical succession, and in small numbers, detached musical pieces from the works of classic masters, such as Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Pleyel, Kozeluch, Dussek, Mazzinghi, Steibelt, &c. We have so little objection against this plan, that, to say the truth, we would rather see the standard works of such authors multiplied under any form whatever, than wish for a periodical succession of modern *soi-disant* novelties, which frequently are but disguised plagiarisms or insipid trash. The first of the present numbers contains the introductory allegro to the Dettingen Te Deum. No. 2. a quick movement from Mazzinghi's opera 15. No. 3. a rondo by Von Esch; and No. 4. an elegant adagio and rondo from one of Dussek's sonatas. The low price of 1s. 6d. per number, of four or five very close pages, is no small additional recommendation.

"*All alone!*" a Canzonet; the Words by Henry Kirk White, composed for, and inscribed to, Miss H. Stanhope, by G. Kiallmark. Pr. 1s. 6d.

If we are not mistaken, this is the first specimen of Mr. Kiallmark's lyric Muse that has come under our notice. To his abilities as a piano-forte-composer, we have, on several occasions, done due justice. It is therefore with the greater pleasure that we find our-

selves warranted in expressing our entire approbation of his vocal labour before us. The canzonet, "All alone," has more than one claim on the connoisseur's partiality: its first merit, and not a small one as times go, is that of considerable originality in conception; we meet with none of those hack-nied ideas and turns which, put together as it were by the chance of musical dice, and generally without rhyme or reason, form the main stock of our modern vocal treasure. There is, moreover, in the whole cast of the melody, a character of plaintive sensibility, which, as it fully meets the words, affects the feelings with increased power. The employment of the ninth in the principal period is highly interesting, and more so at every recurrence than in the first bar, where, by falling upon the monosyllable "that," it creates an improper emphasis. The intercalation of the part, in  $\frac{2}{3}$  time, and in Siciliana style, evinces both taste and ingenuity, and affords a well-timed contrast between the  $\frac{3}{4}$  progress of the general melody. In the piano-forte accompaniment, which is adequate throughout, we observe some instances of clever contrivance.

"Give me Friendship, give me Love,"  
a Song, with an Accompaniment  
for the Piano-Forte, the Melody  
composed by Edward Peele. Pr.  
1s. 6d.

In the melody to these neat complets Mr. Peele has evinced both taste and judgment. The air is unaffected as the text, soft and regular in structure. Some of the thoughts are expressed with warmth and tenderness, and the accompa-

niment is both appropriate and effective. The concluding symphony, however short, merits distinct favourable notice. The D natural, p. 2, b. 10, although not absolutely erroneous, seems to us so far liable to objection, as it breaks in upon the progress of the melody, which, immediately before and after, dwells in A b.

*Le Bouton de Rose, a favourite Divertimento for the Harp or Piano-Forte, composed, and most humbly dedicated to H. R. H. the Princess Charlotte of Wales, by J. Gildon. Pr. 2s. 6d.*

Three movements:—the first, an andantino in C, exhibits throughout a pleasing and unlaboured melody, in which the successive strains follow each other in natural connection, except as far as the three last lines, in which all at once some running passages are entered upon, the nature of which would have fitted them better for the middle of an allegro than the end of an andantino. The pastorale (second movement) is nothing more than the well-known song, "The Garland of Roses," with a respectable minor variation. A rondo concludes the divertimento. It is not composed of materials altogether novel or very select, but a certain degree of liveliness and ease renders its several parts sufficiently entertaining. The whole of this publication, like most of the late Mr. Gildon's compositions, has the merit of being quite within the reach of moderate proficiency.

*The Battle of Waterloo, or La Belle Alliance, a grand descriptive musical Piece, composed, and dedicated to his Grace the Duke of Wellington and the gallant Army*

*under his command*, by W. H. Liebe, Master of the Band of the 2d Regiment Life Guards, *adapted for the Piano-Forte*. Pr. 4s.

Under certain allowances which are to be made for a piano-forte extract (and evidently not the most effective one), from the score for a full band, our opinion of the publication before us is of a very favourable nature. Mr. Liebe's *Battle of Waterloo* is, in our estimation, the best musical battle-piece that has been produced in England since the days of Kotzwar. There are some few portions which are rather plain, naked, or undigested, and the composition, in the aggregate, is not sufficiently energetic and striking; but, on the other hand, a great share of good musical taste, science, and inventive talent, is blended with that just discernment of situation and expression, which shews that the composer is not a stranger to the scenes he has attempted to illustrate through the medium of harmony. Among the innumerable descriptive passages, we notice with approbation the march, *p. 4*, its florid bass, and the minor strain which immediately follows. The Highland quick march (*p. 5*) is very neat and lively. The attack in C minor (*p. 6*) deserves our decided favour; and equally commendable is the whole of *p. 7*; the hustle of conflict, and the determined obstinacy of the combatants, are very characteristically depicted. In *p. 8* the composer expresses the onset and the evolutions of the cavalry by a variety of modulations: but the tale is too simply told; the right hand, during almost the whole page, keeps up the same kind of plain motion.

The charge of the household troops, *p. 9*, is as effective and good as it was on the 18th June. Here the author evidently wrote with an *esprit de corps*. The C sharp (*p. 10, l. 2*.) should be D flat. The Prussians are well brought into the field in the same page; and the cries of the wounded (*p. 10*) are described in an interesting and tasteful slow movement. Here Mr. L. has modulated profoundly, and in one or two places rather *too* profoundly; but he extricates himself ably by a well placed enharmonic transition. Some good ideas occur in the further progress of this movement, *p. 12* (in the fifth bar of which the D ought to be made natural), but the treatment of these ideas is too plain. The finale, "Off for Paris," boasts of a very pretty rondo-subject; and the digressive matter, as well as the ultimate winding-up, is proper and in character. In a contest where the artillery roared so mightily, there might have been some little fac-simile of cannon-sound.

*Calder Fair, Pandean Air, arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-Forte, with an Introduction, composed, and dedicated to his Pupil, Miss Griffith*, by W. H. Cutler. Pr. 2s.

In this publication Mr. Cutler had to struggle against an unharmonious and ungrateful subject; it is therefore rather the choice than the execution of the task, we would find fault with; for we really think Mr. C. has made as much of his theme as it was susceptible, and more than it was deserving of. Perhaps, indeed, it may be a particular bent of taste that influences our judgment in this case; and as in music fancy



goes a great way, there may be a numerous class who feel partial to the air of "Calder Fair." To those Mr. Cutler's labour will prove acceptable and entertaining. The introductory adagio contains some select ideas, but they are not in every instance sufficiently developed and symmetrically completed.

*To the Memory of Colonel Sir Henry W. Ellis, of the 23d Fusileers, who was killed at the Battle of Waterloo, written by F. D. H.; composed, with a Piano-Forte Accompaniment, by W. Grose. Pr. 1s. 6d.*

This short air is not destitute of impressive and pathetic thoughts, but upon the whole we think it wants unity of design and connection in the periods. Under this observation comes, for instance, the bar in G minor (*l. 2*), which is too abruptly inserted between phrases in E b. The latter part of the song proceeds with more regularity.

*"La bella mia Tiranna," a favourite Duet, composed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, and dedicated to Mrs. James Colquhoun, by C. M. Sola. Pr. 1s. 6d.*

The melody of this duet is agreeable, and the two voices are set with considerable ability, so as to act in counterpoint, or in responsive imitation. The accompaniment, in several places, appears to us rather unusual, and not, on that account, the more attractive.

*Tête-à-Tête, a Selection of National Melodies, arranged as Duets for juvenile Performers on the Piano-Forte, by J. Monro. Pr. 3s.*

According to the title, we find in this book a great variety of well known tunes, such as, *Pray Goody—Maid of Lodi—Sprig of Shilalah—Robin Adair—Lieber Augustine*

*—Nos Galon—Copenhagen Walz, and as many more. The arrangement for four hands is satisfactory and easy.*

*Mozart's celebrated Overture to the Zauberflöte, newly adapted for the Piano-Forte, with Accompaniments for a Violin and Violoncello (ad libitum), by S. T. Rimbault. Pr. 3s.; without Accompaniments, 2s.*

In our opinion this overture is Mozart's masterpiece; a transcendent effort of the greatest musical genius, which will long, if not ever, stand unrivalled, and which, notwithstanding the depth of science it exhibits, never fails in electrifying the untutored ear equally with the most refined connoisseur. Mr. R. has arranged it with ability and judgment; although the violin and bass accompaniments might have been set to greater effect. However, as the parts for these instruments are *ad libitum*, we are aware that, to answer that object, a more confined portion of the essential harmony could only fall to their share. *The Magpie and Maid, a new Song, composed by John Purkins. Pr. 1s.*

As neither the poetry nor the music seems calculated for severe critical scrutiny, we will briefly inform our readers, that "The Magpie and the Maid," while it affords no cause for absolute censure, gives no room for particular praise: it seems to have been written for the spur of the moment, and so far may have attained its object.

*"Moll Patryl," a celebrated Dance, (see the Spectator, vol. I. No. 67.) arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-Forte, by S. Wesley. Pr. 2s. 6d.*

Upon this old and, in some of its turns, rather original tune, Mr.

Wesley has reared a superstructure which every lover of sterling harmony will deem a masterly performance. It is in Mr. Wesley's best style. To the Grub-street composers of the present day we should recommend a perusal of the piece before us, as a means of humbling presumptuous ignorance, were there not reason to believe Mr. W.'s labour far above their comprehension. But to the zealous student the careful analysis of a production like this will afford infinite benefit. He will, for instance, be able to form a correct idea of the requisites of a proper bass accompaniment, and cannot fail to be sensible of the difference between Mr. W.'s treatment of the left hand and those guitar basses or dodgings by loving thirds, which we have so frequently to wade through in our critical investigation of modern productions. In short, the real amateur will find in the present publication a rich display of every species of skilful harmonic arrangement, guided by matured experience and great versatility of invention. A performer of some proficiency is required.

No. I. "*Catherine's Cottage*," the Words by Miss Edgeworth, the Music by J. Whitaker. Pr. 1s. 6d.

There is much unassuming naïveté in the general melody of this poetical trifle; the text is expressed with characteristic fidelity, its occasional repetitions are extremely natural and well imagined, and several of the ideas possess a superior degree of attraction. Of the latter description is the passage, "Turn swift, turn swift, my wheel," &c. (p. 2, ll. 2 and 3); which is, moreover, conspicuous on account of

its agreeable accompaniment in the manner of wind-instruments. The short minor strain (l. 4) is very appropriate, and reemerges into the major with much ease. The conclusion of the song, with its varied repetitions, is tastefully wound up. In p. 2, l. 2, the rhythm drags a little at "And leave my heart no time to feel." But this objection, if any, is too slight to affect the favourable impression which the aggregate merit of the composer's labour cannot fail to produce upon the cultivated ear.

"*The Lord's Prayer*," set to Music by Henry Denman, Organist of Portland Chapel, suited to the capacities of Children. Pr. 1s.

"*The Creed*," intended as a Companion to "*The Lord's Prayer*," by the same. Pr. 1s.

These two sacred compositions, short as they are, deserve our favourable recommendation in no small degree. The ideas are not throughout original, nor do we think, with the author, that their comprehension or execution lies altogether within the reach of children; but we are bound to own, that few pieces of this description and of so limited an extent, have given us equal satisfaction. The author has, in their construction, given unequivocal proofs of a refined taste, chaste conception, and elevated feeling. The melodies are soft and pathetic, and the harmonies evince good musical knowledge. Some rhythmical unevenness occurs here and there in the periods, but this could hardly be avoided in the musical arrangement of a text in prose.

"*The three Roses*," elegant (!) Divertimentos, fingered for the use of

*Juvenile Performers, composed by Augustus Reise. Pr. 5s.*

Notwithstanding the unfavourable bias produced on our expectation by the self-praising title, we recovered our impartiality as we proceeded in the examination of Mr. Reise's "Three Roses." The publication comprises three divertimentos, viz. The China Rose, the White Rose, and the Damask Rose; and each divertimento consists of two distinct movements. All these pieces are conceived not only in a light and easy style, but with a degree of taste and spirit that renders them truly pleasing to even more than a common ear. The subjects

of most of them are neat and lively; and the digressive matter, without affecting unseasonable eccentricities, or dropping into hacknied vulgarisms, is always natural and entertaining. Mr. Reise's labour therefore fully and meritoriously accomplishes the object proposed. We do not see the necessity or usefulness of indicating the fingers for every note in the book. On the contrary, in our opinion, the learner derives greater advantage from being left to his own judgment in cases where he can scarcely help fingering properly of his own accord.

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## THE SELECTOR :

*Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS from NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.*

[It is our intention henceforward to devote a portion of the REPOSITORY to this department; and we are confident, that so far from having occasion to apologize, we shall receive the thanks of our readers for this mode of occupying a few of our pages, and that the SELECTOR will soon become an universal favourite.]

We take this opportunity to request authors and publishers to favour us with the loan of new works, or to furnish us with such extracts from them as are suitable for this article.]

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## LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD AND PAMELA.

*From Memoirs and Confessions of Captain ASHE.*

AT Lausanne I met with Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who honoured me with his friendship, and proposed to take me in his carriage all the way to Brussels, free of expence, if I would accompany him on foot in an excursion among some of the most mountainous cantons in Switzerland. I eagerly embraced this flattering proposition.

We first repaired to Berne.—The way passes through a garden, one of the finest I have ever seen. The trees on both sides bend under

the weight of the rich fruits with which they are overcharged, and the golden grain waves over the fields, where they spread out to a wider distance. It was a holiday. The peasants, in their best attire, were making merry in the houses of public entertainment, smoking their pipes, carousing with wine, and joyously shouting through the air—"Thus lives the jolly Switzer!"

As we passed the town of Murten, our guide, who carried a change of clothes, asked, "Would

you not chuse to see the remains of our enemies?"—"Where?"—"Here, to the left." We followed his steps, and through a large iron trellising saw a heap of human bones. Their origin was this:—Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, was one of the most powerful princes of his time, and personally one of the most daring and heroic; but his ambition made him the constant terror of his neighbours, and a scourge to the human race. In the year 1476, he determined to make war on the Swiss cantons, and to crush their proud liberties under the iron sceptre of tyranny. His army marched.—Their banners blazed in the sky, and the earth groaned under the movements of their engines and artillery. The troops of Burgundy were drawn out in array on the banks of the lake, and Charles looked with envious eye towards the vales of Switzerland, already counting them his own: but at once the signal was given, and the alarm pervaded all Switzerland—"The enemy approaches!" was the general cry. The peaceful shepherds left their cottages and their flocks, seized their battle-axes and spears, and while the love of their country swelled their hearts, rushed down like the alpine torrent upon those hosts of foes that menaced the passages of their hills. Charles's cannon played upon the Swiss, but they came on unappalled. The Burgundian ranks were broken, and their fire was silenced.—The duke himself plunged on horseback into the lake, and his stout courser conveyed him safe to the further shore. A few trusty servants were the attendants of his

flight: he was reserved to perish afterwards by his own hand. Looking back to the field of carnage out of which he had escaped, and beholding the general slaughter of his army, he indignantly cried—"Shall I be such a dastard as to survive their fall?" and with a pistol put an end to his existence. The Swiss afterwards gathered up the bones of their slaughtered enemies, and deposited them together in a heap, which still remains there. I, for my part, exulted in this triumph of liberty; but, although Lord Edward was an innate and professed lover of freedom, it was not so with him: he shuddered at the sight of such a monument of the errors and miserable mortality of man. "And you, men of Switzerland," exclaimed his lordship, "how can you behold with exultation such trophies as these? Were not the Burgundians your brethren of humanity? Why should not the remains of these thirty thousand Burgundians have been watered with your tears, committed with decent solemnity to the earth, and dishonoured with no other monument, than that on a simple funeral structure should have been inscribed, in honour of the conquerors, this brief memorial:—'Here fought the Swiss for their country: they record their victory, but they mingle tears with their songs of triumph.'—Oh!" continued his lordship, "had you, men of Switzerland, done this, then might your glory have been pure, and your triumph fitted to command the sympathy of every generous heart: but hide, oh! hide this monument of barbarous ferocity in triumph; and when you boast of the proud

name of Switzer, remember there is one yet far more honourable—that of man !”

Previously to Lord Edward's tour in Switzerland he had resided in France, and for a sufficient time to form the most pure and fixed attachment for Pamela, the natural daughter of the Duke of Orleans, afterwards surnamed Egalité. The attachment was an imprudent one; and the duke, dreading its termination, sent Pamela out of the kingdom, instructing the governess to whom he confided her, to place her at a convent in Switzerland, and after her noviciate to see her made a permanent sister of the nunnery. The place of her retreat was kept a profound secret, nor could all the ingenuity and research of his lordship discover any thing more than the broad fact above stated.

The frequent agitation and abstraction of Lord Edward's mind, convinced me that he had a silent sorrow there which he wished to conceal, or of which he feared the discovery. Whatever it was I respected it, and perhaps never should have known its nature, had it not been that, after several days' travelling, our undirected steps brought us to the convent of Vilvere. The deep-toned bell, and the vested saints that attended the shrine within the grating, announced the hour of orisons to be near. We entered the chapel just as the curtain was drawn from the front of the vestal gallery. It had before concealed the nuns from the observation of the spectators below, and now one of these lovely victims attracted much of the public attention. A veil of the purest

white, which swept with graceful folds to the ground, fell from her head; a crown of thorns encircled her brow. Trembling with tears, her soft eyes shone like the moon before a storm; now bright, now dark, now dim. She seemed an angel at the shrine; and as with pious rapture she kissed the cross, the solemn organ pealed to the skies, and filled the mind with the delusions of a dream.

The scene now changed, and we had a nearer view of this interesting object. She was conducted to an altar in the chapel, which was covered with cloth of the blackest hue. She knelt—her gentle bosom heaved—the lily usurped her cheek. The sigh expressed by piety, spoke resignation to her fate. The expecting crowd gazed on the maid, and a moan escaped from every breast. From this we learned, that for the sweet victim the shrine was thus decked out. She rose from prayer; with tremulous voice was about to make the vows by which she would have engaged herself to quit the world for ever, and live immured within the cloister's shade, when Lord Edward approached the base of the altar, and snatching from her hands the scroll from which she intended to recite her vows, the dove-like eyes of Pamela now viewed for the first time in Switzerland her Lord Edward's face. The parchment was torn, and the happy Fitzgerald pressed the trembling Pamela to his tender breast. An awful silence now ensued. Pale terror overspread the face of the abbess. It reigned a moment, and was chased by one loud burst of vengeance. “Go to

thy cell, and hide thee there," cried she to the affrighted victim; but all pitied and admired the pair, earnestly wishing to know their story. Besides, the holy benediction was not given—the last solemn vow not taken. What was the abbess to do? Violence she durst not use. She strove for speech, but it was in vain. Pamela appealed to the people, and declared that she was about to take the veil through tyranny, not by choice; that she was betrothed to Lord Edward, and had no other desire

than that of leaving the convent and giving him her hand.

The times were favourable to the lovers, for the discipline of the convents was much relaxed. The abbess was soon brought to her senses, and a handsome bribe from Lord Edward procured him access to her parlour, where he saw his beloved Pamela when he pleased, and where he negotiated with her father that treaty which effected his marriage with the object of his affections, thus allying him to the royal house of France.

## PASSAGE OF THE GRAND ST BERNARD.

From CoxE's *Picture of Italy*.

THIS passage is not difficult in fine weather, but it is terrible in winter, particularly from November to the middle of April. The great quantity of snow which falls on this mountain raises the road 30 or 40 feet, and when the accumulated snow begins to melt, the greatest dangers are encountered, the *avalanches* being very frequent in the month of March. In the year 1800, Bonaparte led his army of reserve over Mont St. Bernard, previously to the battle of Marengo. Of this circumstance David painted a fine picture, lately exhibited in London. On whatever side one looks, these *avalanches* are seen to fall with a frightful noise, and to lie in heaps at the foot of the rocks, which sometimes they cover entirely. The gusts of wind also are extremely violent; they lift up the snow, which soon obliterates the road, and buries the unfortunate traveller. But from May

till September, the passage of St. Bernard is free from these dangers. Were it not for the *Hospice*, or convent, on its top, this mountain would be impassable in winter; and even with this aid, many persons are lost in the snow, as the bones and corpses in the two chapels witness.

From Martigny to the *Hospice*, or convent, there are about thirty miles of road. From Liddes to St. Pierre, three miles; at this place are about sixty mules. This country is remarkable for the deep ravines, lined with rocks, into which the Drance throws itself. The view of this Niagara of the Alps, whose waves are always boiling and foaming, greatly augment the beauty of this scene, which is by some preferred to the fall of the Rhine. But the most astonishing sight is the enormous cavity hollowed out by the Drance, under the town of St. Pierre; the descent to this spot,

though somewhat difficult and sombre, will amply repay the traveller. From St. Pierre, where is a Roman military column, it is about nine miles to the *Hospice*, and about three miles from the former place we pass the last larch-trees and white partridges, which are found in great numbers. The ascent continues for two hours after all vegetation ceases, through a vast desert. We travel entirely on snow, which is so hard and compact as to leave scarcely any marks of the horses' shoes.

A valley next presents itself, which may with great propriety be called the *valley of stones*. We now traverse the valley of la Combe, where the snow somewhat diminishes, and at length arrive at the *Hospice*. When the neighbouring heights are covered with thick fogs or mists, the *Hospice* appears to touch the clouds, and has a very striking effect. On the side next Italy is seen the site of an ancient temple of Jupiter, from which several ex-votos and other antiques have been dug up. The medals found here have been made into two candlesticks for the service of the church; and a terminal Jupiter, with an altar, was discovered, and sent to the Museum at Turin. In this *Hospice*, in this asylum of hospitality and virtue, are deposited the ashes of General Desaix, who fell at the battle of Marengo. On the monument are engraven the numbers of all the demi-brigades of the army of reserve under Bonaparte, who in 1800, from the 15th to the 29th of May, effected the memorable passage of St. Bernard. The uncle of Charlemagne, Bernard, conducted by this route into

Italy, more than 30,000 men, in the month of May, 755: hence the name of Bernard, instead of that given by the Romans, *Mons Jovis*. In the war of 1792, some Swiss and Sardinian battalions retreated from Savoy by this road to Aoste. Napoleon lodged at Martigny, in the priory of the fathers of St. Bernard\*; he then slept at Orsières; at St. Bernard he took some refreshment, looked over the convent, and took up his lodgings at Etroubles.

The convent of St. Bernard, founded in the year 968, is situated 8074 feet above the level of the sea†, and is undoubtedly the most elevated habitation, not only in Europe, but over all the ancient continent. No *chalet* is to be met with at that height. It touches the boundaries of everlasting snow. In the height of summer the least breeze makes the cold unpleasant. The thermometer, in this season, descends almost every evening nearly to the freezing point, and below it if the wind be northerly. M. de Saussure observed it below zero on the 1st of August, at one o'clock p. m. though the sun was continually piercing through the clouds.

On the 25th of August, 1801, M. Bourrit remarked, that the environs of the convent were covered with snow, and that the thermometer was at °.

Stiff with eternal ice, and hid in snow,  
That fell a thousand centuries ago,

\* Here reside those few superannuated fathers who are unable to endure the severity of the winter on the top of the mountain.

† This lofty situation is still overlooked by peaks 1500 feet higher.

The mountain stands; nor can the rising sun  
 Unfix her frosts, and teach 'em how to run;  
 Deep as the dark infernal waters lie  
 From the bright regions of the cheerful sky,  
 So far the proud ascending rocks invade  
 Heav'n's upper realms, and cast a dreadful  
 shade:

No spring nor summer on the mountain seen  
 Smiles with gay fruits, or with delightful  
 green;

But hoary Winter, unadorn'd and bare,  
 Dwells in the due retreat, and freezes there;  
 There she assembles all her blackest storms,  
 And the rude hail in rattling tempests forms;  
 Thither the loud tumultuous winds resort,  
 And on the mountain keep their boisterous  
 court,

That in thick showers her rocky summit  
 shrouds,

And darkens all the broken view with clouds  
 SILIUS ITALICUS, b. iii. translated by Addison.

The little garden of the monks produces, with the greatest difficulty, by the end of August, a few stunted lettuces and cabbages, a little spinach, and some sorrel; all the necessaries of life, as bread, wine, flour, cheese, dried fruits, and wood for fuel, are brought at a great expence from the neighbouring valleys. The wood, of which a great quantity is consumed, is carried a distance of twelve miles on the backs of mules, by a steep path, which is open for six weeks only in the year. The milch-cows also must be supplied with forage: the horses winter at Roche, in the government of Aigle, where the convent has a farm.

The ecclesiastics who live in the convent, are from ten to twelve in number, and are canons regular of the order of St. Augustine. Their active humanity saves many lives every year, and the hospitality with which all strangers are received, reflects the highest honour on the order to which they belong. Every one is treated with the greatest affability, and the poor are supplied *gratis* with clothing. The sick find

all the relief which medicine and surgery can afford them, and that without distinction of rank, sex, country, or religion. For all this care and trouble, nothing is demanded of the traveller but to inscribe his name in an *album*, a book kept for the purpose.

This, like all the other mountain-convents, is supported by an annual collection in the neighbouring parts of France, Switzerland, and Italy, and by the casual offerings of those whom curiosity may attract to this useful establishment.

From November to May, a trusty servant, accompanied by an ecclesiastic, goes every day half way down the mountain in search of travellers. They have with them one or two *large dogs*, trained for the purpose, which will scent a man at a great distance, and find out the road in the thickest fogs, storms, and heaviest falls of snow. Suspended from their necks are little baskets with meat and drink, to refresh the weary traveller. These dogs are of a dusky fawn-colour, mixed with white spots; they never offer to bite strangers, and seldom bark.

The fathers themselves also perform this act of humanity. Often are they seen anxiously looking out, from the highest summits of the rocks, for the storm-beaten traveller. They show him the way, lead him along, holding him up when unable to stand alone; sometimes even they carry him on their shoulders to the convent. Often are they obliged to use violence to the traveller, when, benumbed with cold and exhausted with fatigue, he earnestly begs that they will allow him just to rest, or to sleep for a few moments on the snow. It is



necessary to shake him well, and to drag him by force from insidious sleep, the fatal forerunner of death. *Nothing but constant motion can give the body sufficient warmth to resist extreme cold.* When the fathers are compelled to be out in the open air in severe frosts, and the depth of snow prevents their walking fast enough to keep the blood in circulation, they strike from time to time their hands and feet against the great staff shod with iron, which they always carry with them, otherwise their extremities would become torpid and frost-bitten. Scarcely a winter passes, however, that some traveller or other does not perish, or have his limbs bitten by the frost. In all these cases the use of spirits, strong waters, or sudden warmth, are highly pernicious; rubbing the body with snow, or immersing the limbs in ice, is the only certain remedy. An Englishman, of the name of Woodley, who accompanied M. Bourrit in his ascent to Mont Blanc, was compelled to keep his feet in ice and salt for *thirteen days*; another companion lost his sight for three weeks, and a third suffered a long time from having his hand frost-bitten.

When the snow has covered any one to a great depth, the fathers take long poles, and sounding in different places, discover, by the resistance which the end of the pole meets with, whether it be a rock only or a human body. In the latter case, they soon disengage it from the snow, and have often the glowing, heartfelt satisfaction of restoring to "light and life" one of their lost fellow-creatures.

Every year 7 or 8000 persons traverse the Grand St. Bernard; and sometimes six hundred have passed

in a day. In the year 1782, the same evening, there were 581 travellers, who consumed four oxen, twenty sheep, and three large sacks of flour. From 1798 to 1806, *one hundred and fifty thousand persons* have lodged in this convent, besides which, in the whole year, it had a *regular garrison* of 600 men. In the year 1799, the Austrians climbed these mountains, and attempted to destroy the *Hospice* and the posts. They fired all day from the rocks; but the French, who had possession of the convent, kept up such a well-directed fire of musquetry and small artillery, that the Austrians could not force it; the troops who were at St. Pierre also hastened to the assistance of their brethren in arms, and soon put the Austrians to flight. A singular spectacle this for the fathers to behold from the windows of the convent; it was, doubtless, the first, and we hope the last of this nature.

Who would imagine, that this solitude, rendered sacred by the exercise of all the virtues, should be subject to the depredations of robbers? Some thieves having entered the convent as guests, soon displayed their real character, by levying a contribution on the good fathers: they, however, undismayed, feigned consent, and while arranging the terms of capitulation, their captain, prior Murrith, followed by those *braves soldats*, his dogs, entered, and immediately, at the word of command, flew upon these wretches, and would have torn them to pieces, but for the intercession of their master. Instead of plunder, they asked for pardon, and were suffered to depart under an escort of the next travellers who arrived at the *Hospice*.

## THE BRAHMIN AND THE MICROSCOPE.

From *The Moral Tendency of Knowledge, a Lecture*, by THOMAS WILLIAMS.

THE inconveniencies attending the first perceptions of knowledge were perhaps never so strongly depicted as in the Oriental Memoirs of Mr. Forbes. This gentleman, when in India, formed an acquaintance with an intelligent and respectable Brahmin. The religion of these men permits them not to destroy life, nor to swallow any creature which has possessed it; and so strict are some, that, in the season when insects abound, they cover their mouths and nostrils, and sweep the ground with a soft broom, that they may not tread on them. Mr. Forbes had a solar microscope sent from England; and, showing it to his Hindoo friend, demonstrated the impossibility of his eating any fruit and vegetables without swallowing the animalcules which adhere to them. The Brahmin was astonished, and seemed gratified; but begged importunately for the microscope, so importunately that, at length, Mr. Forbes reluctantly resigned it to him. A momentary gleam of joy flashed across the Brahmin's countenance; and, grasping the instrument, he immediately descended from the verandah, where they were conversing, into the garden, when, seizing a stone, he instantly smashed it to pieces. On assigning his reason for this act, which he did a few days afterwards,

“Oh!” he exclaimed, “that I had remained in that happy state of ignorance wherein you first found me! yet will I confess, that as my knowledge increased, so did my pleasure, until I beheld the last wonders of the microscope. From that moment I have been tormented by doubt, and perplexed by mystery; my mind, overwhelmed by chaotic confusion, knows not where to rest, nor how to extricate itself from such a maze. I am miserable, and must continue to be so, until I enter into another stage of existence. I am a solitary individual, among fifty millions of people, all educated in the same belief as myself, all happy in their ignorance! So may they remain! I shall keep the secret within my own bosom, where it will corrode my peace and break my rest; but I shall have some satisfaction in knowing, that I alone feel those pangs which, had I not destroyed the instrument, might have been extensively communicated, and rendered thousands miserable. Forgive me, my valuable friend, and, oh! convey no more implements of knowledge and destruction!” So unwelcome is truth and science to the children of Ignorance and Bigotry; and if we were to listen to their pleas, there is an end at once of all attempts to enlighten them, or to do them good.

## HELEN-MARIA WILLIAMS.

From *Biographical Dictionary of Living Authors*.

THIS lady has figured very considerably during the revolution in France, where she has resided almost from the very beginning of its troubles. In 1779 she resided

at Berwick, but not long afterwards came to London, under the patronage of Dr. Kippis, who first introduced her to the world as a writer, when she was about eight

teen years old. The success of her first poem encouraged her to pursue the literary career in a number of ways; but that in which she was most eminently successful was in the character of a novelist. Two volumes of her poems were published by subscription, and produced her a considerable sum, which enabled her to visit France about the year 1788. The reception she experienced in that country induced her to leave her own entirely in the turbulent era of 1791, and she has continued to reside at Paris ever since. During the reign of Robespierre, she was for some time confined in the Temple; but when the tyrant fell, she obtained her release, and resumed her literary and political course, having the noted Mr. Stone for her friend and protector. Though a violent republican, this woman could stoop to eulogize the late usurper of France; and, to her eternal disgrace, she undertook the employment of editing the Correspondence of Louis XVI. accompanying all the letters with the basest calumnies, and the most brutal observations.

This lady has recently published a volume, which, if it does not completely atone for the bad qualities of her former works, will at least entitle her to respect. In this performance she has given some particulars of Bonaparte, of whom she was once an admirer, because he was an admirer of Ossian. The following anecdote of that man, however, indicates that she had some reason to form a different opinion of him several years ago, and before his assumption of the imperial dignity:—"Bonaparte," says she, "considered the English newspapers as good as diplomatic

dispatches, and containing more accurate information of the state of Europe than the reports of his emissaries in foreign courts. His translators made such strange blunders in the transcript of names, that he often himself collated the translation with the original. In one of these surveys, my name fell under his notice, prefixed to a few verses I had written on the peace of Amiens. He enquired why they were not translated. The translator, with whom I was acquainted, answered, that this had been omitted in conformity to his orders to translate nothing of literature or poetry in which his name was not mentioned. But could this be possible? *An Ode on Peace*, without any mention of the *great pacificator!*—*le grand pacificateur!*—words which now resounded throughout all France; words that were engraved on marble in palaces, and stuck up below his bust, placed as a sign-post at the door of every hedge-alehouse on the highway. The ode was translated; and if the First Consul was angry at what was omitted, he was far more irritated at what he found: this was the epithet of *subject waves* applied to Britain: "And thou, lov'd Britain, my parental isle, Secure, encircled by thy subject waves."

This was touching a jarring string indeed—this was declaring myself of the faction of sea-despots. It was almost treason; but I had friends at court, and therefore escaped with a slight punishment, inflicted a few months after by the prefect of police, who arrested me and my whole family, on pretext of examining my papers; from which ordeal I came out triumphant, having been detained a prisoner only twenty-four hours."

## INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &amp;c.

MR. ACKERMANN begs leave to inform the readers of the REPOSITORY, that he is preparing a General Index to the fourteen volumes which form the First Series, in order to facilitate the reference to its multifarious contents. With this index he purposes giving a view of the arrangements of the late treaties concluded by this country with France and the Allies, by way of winding up the Monthly Retrospect of Politics, which, during the late eventful period, formed a prominent feature in this publication, but which necessarily becoming dull and uninteresting in a period of profound tranquillity, it has been deemed advisable to discontinue. This, together with the index, will form a supplementary number of five or six sheets, for which the publisher will charge only such a price as to clear his expences (probably about two shillings). He hopes to have it ready for delivery on the 1st of February, and advises subscribers to the former Series to wait for its appearance before they give out the fourteenth volume to the binder.

Mr. Ackermann is also preparing for publication a work drawn and engraved in imitation of chalk, in a very bold style, by Prout, representing the various characters of Boats, Barges, and Rustic Cottages, designed to assist the young student in Landscape and Marine Drawing. It will appear in eight monthly numbers, in royal quarto, the first of which will be published on the 1st of January, 1816.

The same publisher also announces a highly interesting and

useful work, under the title of *Rowlandson's World in Miniature*, which will consist of twelve numbers in royal 8vo. each to contain five engravings of small groups of figures of every possible kind for landscape decoration. The ease and order with which Mr. Rowlandson composes his groups, promise high gratification to the lovers of landscape-drawing and painting. The first number will appear on the 1st of February next, and with the last number will be given an instructive Treatise on Grouping.

Mr. John Varley, the celebrated landscape-painter, has nearly ready *A New System of Perspective*, in which he has succeeded in simplifying that complex art in a very ingenious manner. It will be published, for the author, in a few days, by Mr. Ackermann.

The first number of the *History of the Royal Colleges and Schools of Winchester, Eton, Westminster, St. Paul's, Christ's Hospital, Charter-House, Harrow, Merchant Taylors', and Rugby*, some time since announced by Mr. Ackermann, will appear on the 1st of January, 1816. It will extend to twelve monthly numbers, forming a handsome volume, as an Appendix to his Histories of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

A new edition, being the third, of Mr. Accum's useful work on the application of Gas to the purposes of Illumination, is in the press.

The friends of English botany will learn with satisfaction, that a Continuation to the *Flora Londinensis* of Mr. Curtis, is now in course of publication. The work is illus-

trated with figures of the natural size, and magnified delineations of the plant dissected, to show the parts of fructification, &c. The descriptions, in Latin and English, are by Wm. Jackson Hooker, Esq. F. R. A. and L. S. author of the *Tour in Iceland*, &c. &c.; and they will not be confined to a mere recital of the different parts of the plant, but whatever may be connected with its history, and whatever may tend to illustrate ancient authors, or throw light upon neighbouring species in our own or any foreign Flora, will find a place in them; and the uses of the plants in agriculture or medicine, and in the arts, will, as far as possible, be carefully recorded.

The first part of W. Woolnoth's *Graphical Illustration of the Metropolitan Cathedral Church of Canterbury*, is now ready for delivery to subscribers and the public. It is accompanied by a History and Description of that venerable fabric, forming in itself a History of English Architecture, from the glimmering dawn of Saxon effort, until it reached its zenith in the tasteful productions of Chillenden or of Goldstone. This portion is submitted to the public as a fair specimen of the whole work, which will form a handsome volume in 4to. containing twenty very highly finished plates.

James Simpson, Esq. advocate, of Edinburgh, has just published *A Visit to Flanders in July, 1815*, in a small volume, with a plan of the battle of Waterloo.

A novel, by Miss Griffiths, entitled, *She would be a Heroine*, will shortly make its appearance.

Mr. Elton is about to publish a

new and improved edition of his translation of *Hesiod*, uniform with his specimens of the Classic Poets.

An elegant pocket edition, in three volumes, of the works of Ovid, from the text of Burmann, is just ready for publication. This forms one of a complete series of the Latin poets and historians, publishing under the title of *The Regent's Classics*. The authors already published are, Horace, Virgil, Terence, Juvenal, Perseus, and Lucan.

Dr. Carey is about to publish a new and improved edition of his *English Prosody*.

Mr. Pope is preparing a new edition of his *Abridgment of the Laws of the Customs*. It will make its appearance as soon as he is enabled to avail himself of the alterations which may be expected to take place at the ensuing meeting of parliament.

*A Collection of Essays*, illustrating the most approved dairy practice in the best districts, is upon the point of publication. It is a work calculated to introduce uniformity in the manufacture of butter and cheese, and promises to be serviceable to the farmer as well as to the public.

*Gulzara, Princess of Persia, or the Virgin Queen*, a work collected from the original Persian, will appear this month.

Mr. Booth has in the press, an interesting *Treatise on Flower-Painting*, containing familiar and easy instructions for acquiring a perfect knowledge of the art; also directions for producing the various tints, by G. Brookshaw, Esq. The work will appear early in February, and will contain twenty - three









The bare mention of such an undertaking will be sufficient to excite the most lively sentiments in its behalf. We are persuaded no effort of the pencil will be welcomed with more heartfelt zeal by all who have the advancement of religion in view; nor can we doubt, that the artist himself, who has so laudably bestowed the required portion of labour on an undertaking of such public good, will be rewarded with becoming liberality.

Messrs. Burr and Ballisat have in preparation a large print of the *Battle of Waterloo*, painted by Mr. D. Dighton, military painter to H. R. H. the Prince Regent; size 28 inches by 19.

Among the Continental countries which have imitated Great Britain in its societies for the distribution of the Bible, is Saxony, where, on occasion of the visit of the Rev. R. Pinkerton, in Aug. 1814, an institution of this kind was established at Dresden. The Count of Hohen-thal-Königsbruck was chosen president, and several persons holding the highest offices in the state were appointed vice-presidents and directors. The correspondence is

carried on by three secretaries, among whom is Mr. C. A. BÖTTIGER, whose reputation as an eminent literary character is not unknown to the English reader. The king has not only been graciously pleased to express his satisfaction with the efforts of this society, but exempted all letters and packets sent by it from the payment of postage. On the 10th of August last, a public meeting was held to celebrate the first anniversary of this institution. From the reports read on this occasion by the secretaries, it appears, that during the past year 1479 Bibles and 307 Testaments had been distributed. The total receipts of the society amounted to 7083 rix-dollars, including a grant of 500*l.* (2817 rix dollars) from the British and Foreign Bible Society in England, and the expenditure to 1667, leaving a balance of 5421 rix-dollars. We learn also from these reports, that a translation of the 10th Report of the British Society was made, by direction of the latter, by Mr. Peter Mortimer of Herrnhut; that 4000 copies of it were printed, and were expected to produce the best effect.

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## FASHIONS.

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### LONDON FASHIONS.

#### PLATE 4.—MORNING OR CARRIAGE DRESS.

**HIGH** dress, composed of the finest dark blue ladies' cloth; it is made up to the throat, but without a collar, has a slight fulness in the back, and falls very much off the shoulder; the front is tight to the shape, and the waist very short.

*Fol. I. No. I.*

The trimming is dark blue satin, to correspond; it is cut byas, laid on double and very full: long plain sleeve, finished at the wrist with satin; French ruff of very rich lace. Head-dress *à la mode de Paris*; it is a cap composed of white lace, and ornamented with two rolls of ribbon to correspond:

the form of this cap is in the highest degree original. Gloves white kid. Sandals blue kid.

PLATE 5.—EVENING DRESS.

A white crape frock over a satin slip; the frock is superbly ornamented with French Lama work in silver; the dress is cut very low all round the bosom, and the crape fronts are open at each side, so as to display the white satin one underneath. The sleeve is an intermixture of white satin and crape; the latter full, the former tastefully ornamented with silver, to correspond with the bottom of the dress. Head-dress, a white crape turban, ornamented with silver and a long white feather. Necklace and ear-rings of pearl. White kid gloves, drawn nearly to the elbow, and finished at the top by a quilling of tulle. White satin slippers. This frock is also in high estimation for a ball-dress, with the hair full-dressed and pearl ornaments, or a comb composed of pearl and coloured gems.

We are indebted to the tasteful fancy of Mrs. Bean, of Albemarle-street, for both our dresses this month.

It having been intimated to us by several of our subscribers, that a few observations on the fashions of the month would be a desirable addition to our engravings, we beg leave to inform them,

that a certain portion of our work shall in future be devoted to the subject of dress.

Our observations on the English fashions shall contain an account of every thing worthy of the notice of our fair readers, which may appear during the month, in morning, dinner, and evening dress; as well as the various changes that may take place in the promenade and carriage costume: nor shall jewellery be forgotten; the fashion of jewellery varies less frequently than any other part of female attire, but whenever a change does take place, our readers shall have the earliest information of it.

Although the French fashions, in their present fantastic and unbecoming form, can never appear to our fair country-women worthy of imitation, yet as they may feel some curiosity respecting the decoration of the French *belles*, we have engaged a correspondent, on whom we can rely, to furnish us with a correct account of the Parisian fashions, which shall appear every other month.

In addition to our descriptions of dresses, &c. we shall give observations on their form and effect, and as these will be strictly impartial, our country subscribers will be able to judge how far such or such an article of dress is becoming and tasteful, or otherwise. It may be said, we promise largely: we are aware of it; but with the opportunities we possess, and the indefatigable industry which we are determined to exert, we hope that our subscribers will, at the end of a few months, allow that our performance has at least kept pace with our promise.

## FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Dec. 14, 1815.

I SHALL now endeavour, my dear Sophia, to fulfil my promise of describing to you the ball dress of Madame la Duchesse de ——. The under dress, composed of white sa-

tin, is made rather long behind, but shorter in front than they are worn; it is trimmed round the bottom with four falls of white crape, richly embroidered in gold, which fall one over another; these falls

are in the form of shells, and the effect is really novel and striking. The body is made very short in the waist, and quite tight to the shape; the front is a stomacher, embroidered at each side with gold in a light pattern, and laced up before with gold cord; the sleeve is very short, and not very full. The upper dress, composed of blue crape, is just short enough to display the trimming of the under one; it is trimmed round the bottom with a full band of blue crape, which is laid on in three deep plaits, and divided at nearly half a quarter distance by gold ornaments in the form of lilies, but very small. The body of the crape dress, plain at top, has an easy fulness at the bottom of the waist; the front comes down at each side in the shape of a handkerchief, and displays the white satin stomacher: the sleeve, which is very full, is composed only of one piece, which has, however, the appearance of three, from the manner in which it is formed; it is drawn in three places in draperies, which are fastened up with gold lilies, and these draperies partially display the slight embroidery which ornaments the bottom of the under sleeve. The head-dress, a magnificent bandeau of diamonds, with one long white ostrich feather. Necklace, a diamond *négligée* and cross, and diamond ear-rings in the form of pearls. The *tout-ensemble* of this dress pleased me very much; it is, indeed, the prettiest thing I have seen since I came to Paris for evening dress: but still it is not altogether the sort of thing which a woman of really elegant taste would introduce; it is overloaded

with ornament, and that in a style too heavy for a ball-room.

With respect to jewellery, you are misinformed, my dear Sophia; French taste in that particular is much better than you suppose it: it is true they wear a great deal of jewellery, and they are fond of coloured stones, which are certainly set in a very glaring manner; but the taste for mere baubles is quite exploded, at least in the higher circles; their ornaments now are all of value. The favourite form for necklaces continues to be the *négligée*, which is composed of emeralds, topazes, or any other coloured gem set in gold and intermixed with pearl; from this frequently depends a cross of diamonds, or a locket set with coloured gems; some are in the form of a heart set with rubies, others, of an oval shape, have a bouquet of lilies, the leaves formed of emeralds. Diamond or pearl ear-rings, the drops in the shape of pears, are most prevalent; but I have seen some in pearl and rose diamonds where the drop was in the form of a heart. Our friend, Miss S—, has a pair which are literally *clusters of pearl*; that is to say, a cluster or knob of pearl, nearly the size of a hazel-nut, is affixed to the ear-ring instead of a drop. This modest gem is much worn by the Parisian ladies; out of compliment to the Duchess d'Angouleme, who is known to have a predilection for it. Her royal highness's tastes are not in general those of her fair country-women; and with all her virtues, with all her amiability, she is far from being popular: it is said, that this arises from her partiality to the English, whose man-

ners and customs agree with her pure and simple tastes better than those of her own country. On her first arrival, the ladies flocked to pay their respects to her, dressed in *grande costume*, and loaded with jewels: she received them with much affability, but her manners were grave, and her dress, which was extremely simple, was quite in the English style. This was considered as a very serious affront by Madame la Maréchale —, Madame la Comtesse —, and several other Madames, who, though they had, previous to the Revolution, exercised the professions of semstresses, laundresses, and even other trades not quite so reputable, yet conceived they had a right to be well received at court, and accordingly they gave themselves the air of appearing before the amiable duchess. The next time they waited upon her *en deshabille*, but the mischief did not stop there; they abused her taste, accused her of a partiality to England prejudicial to her native country, and directly set up Maria Louisa, whom till then they had detested, as an amiable and unfortunate victim, whom all people of sentiment (a quality by the way which all French women possess *theoretically*) must love and pity. The duchess has since done all she could to conciliate them by a compliance with their modes, as far as her natural delicacy and good taste would permit her to comply with them. She has revived the fashion of lappets, which are now an indispensable appendage to a court dress, and which were always worn in the time of her martyred mother. But let me conclude this long digression, and return to the subject of my letter.

For half-dress jewellery, the only ornament in estimation is fine coral. The French *belles* have an absolute passion for it; bracelets, necklaces, ear-rings, and even ornaments for the hair, are all composed of it: it is even worn by a few *élégantes* for evening parties, when they are social ones.

Cloth pelisses, riding-habits, *capotes*, and spencers, are all worn in the promenade costume. Pelisses are made tight to the shape, with long plain sleeves, and three capes in the pelerine form: these capes differ from the pelerine as worn in the autumn, for instead of being rounded in front, they are always cut in right angles; and it is curious enough, that, notwithstanding their affected disdain of our fashions, the favourite trimming for pelisses is byas satin, which is put on plain, and nearly half a quarter in depth, as was the mode in London more than a year ago. Riding-habits are little worn, and there is nothing in them worth your notice; but *capotes*, as the fashionable great-coats are styled, would be pretty, were it not for the incongruity of satin capes of a different and often of a glaring colour; as, for instance, French rose on white, and light green on orange cloth. The *capote* is made like a great-coat, lined with silk, and trimmed with satin: the capes are three or sometimes four in number, composed entirely of satin, and placed rather more than an inch one above another.

Spencers appear to me better and more becomingly made than any thing else in the walking costume; they are worn in different colours, but black velvet predominates: the waist is very short, the

body, tight to the shape, is buttoned down the front, and the long plain sleeve is simply ornamented with blond at the wrist; the spencer is finished at the waist with a row of deep black lace, which forms a kind of jacket, plain in front and full behind; and a row of black lace, which is put full round the shoulders, forms a false cape, which is very becoming to the shape. Low and long ends at the back finish this spencer, which is considered as the most fashionable, and usually worn over a dress of English cambric muslin, made in the same manner as the chintz dress described in my last, except that the flounces are not edged with ribbon. The bonnet worn with this pretty spencer seems to have been invented by the genius of bad taste. Figure to yourself, my dear Sophia, a frightful high-crowned bonnet, composed of green velvet and trimmed with red! The top is cut in square pieces, which fall a little over the crown, and which are edged with red; a band, composed of red and green ribbon to correspond, goes round it and fastens it under the chin, and it is lined with red and green stripes of velvet. This bonnet would be thought on our stage an extravagant caricature of French taste, even if worn by Mrs. Fulmer, in the *West Indian*, who, you may recollect, is always extravagantly dressed in the French style; yet, frightful as it is, it is much admired here.

Next to it in estimation is a bonnet of yellow satin, trimmed with black velvet; the crown composed of intermingled black velvet and satin, and the front ornamented with a quilling of white blond: this bonnet, though too showy, is

yet rather pretty. The only French hats which I think really becoming, are those composed of grey velvet and lined with white; they are always ornamented with feathers, sometimes white, sometimes grey and white: hat feathers are now the only ones worn.

White Merino crape is in high estimation for dinner dress, and also for the promenade. In the former it is trimmed either with velvet or ribbon; for the promenade, a short round dress, which displays a rich scalloped flounce of work or lace round the petticoat, is most fashionable. Furs are less worn than they have been for some winters past; muffs are seen occasionally in the promenades, but their number is very limited.

There is no alteration in the form of dinner dress since I wrote last, but the materials have altered a little; velvet is partially worn, satin not at all, but rich worked muslin, stout sarsnet, and Merino crape, are universal.

Trains are revived for full dress, balls excepted. The favourite materials for full dress are, silver striped gauze, and white or coloured crapes trimmed with Lama work: the bodies are all made similar to the dancing dress I have described; but some *belles*, who dislike a stomacher, substitute a white satin body, trimmed with blond, in its stead. If the stomacher is worn, it is of course embroidered to correspond with the trimming.

And now, my dear Sophia, as I know you are a connoisseur in caps, I shall close my letter by a description of some which are esteemed the most fashionable in half-dress.

First, the *torque à la d'Angouleme*,

composed of white lace and satin intermixed, the lower part a mob, on which is placed a round and rather high crown; the mob is lace, and the crown satin; two pieces of white satin, cut something in the form of half-handkerchiefs, and edged with lace, are placed round the crown in such a manner that you see only the top of it; a band and bow of white satin, and a full quilling of lace or blond round the face, finish this cap. The one next to it in estimation is also a mob of rich worked muslin; the crown is composed of the same materials; it is round, and not very high; it is full in the front, and the top is edged with lace; a full plaiting of blond, and a bunch of winter flowers at the side, finish it. But the prettiest I have yet seen, is a kind of double cap, if I may be allowed the expression; it is what

we would call a cottage cap in the crown, and a mob in the lower part: it is also composed of rich worked muslin, the upper part tastefully ornamented with lace in waves; it is finished by a band of white lace edged with pink, a pink bow on one side, and a bunch of roses; the front trimmed with a narrow lace set on plain round the mob, except just on the forehead, where it is very full. Adieu! dear Sophia; I have just room to say, that I am always your

EUDOCIA.

I had forgotten what you will consider as very essential, the fashionable colours for the month: they are dark brown, yellow shot with green, crimson, the darkest bottle green, celestial blue, pale lavender, and that incongruous mixture, green and orange shot. Once more, adieu!

## Poetry.

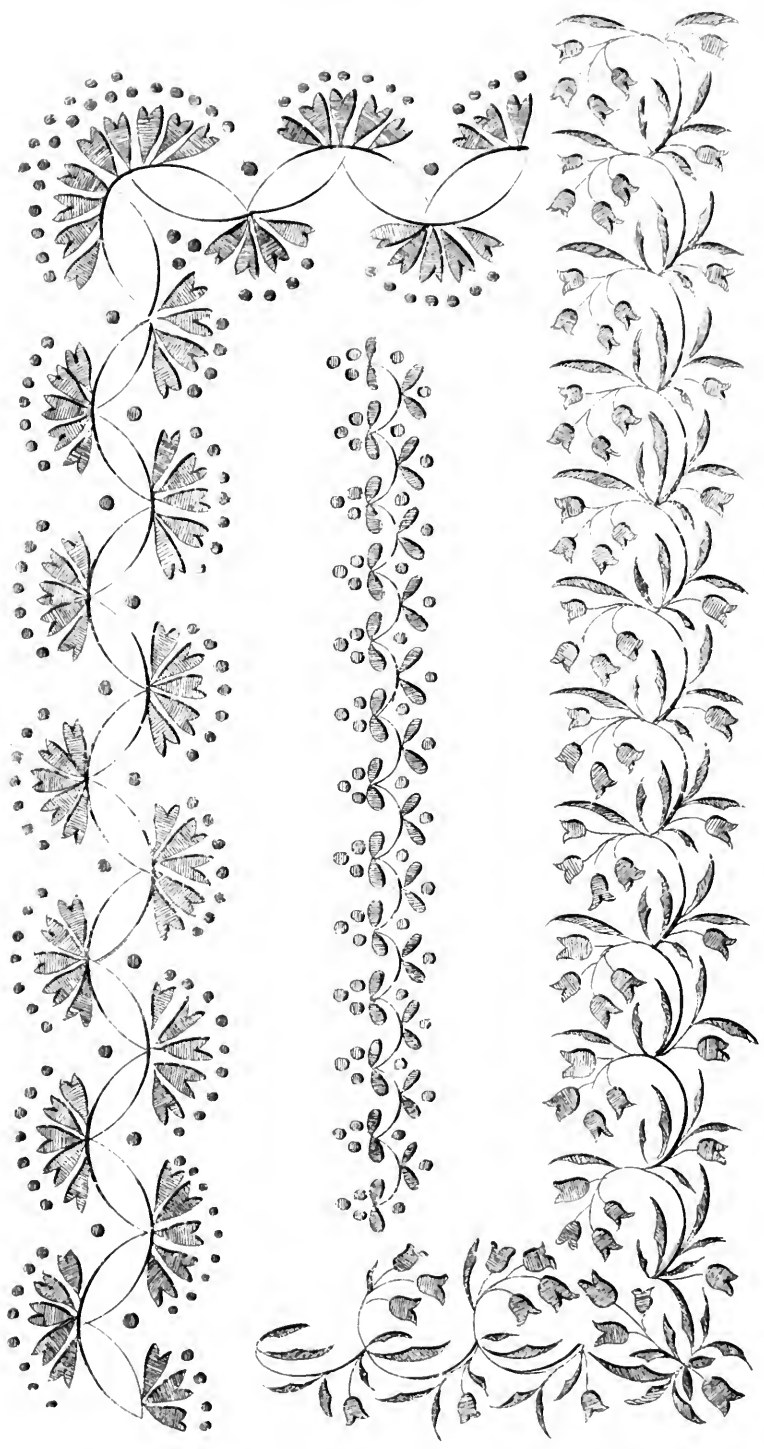
### TO WELLINGTON.

ARTHUR, dread chief of Waterloo,  
Who tore from off Napoleon's brow  
The wreath of gory laurel,  
Obtain'd by deep-inflicting woes,  
Alike entail'd on friends and foes,  
With whom alike he'd quarrel.  
*Nelson* hath re-appear'd in thee;  
On France, by land, as he by sea,  
Thou'st Britain's vengeance hurl'd:  
Thou at her call went'st nobly forth,  
And, both by valour and by worth,  
Restor'dst a tott'ring world,  
Laid'st low his doughty *cuirassiers*,  
And *guard imperial*, which for years  
Upheld his guiny sway;  
O'erthrew'st his other chosen bands,  
Reserv'd to fall by British hands,  
In one terrific day.  
Join'd with *thy name*, in ev'ry clime,  
Whilst there shall ought remain of time,  
*That day* will live in story;  
And grateful EUROPE, with delight,  
Thy proudest titles thus recite:  
"Our Saviour—*Britain's glory*."  
J. HILL.

### THE SNOW SCENE.

By J. M. LACEY.

All night the snow had fallen fast,  
No wind was heard, no bitter blast  
Had drifted heap on heap;  
When morning came, a scene was there,  
A dazzling scene, as bright and fair  
As pictures form'd in sleep.  
Each shrub and tree was clad in white,  
In truth it was a beauteous sight,  
A wedding robe they wore;  
But soon the north wind rudely blew,  
Their robes of snow then swiftly flew,  
And left them as before.  
Methought it emblem'd earthly bliss,  
Whose airy frost-work like to this,  
When roars the storm of fate,  
Shrinks from the blast's unkindly pow'r,  
Whilst man laments misfortune's hour,  
And joy's uncertain date.







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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. I.

FEBRUARY 1, 1816.

N<sup>o</sup>. II.

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## TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

*The Supplementary Number to the First Series of the Repository announced in our last, containing a General Index and an Appendix to the Retrospect of Politics, will be published on the 1st of March. We therefore suggest the propriety of withholding the 14th volume from the binder till that time.*

*Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expence. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.*

*We assure A Subscriber, of the justice of whose observations we are fully sensible, that it shall be our constant endeavour to gratify every class of readers, without sacrificing the interest of the one to the wishes of another.*

*We have handed the letter of Mr. Grosse to the gentleman to whose department it belongs, who sees no reason to change the opinion already expressed on the subject to which it refers. The insertion of this letter would merely open a door to a controversy, from which our readers could reap neither amusement nor instruction.*

*Several articles from our industrious correspondent Somerset shall appear in our next.*

*We hope soon to reinstate ourselves in the good graces of our poetical correspondents, who may rely upon receiving the earliest attention.*

*Communications on every subject calculated to amuse, to interest, or to inform, are earnestly solicited.*

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Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any Part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

THE  
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OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,  
*Manufactures, &c.*

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. I.

FEBRUARY 1, 1816.

No. II.

FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 7.—GOTHIC COTTAGE.

THE styles that have been introduced in small dwellings and rural retreats have not been numerous, notwithstanding many tastes have been consulted: sometimes it was formed from the simple model of frugality, whence it was originally taken, with a rigid adherence to its perfect simplicity; at another, more ornament was introduced, but of a very rustic character, with no feature beyond what might have been the genuine offspring of a tasteful husbandman. A third style has advanced a little further towards art, and forms from Grecian or Gothic architecture have been adopted with a pleasing effect. In other instances, a more extended licence has been taken, and the model entirely neglected for other efforts of the fancy to obtain the sentiment of rural or picturesque beauty. In fact, the cottage ornée is a new species of building in the economy of domestic architecture, and subject to its own laws of fitness and propriety. It is not the habita-

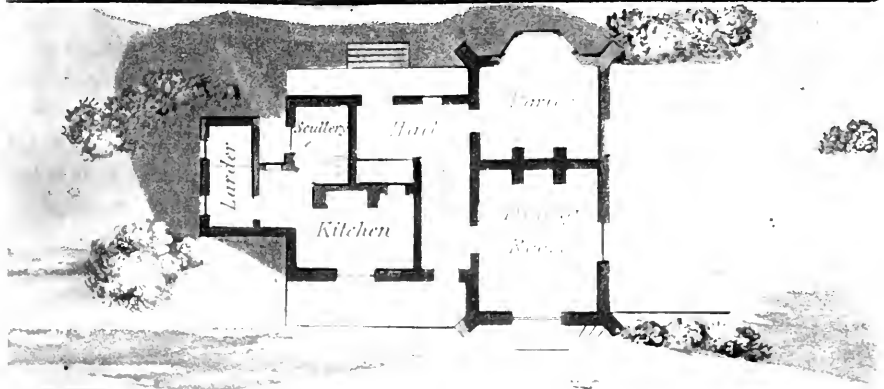
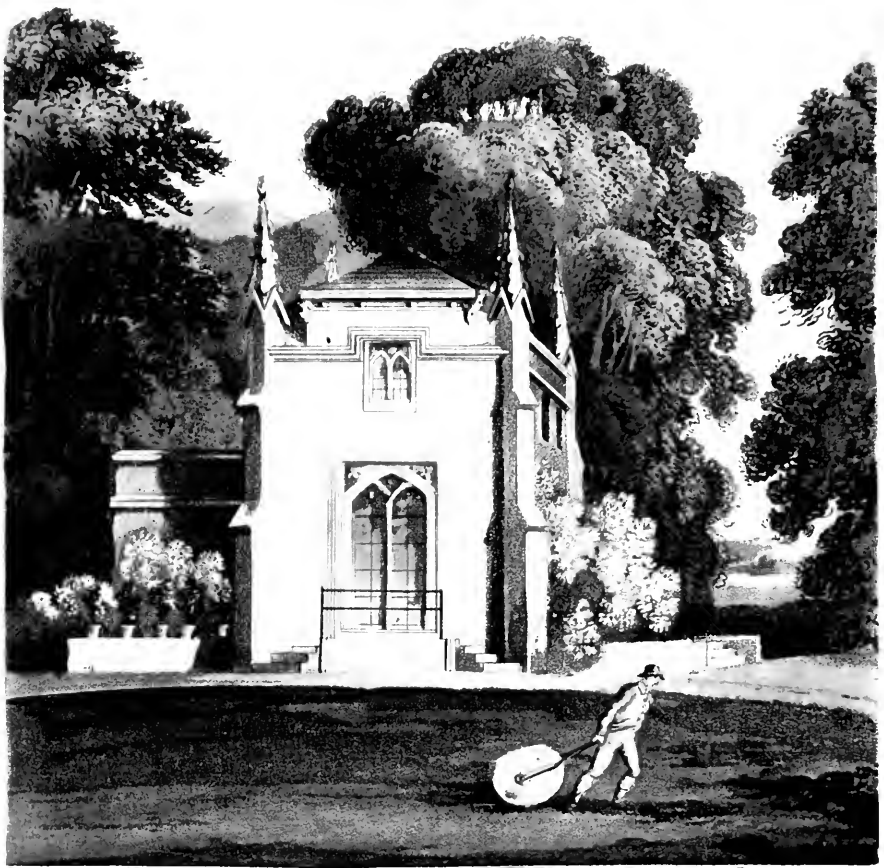
tion of the laborious, but of the affluent, of the man of study, of science, or of leisure; it is often the rallying point of domestic comfort, and, in this age of refinement and elegance, a mere cottage would be incongruous with the nature of its occupancy. The lawn, the shrubberies, the gravel walks, and the polish that is given to the garden scenery, connected with such habitations, require an edifice in which is to be found a correspondence of tasteful care: perhaps it is essential that this building should be small, and certainly not to exceed two stories; that it should combine properly with the surrounding objects, and appear to be native to the spot, and not one of those crude rule-and-square excrescences of the environs of London, the illegitimate family of town and country. It may be reasonably concluded, that many small dwellings, prior to the 15th century, were of the Gothic, and in the cathedral or conventual church cha-

acter. Where there are remains of early cottages, we find some features similar to the large buildings situated near them. The master-workmen probably built for themselves dwellings upon the principles of the edifices on which they were employed; so that Gothic embellishments were not uncommon in small buildings, and, if we may judge of former by very common practices in the present day, and by the mode of such buildings a century ago, the introduction of Gothic ornaments in cottages may be supported even on the authority of early examples. Many ancient farm-houses and old manorial buildings present curious copies of the porches and other parts of the churches of the neighbourhood; even the peculiarities in the framing of the timbers are imitated, and the ornaments in many instances adopted, not immediately perhaps from the churches themselves, but from the buildings that followed those coeval with their originals; for, until a late period, when the great improvements of our roads made way for innovations of all kinds, architectural taste travelled at a very slow pace, and in those places that are far from cities and manufacturing towns, a very early character of building still exists favourable to the support of the hypothesis.

The plate annexed is a design for a small Gothic building. It consists of a parlour and dining-room, a kitchen, scullery, and larder, with four bed-rooms. The servants' apartments are some steps lower than the other rooms, and being of a less height, they appear to occupy only one story, forming a sub-building to the principal one.

The cellars are under the dining-room and parlour. Where the situation is favourable to this design, a comfortable habitation for a very small family would be obtained at a reasonable expence.

The cottage ornée, the casino, or the villa, should be designed with a studied reference to the spot on which either is to be erected; for circumstances of combination will make some features to be desired, and others to be avoided, that wholly depend on localities and surrounding scenery. There are also considerations respecting the situation desirable for a house that deserve the most careful attention, as they are intimately connected with salubrity and comfort. Of these the foremost are, dryness of soil, with the conveniencies of drainage and the means for a plentiful supply of good water. A judicious writer on architecture, who, if not an ancient, is the oldest of the modern authors on that subject, urges forcibly and quaintly this doctrine:—"Be sure," he says, "to build only where good water is to be had freely, and where you can as freely get rid of it." Notwithstanding the intelligibility and simplicity of this rule, it is not unfrequently neglected; and, at this moment, there are many dwellings, otherwise desirable, that owe the want of occupancy to dampness and the scanty supply of perhaps even bad water. Buildings of this kind being insulated, require shelter from adjacent trees or rising ground, to protect them from winds that are most prevailing, powerful, or unhealthy. It is therefore desirable, that the house should be so placed as to be benefited by them, and also that





the sun may visit the apartments according as his presence may be wished for at the different periods of the day. For the latter purpose, supposing the house to be square, and the corners presented to the chief points of the compass, the morning rooms may be on the south-east and south-west sides, the dinner-room to the north-east, and the offices on the north-west. Thus the rooms of frequent use command a variety of temperature from the morning and evening sun, and the dining-room is situated so as not to be inconvenienced on its decline, at which time it is usually occupied, and its coolness in a summer residence is a comfort well appreciated. A house thus placed, or within a point or two of this direction, will receive the advantage of the sun's beams on every side, and be therefore rendered more dry than a different mode of placing it admits; for as no side is directly to the north, the sun may be said to travel round it.

As a country residence, however commodious and tasteful, is dependent on the soil by which it is surrounded for beauty and external effect and embellishment, that of a good quality ought carefully to be selected; and there are few criteria of this so demonstrative as the herbage, and its neighbouring trees and shrubs. A vigorous and luxuriant growth of plants speedily conforms to the proprietor's wishes in the distribution and arrangement of his grounds, and yearly effects both variety and progressive improvement; but a bad soil yields only mortification and disappointment to the possessor, if he hopes to find the creative

images of his fancy realized, or a fair return for his care, expence, and labour.

The four indispensable requisites for the situation of a country residence, its soil, water, escape of the latter, and the aspect of the building itself, being considered, it will be proper to notice other essentials, which, though of a secondary nature, are of importance to its pleasurable intention. The roads by which it is surrounded, and the communication with a city, a town, or large village, should be such as will afford pleasant rides and walks, and allow the supply of necessaries, which small grounds cannot produce in themselves, and for which there is frequent need. The casualties also, and indispositions to which the members of a family are subject, render it proper that it should not be far removed from medical aid; and few proprietors would choose to be a considerable distance from a church, which, if situated beyond a mile (unless a carriage is used for conveyance), too readily admits excuses for the neglect of religious duties. These considerations apply to every house, and notwithstanding all may not be of equal weight with every individual, no site should be adopted without giving to each a careful attention.

The result being favourable, and the surrounding scenery affording those beauties which constitute the charm of the country, it will then be proper to determine on the character and form of the house itself; its size being determined by the number and quality of the family, and by the nature of its appropriation: the peculiar features of the

spot itself, or the natural character of the country, will properly give the tone to the building to be erected. If the spot below and secluded, overspread by large and embowering trees, and skirted by shrubs that altogether divide the appearance of the ground into small parts, the thatched cottage will be in harmony with its compact and rural situation; if it be a plain, embellished with tall aspiring trees, particularly a mixture of the pine, larch, and fir, with the oak and elm, and the distant scenery composed of long ranges of lofty hills and the spires of towns or cities, the features of the architecture should be Grecian, as the prevailing lines of its character harmonize both with the broad base on which it stands, and the spiry forms by which it is surrounded, with all the advantages of proper opposition without the extremes of

contrast, between which distinctions lies all that taste requires towards the beauty of its linear composition.

Upon similar principles, if the ground be part of a hill and the forms of the trees more round, or the situation broken and romantic, the Gothic of massive or delicate forms may be used: the former where the effect is rocky, bold, and prominent; and the latter when its parts are polished and refined.

As trees frequently operate as a scale by which we judge the size of objects connected with them, the magnitude and elevation of those near which a building is to be erected should be properly considered, and indeed drawn with the designs of the building, on paper, that a defect may not occur, which sometimes happens when the surrounding objects of the landscape are not sufficiently regarded.

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## ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

### No. I.

#### SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE.

THE interest in its favour which the growing excellence of architecture has obtained, renders every newly erected public, and many private buildings, the subjects of critical observation: it is presumed, therefore, that an examination of the peculiar beauties and defects of such edifices as may be preeminent in an architectural point of view, will be acceptable to all readers of taste and education. Literature, painting, and music, have their commentators, who ably give the clue to professional criticism, affording to them an increased advantage of specula-

tory investigation, and imparting the principles peculiar to each, by which its merits have been more fully appreciated and understood, and consequently better relished and encouraged. With a view of the subject embracing both its general interest and the advancement of architectural information, it is proposed that public buildings also shall, as they present themselves, be the subject of liberal criticism under the head of this paper, the object of which will be to guide the judgment of the amateur, and to develop the principles of the art itself. Some observations may oc-



asionally be found not altogether unworthy of the notice of the young artist, as they result from a careful study of the theory and practice of the Greeks, the Romans, and the Italians, in their architectural works ; and of the peculiarities of the style termed Gothic, the long-cherished ornament of our own country. A brief sketch of the encouragement which the art has received in England will form an useful preliminary, and prepare the reader to view many edifices both with the eye of an architect and antiquary ; in many instances, indeed, true taste requires that the knowledge of both should be inseparable.

From a very remote time, within the æra of Christianity up to the reformation in our religion, Gothic architecture advanced with it, and was cultivated by the same zeal and talents that promulgated its holy doctrines. Constantine himself, and the devout of his empire, were anxious to abandon those systems of building which reminded the proselyte of early habits and practices : they therefore adopted for the foundation of their temporal church, a plan which was an image of their spiritual comfort and consolation ; for, notwithstanding the instrument used for the crucifixion was hitherto the type of disgrace and infamy, both with the Romans and the Jews, the cross speedily became the memorial of salvation, and was held in religious veneration by the early Christians. The blow that was fatal to established art, elicited the spark of vitality in a new character of building : the style indeed was barbarous ; it was, however, great in feature and solemn in effect ; and

being unlike the regular and systematic temples of the heathen, both in form and use, the young convert was not reminded of the religious rites of his forefathers. This plan and manner of building were adopted with avidity in all the countries where Christianity was established ; and were cultivated in proportion to the advancement of religion, and to the persecutions it repeatedly experienced, until we find architecture in great decay in the tenth century, when both were disturbed by the victorious arms of the pagans, who left the Christian world but little leisure or liberty to cultivate them. So soon, however, as these troubles were quieted, and the feudal system existed in its complete state, and before it was deranged by the Conquest, Anglo-Saxon architecture received great encouragement from the spirit for building that prevailed among the clergy and the temporal lords. It also obtained a considerable impetus from the composition made by the bishops with the barons respecting the endowment of the first rural churches, which added to the zeal of the lords an interest in building churches, that in a short time became numerous, and eventually produced the parochial division nearly as we find it in the present day, if we except some small alteration made in the metropolis during the reigns of Queen Anne and George I. The ecclesiastical laws of Edward the Confessor, in an eminent degree, protected and benefited the clergy and the church ; and the architecture of the time participated in the fostering results of his piety.

After the Norman conquest, Go-

thic architecture continued to feel an encouraging patronage, and the debased vestiges of the Roman model became neglected for a more systematic arrangement in building. The best examples of this architecture are to be found in the cathedrals and conventual churches of the Anglo-Normans built in the eleventh and twelfth centuries.—With the progressive advancement of religion and literature, ecclesiastical architecture improved also. The leisure of the monks, and the riches which flowed in upon the church, uniting with the emulation of the bishops and abbots to surpass each other in the magnificence and beauty of their establishments, tended to promote the cultivation both of design and construction, and eventually enabled them to execute the most daring works of the imagination. These possibly found an additional incentive in the effects which their noble edifices had upon the minds of the pious, sublime and supernatural as they must appear to them in those ages, when the ignorance of the many was fostered, because it supplied the avarice and indulged the pride and ambition of the few. That the magnitude, the intricacy, and the scientific construction of the cathedrals and conventual churches, inspired the minds of the devout with awe and veneration, and were used for the furtherance of the most absurd superstitions, there can be little doubt, since we find it no unusual thing among the monks to declare, that the saints themselves were interested in these edifices. The cathedral of Westminster in particular, as they averred, was personally visited by St. Peter, and

by him consecrated to his own honour; by which, indeed, the abbots were cheated of their consecration dues, but they fully compensated themselves by no very modest impositions upon the poor fishermen of the river, for yearly supplies of Thames salmon\*. The clergy, who from its infancy had protected this peculiar style of architecture, and who for many centuries were the able architects of their day, continued to study and establish its principles, and to superintend the execution of their own designs; nor did they fail to obtain from other countries the aid of talent, and of such inventions as were suited to the object of their pursuit. In times of peace, when they could apply securely the riches of the church to new erections, or in additions to the already advanced edifices, they proceeded with vigour; if disturbed by foreign broils, or by the civil factions of the country, they retired to their studies, and more peaceable times profited by their application.

Reaping the advantages of dignified church and state preferments, impressed with the love of learning, and emulous to render it respecta-

\* The priests of the convent of Westminster, in 1231, insisted upon receiving the title of all the Thames salmon caught every year, maintaining, that St. Peter himself had consecrated the abbey, and so endowed it; and the poor parson of Rotherhithe, who resisted this demand, he himself having a taste for this noble fish, was mulcted a half, for the fable at that time was credited; and it has since been maintained, that a scarcity of that fish was effected as a curse by divine wrath upon the ungodly fishermen, for not bringing the tithe salmon to the abbey.

ble and respected, the clergy eventually fostered, with the tenderest care, whatever aided its advancement, and by their zeal and interest with princes and governments, enriched those schools of literature, Oxford and Cambridge, that have proved splendid conservators of Gothic art, and noble cherishers of the human intellect, which, under their influence, has advanced all that so highly adorns society in the present day, placing this country in the situation of equality with the genius and literary talent of every state in Europe.

With the reformation in religion, the church lost much of its riches and more of its patronage of art; the subsequent contests on particular tenets caused a rapid augmen-

tation of its calamities, and the same motive perhaps which had twelve centuries before induced the church to adopt the style that was now perfected under its protection, forcibly operated to banish it altogether, and to let in that perversion of the Roman or Italian style that was so prevalent in the reign of Elizabeth, to whom nothing that bore the relish of catholicism was tolerable. It may be perceived, that works executed in the reign of Henry VII. promised a decline of Gothic art, not more by the exuberance of its ornament, than by that infallible testimony of decay, which in art and science manifests itself, when the possible is substituted for the probable, and the fallacious for the true.

CHRONOLOGICAL SURVEY OF THE MOST EMINENT ARTISTS TO THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

(Continued from p. 8.)

SCULPTORS.

*Schools of Sculpture.*

THE schools of sculpture which arose from the time of Dædalus were the following:—

I. *Before the Commencement of the Olympiads.*

1. The school of Crete, founded by Dædalus.

2. The school of Ægina, founded by Smilis.

3. The school of Rhodes. Founder unknown.

4. The school of Sicyon, founded by Dipænus and Scyllis.

II. *After the Commencement of the Olympiads.*

1. The school of Chios, founded by Malas.

2. The school of Corinth, founded by Euchirus.

3. The school of Argos, founded by Aristodæmon.

4. The school of Lacedæmon, founded by Gitiadas.

5. The school of Athens, founded by Phidias and Praxiteles.

6. The school of Sicyon, founded by Polycleetus and Lysippus.

The two last schools, those of Athens and Sicyon, were the most eminent. By Dædalus the art was first transferred from Athens to Crete, and by Dipænus and Scyllis it was again carried back to Sicyon, in Greece. From the school of Sicyon proceeded that of Argos; and the latter formed, by means of its Eladas, the great sculptor Phidias, the founder of the renovated Athenian school.

## SCULPTORS; PERIOD IN WHICH THEY FLOURISHED; PRINCIPAL WORKS AND MERITS.

- DÆDALUS**, of Athens and Crete. Before the commencement of the Olympiads. A Hercules, in wood, at Corinth. He was the father of Grecian sculpture, and was the first who released the art from the stiffness and hardness of the Egyptian style. His statues, though rudely executed, had a divine expression.
- ENDÆUS**, of Athens and Crete. Before the Olympiads. Pallas Athene, a colossal figure, in a sitting posture, executed in wood, and placed in the Acropolis at Athens.
- SMILIS**, of Ægina. Before the Olympiads. Juno, at Samos; Juno, at Argos; both in wood.
- DIPŒNUS**, of Crete and Sicyon. About the commencement of the Olympiads. Pallas, at Cleone. Anapis, Mnasi-nous, Hilaira, and Phœbe, in ebony, at Argos. Apollo, Diana, Hercules, Pallas, at Sicyon.
- SCYLLIS**, of Crete and Sicyon.—See **DIPŒNUS**.
- LEARCHUS**, of Rheggio. Olympiad 5—20. Jupiter, in bronze, near the Chalciækus at Sparta. The most ancient statue of bronze in Greece, but of wrought metal.
- DORYCLIDAS**, of Lacedæmon. Olymp. 5—20. Themis, in the Altis, near Olympia.
- MEDON**, of Lacedæmon. Olymp. 5—20. Pallas, in complete armour, at Olympia.
- DONTAS**, of Lacedæmon. Olymp. 5—20. The battle between the Gods and Titans on the pediment of the temple of Juno at Olympia. Hercules defended by Pallas in the contest with Achelous, who is protected by Mars; of cedar and gold.
- GITIADAS**, of Lacedæmon. Olymp. 5—20. Pallas, in bronze; two tripods with Venus and Diana, likewise in bronze, at Sparta.
- ANGELION**, of Sicyon. Olymp. 10—25. Apollo, of colossal size, at Delos.
- TECTÆUS**, of Sicyon. Olymp. 10—25.—See **ANGELION**.
- CLEETAS**, of Crete. Olymp. 10—25.
- ARISTOCLES**, of Crete. Olymp. 15—30. Fight between Hercules and Antiope the Amazon, at Elis.
- LAPHAES**, of Arcadia. Olymp. 15—30. Apollo, at Ægira, in Achaia. Hercules, in wood, at the same place.
- THEOCLES**, of Lacedæmon. Olymp. 15—30. The Hesperides, in bronze and gold, at Olympia. He exhibited the first instance of the use of two metals together in sculpture.
- CHARTAS**, of Lacedæmon. Olymp. 20—30.
- SYADRAS**, of Lacedæmon. Olymp. 20—30.
- MALAS**, of Chios. Olymp. 10—25. Anterior to this school of artists, continued from the great-grandfather to the great-grand children, flourished one Glaucus, of Chios, to whom is attributed the invention of casting bronze.
- MICCIADES**, of Chios. Olymp. 20—35.
- ANTHERMUS**, of Chios. Olymp. 30—45. Many works in Chios, Delos, and Lesbos.
- BUPALUS**, of Chios. Olymp. 40—55. The first personification of the goddess Fortune. The poet Hipponax. Many works in Delos, Chios, and Lesbos, most of which were afterwards carried to the Palatinus at Rome. A Diana, at Jasos.
- ANTHERMUS**, of Chios. Olymp. 40—55.—See **BUPALUS**.
- PYTHIDORUS**, of Thebes. Olymp. 30—40.
- BATHYCLES**, of Magnesia. Olymp. 30—40. The celebrated throne of Apollo at Amyclæ, in bronze, and partly gilt. He was the first artist known to have represented great actions in basso relievo.
- EUCHIRUS**, of Corinth. Olymp. 10—20. Several persons offering sacrifice.

- DIBUTADES**, of Corinth. Olymp. 15—30. The portrait of his daughter's lover, in clay.
- EUMELUS**, of Corinth. Olymp. 15—30. The inscriptions on the shrine of the Kypselus, carved of cedar and inlaid with gold and ivory. In this shrine we meet with the earliest specimen of inlaid carved work.
- DAMOPHON**, of Messene. Olymp. 20—35. Juno Lucina, in wood, with head, hands, and feet of marble, at Ægira, in Achaia. Mercury and Venus, in wood, at Megalopolis, in Arcadia. This artist furnishes the first example of the partial employment of marble in figures.
- ARISTODAMON**, of Argos. Olymp. 50—70. He executed the fight between Apollo and Hercules carrying off the tripod from Delphi.
- MENECEMUS**, of Naupactus. Olymp. 50—70. Diana, in ivory and gold, at Coclydon. A calf executed entirely by this artist was highly celebrated. He furnished the earliest instance of sculpture in ivory and gold that we are acquainted with. He was likewise the first writer known to us on the subject of his art.
- CALLON**, of Elis. Olymp. 45—60. Thirty statues of young Messenians, together with their instructor and a flute-player, in brass. Mercury, in brass, at Olympia.
- STOMIUS**. Olymp. 45—60.
- SOMIS**. Olymp. 45—63. Procles, a prize-fighter.
- ONATAS**, of Ægina. Olymp. 50—65. Hercules, ten ells in height, in bronze, in the Altis. Nine Greeks drawing lots to decide which of them is to go out to fight Hector; Hercules; Mercury—all in the Altis. Ceres. Apollo, in bronze.
- SIMON**, of Ægina. Olymp. 55—70. Morychus.
- ANAXAGORAS**, of Ægina. Olymp. 60—75. Jupiter, dedicated by the Greeks assembled at the battle of Plataea, at Elis.
- GLAUCIAS**, of Ægina. Olymp. 60—75. Hiero, king of Syracuse, in his chariot, at Elis. Theagenes of Thasos, in the Altis.
- SOCRATES**, of Thebes. Olymp. 60—75. Cybele, executed by him and Aristomedes, and dedicated by Pindar; in the temple of that goddess at Thebes.
- ARISTOMEDES**, of Thebes. Olymp. 60—75.—See SOCRATES.
- ASCARUS**, of Thebes. Olymp. 60—75. The wreathed Jupiter at Elis.
- PYTHAGORAS**, of Rheggio. Olymp. 60—75.
- GLAUCUS**, of Messene. Olymp. 60—75. A horse, in bronze. Amphitrite, Neptune, and Vesta, in the Altis.
- DIONYSIUS**, of Rheggio. Olymp. 65—80. Several horses, in bronze, in the Altis.
- CALAMIS**, of Sicyon. Olymp. 65—80. Young children in the attitude of entreaty, and a Victory, in the Altis. Apollo Alexicacos at Athens. Venus at Athens. A beardless Apollo, in gold and ivory, at Sicyon. Alcmena at Rome. Horses, and other animals of extraordinary beauty.
- DEMEAS**, of Crotona. Olymp. 65—80. Mito of Crotona, at Elis.
- AGENOR**, of Athens. Olymp. 70—80. Harmodius and Aristogiton at Athens.
- ELADAS**, of Argos. Olymp. 75—85. Hercules.
- AGELADAS**, of Argos. Olymp. 80—90. Jupiter on Mount Ithome. Horses, in bronze. Cleosthenes in his car, at Elis. Timasitheus in the Altis. A Muse.
- PHIDIAS**, a pupil of Eladas, of Athens. Olymp. 85—93. Pallas Athene, in gold and ivory, in the Acropolis at Athens. Jupiter, in gold and ivory, at Olympia. Dindymene; Venus Urania, in marble; Apollo, in bronze; Pallas, in bronze, in the Acropolis—all at Athens. The second Amazon in the temple of Epheus. His works display an ardent pursuit of ideal beauty, sublimity, dignity, and energy, together with grandeur of style in the execution.

**POLYCLETUS**, pupil of Ageladas, of Sicyon. Olymp. 85—95. A colossal Juno, in gold and ivory, at Argos. The celebrated Canon. Diadumenos. Two Canephoræ. The first Amazon in the temple of Ephesus. Apollo. Diana. Latona at Argos. Venus at Sparta. The works of this artist also prove an ardent solicitude after ideal perfection; they are characterized by the highest beauty and grace, and by a grand, and at the same time finished, style in the execution.

From the accounts left us by the ancients, for example, by Pliny and Pausanias, of the two truly sublime artists Phidias and Polycletus, we learn that Jupiter was the masterpiece of the one, and Juno of the other. In the execution of female figures, Polycletus excels Phidias. The art of painting, in more modern times, exhibits a similar parallel in Michael Angelo and Raphael. To this highest ideal in the male, as well as the female figure, all the preceding ages of art had aspired; and all the succeeding ones have not risen above it. For this reason the highest perfection of the plastic art must be fixed only in the time of Phidias and Polycletus. Down to Praxiteles and Lysippus the art was improved merely in the detail of the execution. Both Myron and Scopas seem to have shone rather by highly finished execution than by ideal excellence.

**MYRON**, of Athens. Olymp. 85—97. Hecate, in wood, at Ægina. Erinna, the poetess. Apollo, in bronze, at Agrigentum. Four oxen, in bronze,

at Rome. A cow, in bronze. Jupiter, Thetis, Memora, Achilles, Memnon, Ulysses, Helenus, Paris, Diomed, Menelaus, and Deiphobus—all at Olympia.

**ALCAMENES**, of Athens. Olymp. 87—97. Battle of the Lapithæ and Centaurs, in the temple of Jupiter at Olympia. Hecate triformis. Venus and Juno in Attica. Mars and Bacchus at Athens.

**AGORACRITUS**, of Paros. Olymp. 87—97. His works also decorated the pediment of the temple of Jupiter at Olympia. Venus, metamorphosed into Nemesis, at Rhamnus.

**COLOTES**, of Athens. Olymp. 87—97. He was employed, like the preceding artists, for the temple of Jupiter. The shield of Pallas. Æsculapius, in ivory.

**THEOCOSMOS**, of Megara. Olymp. 87—97. A Jupiter, in gold, ivory, and clay, at Megara. He assisted Phidias in the throne of Jupiter at Olympia.

**CALLICLES**, of Megara. Olymp. 87—97. Diagoras, the prize-fighter. Gnaatho, a boy, at Elis.

**MANDÆUS**, of Pæon. Olymp. 87—97. A Victory, at Elis.

**ANTIPHANES**. Olymp. 87—97. A horse, in bronze.

**HEGIAS**. Olymp. 87—97.

**CANACHUS**, of Sicyon. Olymp. 90—100. Apollo at Miletus; Apollo at Thebes; both statues of gold and ivory. Antiope, of gold and ivory, at Sicyon. Thirty statues, with Patrocles.

**LYCIUS**. Olymp. 90—100. A boy blowing a fire.

(To be continued.)

## THE DOMESTIC COMMONPLACE-BOOK;

*Containing authentic Receipts and miscellaneous Information in every Branch of Domestic Economy, and of general Utility.*

QUANTITY OF SPIRIT CONTAINED  
IN HOME-MADE WINES.

WE have given in our last num-

ber the best method of ascertaining the strength of wines, together with a statement of the quantity of

spirit contained in foreign wines; we shall now therefore treat of home-made wines.

Besides grapes, the most valuable of the fruits of which wine is made, there are a considerable number of fruits from which a vinous liquor may be obtained. Of such, we have in this country the apple, the pear, the gooseberry, the currant, the elderberry, the cherry, &c. that contain a saccharine juice which ferments well, and affords what are called *home-made wines*.

Sour and harsh apples and pears produce a vinous liquor called cider and perry. When cider is left to stand upon the lees, it acquires strength; when it is drawn off clear, the finest cider is formed. By adding to it fresh apple-juice, sweet cider is formed, which continues to ferment, and is brisk like champagne, on account of the abundance of carbonic acid gas which it contains. This liquor resembles wine in some of its properties: it differs from it, however, in containing a far less quantity of tartar, or tartrate of potash, much undecomposed sugar and vegetable mucilage, which may be obtained by evaporation, and by extracting the sugar with alcohol. It is on this account, that when cider is distilled without particular precaution, a spirit is obtained which is of a bad quality. Sweet apples afford only a flat cider, which is very liable to alteration. The vinous fluid obtained from sour harsh pears is called perry. It contains a much larger portion of sugar and mucilage, and only a very small portion of tartrate of potash: hence it does not keep well; and hence also its sweet taste and strong effervescing

power. Gooseberries, currants, and elderberries, afford, by proper treatment, home-made wines, which keep well; because these fruits abound naturally in tartrate of potash, and the constituent parts of which the juice is composed, are well calculated to yield wines of excellent quality\*. Cherries also furnish, by fermentation, a wine from which a kind of brandy is made, particularly in Germany, where it is called *kirschen-wasser*, (cherry water). Apricots, peaches, green gages, and damsons (damascene plums), form wines, which are by no means deficient in quality. Thus it is evident, that the number of saccharine fruits capable of affording wine is very considerable; and that every country may produce wines according to the kind of fruit which its soil bears and nourishes.

The quantity of alcohol, or spirit of wine, contained in home-made wines, from numerous experiments which the writer of this article has made on that subject, is as follows:—

100 Parts afforded	<i>Parts of Alcohol.</i>
Cider, four samples, upon an average . . . . .	9.
Perry, two samples, ditto . . . . .	8.
Raisin wine, six samples, ditto . . . . .	11.75
Gooseberry wine, four samples, ditto . . . . .	9.50
Currant wine, six samples, ditto . . . . .	15.75
Grape wine, English, four samples, ditto . . . . .	18.

\* The best methods of making home-made wines, we shall give about the time when these fruits are in season.

<i>100 Parts afforded</i>	<i>Parts of Alcohol.</i>
Fig wine, made of Smyrna figs . . . . .	21.25
Elderberry wine, six samples, ditto . . . . .	17.50

QUANTITY OF SPIRIT CONTAINED  
IN ALE, PORTER, BROWN STOUT,  
AND OTHER MALT LIQUORS.

The seeds of gramineous plants, such as barley, &c. it is sufficiently known, when fermented afford the vinous liquors called ale, beer, &c. These liquors contain a peculiar nutritive extract, vegetable mucilage and spirit. They differ from wines in not containing tartrate of potash. They hold in solution also a portion of the vegetable substance called gluten, and hence they are liable to become sour.

<i>100 Parts contained</i>	<i>Parts of Alcohol.</i>
Ale, home-brewed . . . . .	8.30
Ale, Burton, three samples yielded upon an average . . . . .	6.25
Ale, common London-brewed, six samples ditto . . . . .	5.
Ale, Scotch, two samples ditto	5.75
Porter, London, eight samples ditto . . . . .	4.
Porter, bottled, three samples ditto . . . . .	2.75
Brown stout, four samples ditto . . . . .	5.
Small Beer, six samples ditto	0.75

DYEING OF FEATHERS.

Feathers, after being well washed with soap and water, may be dyed in the following manner:—

*Red* colour is thus given:—First draw the feather through lemon-juice, and then through a solution of the red colour of charthamus, which is sold in the colour-shops under the name of red saucers.

*Yellow*, by drawing the feather through a spirituous tincture of turmeric, which may be had ready prepared at the chemists. It is rendered a bright yellow by adding a little lemon-juice.

*Purple*, by a solution of archil, to be had at the colour-shops, to which a small portion of carmine is added, previously dissolved with a few drops of hartshorn spirit.

*Blue*, by a solution of liquid blue, or sulphate of indigo.

*Buff* colour, by means of anotto boiled in water with a little pearl-ash.

*Grey*, with common ink.

*Green*, with tincture of turmeric mixed with liquid blue.

EASY METHOD OF RESTORING LINEN OR COTTON WEARING APPAREL AND OTHER GOODS, WHEN DISCOLOURED BY AGE, BAD WASHING, &c. TO THEIR ORIGINAL WHITENESS, WITHOUT INJURING THEIR FABRIC, AND DISCHARGING FROM THEM AT THE SAME TIME SPOTS OF PORT WINE, TEA, FRUITS, COFFEE, &c.

*To the Editor.*

SIR,—It is sufficiently known that articles manufactured of linen and cotton, after long wear and frequent washing, and also when excluded from light and air, acquire a yellow tint, which no washing with soap and water can readily remove; but I have reason to believe that it is not sufficiently known, that such articles may be easily restored to their original colour in the following simple manner:

Take one part (say 1 lb.) of common soda, put it into a pail or stone jar; and pour over it eight parts (8 lbs. or 8 pints) of boiling soft (not hard) water. Let the articles



intended to be whitened be immersed in this fluid for twelve hours, and then boil them in it for half an hour. This being done, take them out, and put them into a liquid prepared in the following manner:—

Take one part of hyperoxymuriate of lime\*, put it into a stone or glass bottle, and pour over it eight parts of soft water. Leave the mixture to stand for at least three days, during which time it ought to be agitated frequently. This being done, decant the clear fluid from the insoluble residue of hyperoxymuriate of lime, which will be at the bottom, and immerse into it, for twenty-four or thirty-six hours, the articles which are intended to be bleached. It is essential that the fluid be decanted clear from the insoluble residue.

Spots and stains produced by red port wine, tea, fruit, coffee, &c. if they are not of very long standing, will also be discharged by the action of this liquid. Ink-stains, however, will not be affected by it.

Should you deem this notice worthy of being made more generally known, you will, perhaps, allow it a corner in your Miscellany. I am, &c.

CHARLES WHITE.

Bedford-row, Dec. 10, 1815.

NATURE AND DELETERIOUS EFFECT  
OF A CERTAIN FLUID RECOMMENDED FOR CURLING THE HAIR.

To the Editor.

SIR,—If any species of hair or wool be inspected by the micro-

\* This article may be purchased at a reasonable price at most of the chemists, under the name of bleaching-powder.

scope, it appears smooth and polished, yet if rubbed between the fingers, held by the point and drawn towards the root, the resistance is more considerable than in the contrary direction; the motion is likewise tremulous, and there is a chirping noise. Further, if a hair be held between the fingers and thumb, and rubbed by alternately moving it in the direction of its length, a progressive or smooth motion will be produced, which is always *with the root end foremost*. From this mechanism, which is peculiar not only to human hair, but to every species of hair and wool, it becomes evident, that the surfaces of hair are composed of scales like those of fish; and from this may be deduced the irritating or harsh feel of woollen against the skin, compared with linen or cotton fibres. It is this disposition to progressive motion endways, which causes hair to entangle, and to prevent its falling into locks, ringlets, or regular curves.

But if we apply to the surface of the hair a substance which is capable of acting upon its organization; if, for example, we apply a weak soap-ley, or a solution of caustic potash, the scales of the hair are thereby destroyed, its organic structure is more or less altered: the hair, when examined in the manner before-mentioned, will then feel smooth, if rubbed in either direction; and if it be wound round a cylindrical body, or circularly laid in paper, will assume a spiral form, or curl, as it is called. It is therefore obvious, that a disposition to cause hair to curl, can only be acquired by the means before mentioned, at an inevitable expence of the de-

struction of the hair, which does and must take place in time, though at first it is not apparent.

These preliminary observations may appear out of place, but, conscious that every attempt to put the unwary on their guard is laudable, I have given you these hints at the request of a female friend, who put into my hands a bottle of a fluid sold for the purpose of effecting the curling of hair, with a view of having its nature examined by chemical agency, and which I found to be a solution of caustic potash dissolved in spirit, and rendered odoriferous by the admixture of some scented essence or oil.

Hoping, sir, that you will communicate these hints through the medium of the *Repository of Arts*, to put your fair readers on their guard, I remain, with respect,

Your's, &c.

SAMUEL CLARK,

*Lecturer on Chemistry.*

Highbury Grove,

Jan 20, 1815.

CEMENT FOR JOINING BROKEN CHINA, EARTHEN-WARE, GLASS, MARBLE, METALS, &c. &c.

Dissolve five or six pieces of mastic, as large as peas, in as much *highly* rectified alcohol as will render it liquid. In another vessel dissolve also as much isinglass (which has been previously soaked in water till it is swollen and become soft) in as much French brandy or rum as will make two ounces, or about five table-spoonfuls, by measure, of strong glue, and add two pieces of gum ammoniac, of the size of a pea, which must be rubbed or ground till they are dissolved. Then mix the whole with a very gentle heat; keep it in a

phial well stopped. When it is to be used, set the bottle in hot water, and after having warmed the surfaces of the articles to be joined, apply the cement, and keep the joined surfaces in close contact for about twelve hours. The joinings made with this cement can scarcely be perceived; they will firmly cohere, and cannot be separated; indeed, so strong is the union, that the substances will sooner break elsewhere than at the joined part.

ON THE GENUINENESS OF VINEGAR, BOTH COMMON AND DISTILLED, AND METHODS OF DETECTING ITS FRAUDULENT ADULTERATIONS.

Vinegar was doubtless, as its name expresses, originally made from wine, and this is the substance that furnishes it in the greatest perfection, and is employed solely in the wine countries. It is there prepared by adding wine lees to wine, which produces a fermentation; and this is kept up till the whole is converted into vinegar. Low wine will answer the purpose, but the best and full-bodied wines give the strongest and most fragrant vinegar.

In this country vinegar is made from malt, and hence its colour is usually a reddish brown. The natural colour of malt vinegar is a deep straw colour, or pale muddy red; but as this does not suit the caprice of the purchaser, it is frequently coloured by the addition of elderberries, raisins, and other substances which are perfectly harmless. We shall not here describe the manufacturing process employed for making vinegar as carried on in the large way, but content ourselves with observing

how the genuineness of vinegar, as met with in commerce, may be ascertained: for they who are inclined to examine this article, will soon become convinced, that genuine vinegar is an article rarely to be met with. The adulteration consists in adding to genuine vinegar a portion of oil of vitriol, or sulphuric acid. The writer has been informed by very respectable manufacturers of this commodity, that the addition of a portion of either oil of vitriol, or spirit of salt, is absolutely necessary to malt vinegar when intended for exportation; and that without this admixture, vinegar cannot be sent *sound*, as it is called, to the East and West Indies. This may be, and very probably is true; but from our own experiments, we are authorised to state, that a strong vinegar, of an agreeable smell, a pleasant acid taste, and brown colour, may be prepared at a cheap rate, for domestic purposes, and which will keep at least three year, without adding to it oil of vitriol or muriatic acid. The presence of oil of vitriol may be detected by dropping into the suspected vinegar a few drops of *acetate of barytes*; a white precipitate will ensue; collect this precipitate on a filtre, and, when dry, put it into the bowl of a tobacco-pipe, and heat it red hot in a clear fire for about a quarter of an hour. This powder, thus obtained, should be completely soluble in a fresh portion of *genuine vinegar*, or in diluted aquafortis, and also in spirit of salt. If it does not dissolve, the vinegar has been adulterated with oil of vitriol.

Another adulteration of vinegar, which is frequently resorted to by fraudulent dealers, consists in giving to a weak vinegar the appearance of a strong one, by imparting to it a pungent burning hot taste by certain substances, which it would be criminal to state. This fraud unfortunately cannot be detected by chemical agency. The palate, in that case, must be the judge.

Distilled vinegar, which is largely used for pickling onions and other white substances, very often contains copper, or lead, from the still and worm of the distillatory vessel by means of which it is prepared. The presence of copper may be detected by adding to the suspected vinegar *liquid ammonia*, till the pungent odour of this fluid becomes predominant. If the smallest portion of copper be present, the vinegar will acquire a bluish cast. The presence of lead may be rendered obvious, by adding to this vinegar water impregnated with *sulphuretted hydrogen*, which test will render the vinegar black, or produce a blackish precipitate, if this deleterious metal is present, but will produce no effect upon vinegar which is free from this impregnation. *Liquid sulphuret of lime* has been recommended by some chemists for the same purposes; but this test may give fallacious appearances when applied by those who have no claim to the title of a chemist, whereas the former test indicates nothing but lead, and its application requires no address.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.

## BEATRIX CENCI.

*(Concluded from p. 16.)*

A TRIFLING circumstance, however, brought the murder of Cenci to light, and led to a judicial inquiry. Beatrix had given the sheets stained with her father's blood to a laundress, to whom she accounted for their appearance in a way altogether natural and well calculated to lull suspicion. All Rome was perfectly satisfied on the subject; for as old Cenci was universally abhorred in that city, his death was considered as a just dispensation of Providence for the punishment of his crimes.

Just as little did the inquiries made by a Neapolitan commission at the Pedrella discover of the real nature of the catastrophe. The laundress alone declared, that she could not affirm the stains in the linen to be what Beatrix had described them. The commission, however, did nothing more than acquaint the court of Rome with the circumstance, and suggest the propriety of keeping a vigilant eye on the family of Cenci. In order, therefore, to cut off every channel that might lead to a discovery of the crime, some trusty persons were dispatched by M. Guerra with directions to assassinate the two murderers.

The latter had, meanwhile, quitted the Roman states, and one of them, Marzio, was already in confinement at Naples. Whether this man had received some intimation of the designs of the Cenci family against his life, or whether he was

influenced by remorse, we know not; but so much is certain, that, among a great number of other crimes, he confessed the murder of Cenci, together with the circumstances that induced him to its perpetration. The judicial examinations immediately commenced. The documents respecting the proceedings against Marzio were transmitted from Naples to Rome, where Beatrix, her two brothers, and their step-mother, were immediately apprehended in their palace. Here they remained for some months under a guard of fifteen *shirri*, and were then removed to a place of closer confinement.

In this prison judicial proceedings were formally instituted against them. Three examinations passed over, and not the shadow of a confession could be obtained. Marzio was therefore sent for from Naples. When he was confronted with them in the fourth interrogatory, and repeated to the face of Beatrix his former declaration, that he was hired by herself to murder her father, and, for fear of his own life, had perpetrated the deed, she turned to the judges and addressed them in these words:—"It is possible enough that this villain, who was an enemy to my father, may have committed the murder, but not by my order: for it is certain, that a lady of my rank, had she been guilty of such a crime, would have taken good care, that neither witnesses nor

instruments should be left in existence to impeach her honour before the world."

These words made so powerful an impression upon Marzio, that he recanted his previous confessions, and, in spite of all the tortures inflicted even to death, he declared Beatrix and her family perfectly innocent of the murder of her father which he had perpetrated.

The whole process seemed to be now at an end; but as the judges did not think themselves authorized completely to acquit the prisoners, they were transferred *ad interim* to the state prison in the castle of St. Angelo. In the mean time Olimpio, the other assassin, was apprehended at Naples, and he confessed, like his companion, that he had been instigated by Beatrix to murder old Cenci. He gave this additional information, that Monsignore Guerra was implicated in the conspiracy against Cenci's life. Guerra was accordingly summoned before the tribunal; but he escaped at the moment of receiving the summons, passing through the guard who had come to the palace to fetch him, in the disguise of a coal-porter. The prisoners were thereupon conveyed back from the castle of St. Angelo to the prison of Corte Savella.

Here the examinations were renewed, and as they would not confess, they were put to the rack. The step-mother and the two brothers acknowledged their guilt; while Beatrix alone persevered in the declaration of her innocence, and cheerfully endured the most excruciating tortures. Her judge, named Ulysses Moscati, was un-

able to extort from her any confession whatever; on the contrary, when from her unshaken fortitude he inferred, and even undertook to assert, her innocence, the government began to suspect, that he was so dazzled by the charms of Beatrix as to be unable to see clearly in regard to this affair. He was therefore removed from his situation, to which another was appointed, with an order to treat Beatrix with the utmost rigour.

By the command of the new judge, her beautiful hair was cut off; he then directed her to be put to the torture, and at the same time confronted with her family. With an expression of pity and contempt she looked down upon the latter, during the application of the torture. Amid this scene of horror, her eldest brother said to her, "Why, dearest sister, will you still persevere in denying a crime of which we have been already convicted by so many witnesses? Exasperate justice no longer by your obstinacy, in the hope of escaping a death that we have so justly deserved!"—"No," replied Beatrix, "it was not for fear of death that I have hitherto refused to confess; for even upon the rack itself I should have been ready to meet him. To escape the indelible disgrace which the confession of such a crime must bring upon our family, was the motive for my perseverance. But now, since you have all confessed, and no hopes of acquittal are left you, I will follow your example, as a life of ignominy would be to me more intolerable than death itself." Then, turning to the notary, "Let the proceedings," said she, "be read

to me from beginning to end." This was accordingly done; she confessed her guilt, and was immediately sentenced to die. The two young men were separated the same day from the females. The former remained in the prison of Corte Savella, and the latter were removed to Tordinona.

When the Pope was informed of these circumstances, he ordered the sentence to be executed upon the whole family on the following day. According to this sentence, they were to be drawn upon a cowhide, fastened to the tails of horses, to the place of execution, and there beheaded. Moved by its severity, several princes, cardinals, and advocates at Rome solicited some mitigation of it; and, seconded by the intercession of Cardinal Sforza, who had considerable influence with the Pope, they were so far successful in the night as to obtain a respite of three days.

During this interval, a great number of the most eminent of the Roman civilians were employed in preparing petitions in behalf of the unfortunate family. They were presented by Cardinal Martino to the Pope, who read them, and then summoned the writers before him, that he might have some communication with them on the subject. The first who was admitted to this audience was De Angelis, the advocate of the poor. The Pope listened with the greatest attention to the speech of this lawyer. But how great was the astonishment of the whole assembly, when his holiness, with evident displeasure, replied, "Can it be that vice has arrived at such a pitch at Rome, that there are parricides, and that

there are not wanting persons who undertake to defend their crime? One would scarcely believe the possibility of such a fact; and yet can any thing be more palpable?" The consternation which followed this unexpected answer fettered every tongue, till at length Farinari, the advocate, thus broke silence:—

"We appear, holy father, at the foot of your throne, not with the intention of impeaching the sentence of death pronounced upon the family of Cenci, but merely in consequence of that obedience which is due to your holiness, who ordered us to assemble here, and to fulfil the duties imposed upon us by the criminal tribunal at Rome, for the defence of accused persons. At any rate, we humbly implore, that if we have used too much freedom in defending this family, you will be most graciously pleased to pardon our offence."

This firm and, at the same time, respectful language of Farinari, who, on account of his extraordinary learning and excellent character, was highly esteemed both by the Pope and by all Rome, softened the anger of the sovereign pontiff. He invited him to a private conference in his cabinet. This conference, at which Cardinal St. Marcello was likewise present, lasted about three hours, and at the conclusion of it, the Pope was well nigh prevailed upon to sign a pardon. He, however, conceded so far as to grant a farther respite for the purpose of revising the process.

Thus hope held forth the flattering prospect, that the Cenci family might yet be pardoned, exempted

from all corporal punishment, and restored to liberty. An unfortunate circumstance intervened to blast these fair anticipations. This was the case of the Marchese St. Croce, who, because his mother kept him out of the possession of a considerable part of his patrimony, had assassinated her with a stiletto, and withdrawn himself by a speedy flight from the arm of justice. This unnatural outrage incensed the Pope in the highest degree. He sent for the governor of Rome, and thus addressed him: —“It is undoubtedly the great indulgence which we have shewn to the Cenci family, that has occasioned this new enormity. It is therefore our will, that a new trial of this family be immediately instituted, and that the members of it be punished according to their guilt.”

His orders were obeyed, and all were sentenced to death excepting the younger brother, who was spared on the appeal of Farinari, upon the ground that the others had never accused him of being

an accomplice. About midnight, they were made acquainted with the fatal sentence, which they heard with resignation. Beatrix received an assurance, that, agreeably to her wishes, her body should be buried in the church of St. Pietro Montorio, that the sum of 15,000 scudi should be paid to the monks belonging to it for masses for her soul, and the rest of her property divided among fifty young unmarried females. In like manner, Lucretia was indulged in her desire to be interred in the church of the monastery of St. Gregorio. The following day both were conducted in solemn procession to the place of execution in front of the castle of St. Angelo. Their heads fell under the axe of the *Mannaia*, which is the modern French guillotine. The elder brother was dispatched with two blows of a club and quartered; but the younger was conveyed back to prison and emasculated. The large estates of the Cenci family devolved, by confiscation, to the papal chair.

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## MISCELLANIES.



### COGITATIONS OF JOANNES SCRIBLERUS.

Let me love, laugh, and take my glass, and live a life of ease — *Song.*

So sung poor Dick Bennett; but who Dick Bennett was is not material to my story. He came into my head as one of those anomalies of nature which the great world furnishes; for notwithstanding Dick was fond of singing these lines, he was the last object in the world, to all appearance, which the joys of love and wine seemed capable of

enlivening. He lived the butt of every one, and died unheeded and unpitied.

“A man may smile and smile, and be a villain.”

Thus it is, that our faces often wear an appearance that is not in unison with the heart, as a mechanic puts on his Sunday clothes without washing his face or changing his linen. I do assert, that we

are unhappy only through our own means; and in some of these essays, Mr. Editor, I intend to prove this apparently hardy assertion.

“Bring me another bottle out of bin 25,” said Jeffery Linchpin; “and for God’s sake do something to make that lamp burn brighter—and, d’ye hear, break some of the cut glass by your awkwardness—put those confounded candles farther off, they burn my eyes out—put more coals on the fire—take away that cursed pine-apple, and never let me see that Tokay again, ’tis a broached bottle—put the place a little in order—see where the women have left their ridicules—make the place a little decent—take the walnut-shells off the table, and clear those melon-rinds off the plate—wipe my gold fruit-scissars, and make yourself scarce. Oh! how I hate to see servants in a room! Can’t they, my good friend, endeavour to invent a something to prevent the entrance of servants in your apart—Here, William, put the ottoman to my feet; and, for heaven’s sake, quit the room.”

Such was the string of incoherences with which I was entertained when I had retired from my freezing corner at a dinner party at my wealthy friend’s, at the very time when I thought I should be repaid for the cold that had rheumatized my legs as it blew through my transparent stockings. Surely, thought I to myself, I am now about to be rewarded for leaving my little woman and contentment. I pulled the morocco chair nearer to the alabaster chimney-piece. My eye glanced to the bottom of the glass next to me, to see if all was cool and clean, in the expectancy of

warming myself by some bumper, which my friend would enable me to take through the medium of “The ladies,” or “May we have in our arms those we love in our hearts,” in our interlocutory *tête-à-tête*, when he rang the bell for his cursed William, whom we did not want, and detained him in the room merely that he might complain of the presence of domestics. I did as I have often done before, if the company I was in would not contribute to make me happy; that is, I tried to be happy by myself. I therefore took a glass of wine out of order to the health of my Emily; crossed my legs; glanced my eye at the toe of my shoe, where I saw the reflected flame of the fire dancing upon the uninjured and glossy *Day and Martin*; folded my hands, and was in a moment by my own fire-side, at my own social hearth, and surrounded by the Lares of my father: but, alas! from this illusion I was soon awoke. “Infernal rascal! get out of my house; strip off your gold livery, and——” “Well, so I will.”—“Will you, rascal, will you leave me? Then you shall pay me what I lent you.” William slunk out of the room, leaving my friend boiling with rage and sputtering like an apple roasting.—“Scriblerus,” said he, “do you know that I would not part with that fellow for two hundred guineas? and, though he knows it, the rascal wants to leave me. ’Tis true, he is saucy, and a drunken dog; but then he’s an excellent servant: he knows when cod is in season, gets me game when I can come at it through no other channel; and, altogether, with his judgment in wine, horses, and



turtle, makes himself so useful to me, that I am frightened whenever he talks of leaving me." I could return no other answer to this address than a significant hum!—"You are not," said my friend, "so wearied with servants as I am; no." Jeffery remembered that I kept no man-servant, and he proposed "Lord Wellington."—"You, you, my friend," said he, cheered with the hope that I might have greater trouble than himself, and settling his rosy face in dimples, peeping out of his eyes, roofoed with fat and muscle, and attempting to cross his arms, which a certain roundity prevented—"I suppose you happy, as you pretend to be, with that wife of yours—have you troubles?" and he played with the cut glass stopper of his decanter. "No," I answered, "I have no troubles—only to maintain three children by the exertion of my brains—to add to the hundred and fifty pounds a year left by my old aunt; but when my great work, which is to come out when my bookseller pleases, appears, and when I receive the two years' promised remuneration, I shall be happy, very happy."—Perhaps we are never happier than when we are complaining of our misfortunes; and, thinking I might indulge in a trial of the querulous, instead of hearing these complaints from others, I entered pretty largely into my miseries, which I found to increase with every glass of Jeffery's No. 25.—" 'Tis but a few months," I continued, "since I became a reformer of morals; therefore must, I suppose, go through all the drudgery. I believe there is scarcely a magazine to which I do not contribute,

and as they all help to make the pot boil—why, I have no objection to undertake twenty more. Yet, among these are the chief of my troubles, as the editors and I frequently differ as to the quantum of merit in my effusions; and as my eye runs over the *Notice to Correspondents*, instead of seeing my incubrations in clear and distinct syllables, 'all in a row,' I am disappointed by a rebuff—from the *Christian Magazine*, by the objection that 'the production of *Moses* is too meek for our publication;'—from the *Ladies' Magazine*, 'Benedictus is too lively for a work dedicated to the fair sex;'—and the conductors of the *Monthly Register* "are much pleased with the opinion of a Lover of Literature, but beg leave to say, that they never pay for contributions." Were I an editor—your editor, Mr. Linchpin, has it all his own way, maugre the satisfaction he has to give to all parties—but your veterans in literature, these are the men to be envied: they may copy out a paper of the *Spectator*, they may cut up your dearest ideas, and swear your matter was of no use to them; their name is up, and they may go to bed. But have we not been twice summoned to tea?"—"And if we have," says my friend, "what's that to thee? we'll have t'other bottle, for I'll swear, the last was but half a one."

I knew that after telling my tale, the least I could do was to let my friend unfold his troubles; mine had evaporated in the recitation, and Linchpin, looking carefully round, to be certain there were no listeners, began as follows:—

"It is no secret to you, that my father was one of those men who,

having made their fortunes by their own exertion, have no time or ability to make good connections in point of gentility.—(Take your wine.)—Fond of that trade to which he owed an immense fortune, he disgraced me by making me, at the time I knew no better, a tradesman also—you smile. I have nearly doubled the sum he left me, but I am—(come, here's your wife's health) absolutely miserable. Conceiving that this house, my horses, and my hot-houses entitled me to better company than what I met at the Pewter Platter, I left them in a manner that they chose to be offended at, and commenced gentleman. In vain I endeavoured to mix with the gentry; they cut me universally: if I went into any company where my money admitted me, I heard one person say, such a one, naming me, was getting on at a great rate; that he had taken the fore horse by the head, and that I had been successful in my journey through life; and in vain I tried to get good company to associate with me. No man of fashion would ever be seen in my company; and except a poor artist, a parson, or an author, my wines were untasted, my pictures unheeded, and my nods or bows treated with the coolest possible return. Determined to purify my plebeian blood by marrying a person of family even without a sixpence, I went last autumn to an obscure watering-place, where I thought something of this kind might be picked up. With this intent I bought a pair of blood bays, had my phaeton built on my own premises in the first style of elegance and under my own eye, got young Orthodox

to mend a few *gaucheries* in my language, and repaired to the scene of speculation. I had not long been there losing hundreds with the greatest good nature, and bearing the laugh to my face on some of my eccentricities with the greatest *sang froid* imaginable, before I became acquainted with a charming young woman, whose father being killed in action, left a comparatively small pittance for the support of her mother and herself. She had a brother, indeed, well provided for in the army. I found that the attentions of a man of my property were not disagreeable to them; and they did me the honour of accompanying me in the handsomest curricule, with the finest pair of horses, and two out-riders as gay as green and gold could make them. No questions were asked, and I became in a manner domesticated in the family.

“At this watering-place I met with the president of the Pewter Platter; but as the good man would join me one day when I was walking with my charming Elizabeth, and talked of certain pursuits not very congenial with my present habits, I gave him the *go-bye*, and affronted the old gentleman, I believe for ever. *N'em-point*, as we say at Dunkirk. I was about to be the happiest of men, when Major Brevet arrived; he received me with the greatest friendship, and apparently approved of my arrangements. One evening, when we had been taking our wine freely together, I mentioned the idea or wish of quickly marrying his sister, when he burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, and ran into the

drawing-room. I followed with somewhat less precipitation, and turning round to me as he broke through a cluster of females, exclaimed, thrusting his hand at my ribs till he made me wince, 'No, no, my good fellow, though we associate at these places with *bourgeois*, and as you seemed rather a funny fellow, we allowed you closer quarters; yet, in London, in Pall-Mall and St. James's, it is *toute une autre chose*: there we must cut.'

"'But my dear mad brother,' said my charming Elizabeth, 'I tell you *my* Mr. Linchpin is a man of large fortune; I know it—he cannot be the man you mean; the green livery is his, the bays, and the curriole so much admired.'—'I know it, I know it, my dear Bess,' said young Gorget; 'the curriole is his, for he made it; and I will give him an order for just such another.'

"'Oh, my dear Scriblerus, what a peg was your poor friend now let down! 'What,' said the mamma, 'have I then been associating with a coach-master?'—'Heavens!' ejaculated my charming Elizabeth, 'have I been fraternizing with a maker of barouches?'

"'I was thunderstruck; I could say

nothing: I bowed, hemmed, rushed out of the room, and endeavoured to get through a bevy of servants, to whom my disgrace was now known, one of whom had the audacity to call out, 'Mr. Splinterbar's carriage stops the way;' and by the coolness of the night I found myself in the street.

"'This, my dear fellow, is my situation; cut by my friends in town, for the cursed *Morning Post* has blazoned my disgrace over all London, and not daring to venture to the Pewter Platter, I have more cause for irascibility than you imagine. William is the only friend I have, and—but take your wine, and then, perhaps, you may think of a remedy for my unfortunate case.'

I proposed an offer of reconciliation with the gentlemen of the Pewter Platter, which I find was effected by the aid of a few little triumphs inseparable from human nature; and my friend, in the sphere of action for which Providence intended him, feels happier than in attempts to ally himself with the high and consequential: and if you think the statement of this remedy likely to be of utility, Mr. Editor, to any of your friends, it is heartily at your service.

#### ZULIMA: AN EASTERN TALE.

IN the reign of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, the friendship of Zulima and Alzira was the admiration of all Bagdad. The form of Alzira surpassed in loveliness the generality of women, as much as the beauty of the daughters of Paradise surpasses that of the fairest children of earth; while that of Zulima boasted only the attractions of

health and innocence. Yet, though thus dissimilar in person, the tenderest friendship united their hearts, till the beauties of Alzira attracted the love of Hamet, the son of the grand vizier, for whom the fairest virgins of Bagdad sighed. His form was manly and graceful, and fortune had showered upon him her choicest favours; yet Alzira view-

ed him with indifference, nor could all his ardent supplications warm her bosom to love. Not so Zulima; unregarded by Hamet, she had often gazed upon him, at first only with admiration, but soon admiration grew into passion, and the days of Zulima were spent in forming vain plans to gain the heart of Hamet. Conscious that her form boasted nought of beauty, she began to look upon the charms of Alzira with envy; and when, after some time, the perseverance and ardent affection of Hamet inclined Alzira to listen to his suit, the bitterest passions rent the breast of the unhappy Zulima. Deeply and incessantly did she now regret her want of beauty; the rose of health no longer bloomed upon her cheek, and her hours were spent in tears and lamentations.

One evening as she was seated in her father's garden, with her thoughts, as usual, absorbed in these vain regrets, she suddenly beheld before her a female form of the most transcendent beauty. The robes of light in which she was arrayed, declared her to be one of the beneficent genii to whom the great Alla gives the charge of the human race. Her countenance was mild, but the heart of the unhappy Zulima shrunk appalled from the calm severity of her eye, and she hastened to prostrate herself before the ethereal messenger. "Rise, Zulima," said the genius, "and humble not thyself before a being who is, like thee, the creature of Alla. Thy wish hath brought me hither. It is in my power to gratify it; but thy future misery, unhappy Zulima, will be the certain consequence: renounce, then, thy

vain wish, and seek once more the tranquil happiness of which it hath deprived thee."

The genius ceased; but conviction sat not upon the features of Zulima: sullen and discontented, her eye sought the ground, and she remained silent.

"I read thy thoughts, Zulima," continued the genius: "thou despisest the warning thou hast received; take, then, thy wish:" and touching Zulima with her wand, "Look," cried she, "in yonder stream, and say whether thy wish is gratified."

What was the transport of Zulima when she beheld in the stream the exquisite loveliness of her now altered form! She turned to thank the genius, who had disappeared, and then hastened to present herself to Hamet, of whose heart she now thought herself secure.

Nor were her hopes vain. Hamet, struck by the lustre of her beauty, forgot the vows he had pledged to Alzira, and eagerly sought to gain the heart of the triumphant Zulima, who listened with rapture to his protestations, and agreed to become his as soon as the caliph's consent should be obtained. To the surprise of Zulima, Haroun delayed the marriage of his favourite, and she saw that the brow of Hamet was frequently overcast, and that even in the midst of his fondest expressions, his mind appeared tortured by some secret care.

Not long, however, did he remain thus. He hastened to Zulima one evening, and while pleasure sparkled in his eyes, he told her, that the sultan had appointed the following day for the solemnization of their nuptials.

“My beloved,” cried Hamet, “wilt thou not with me bless the noble Haroun when thou learnest of what godlike generosity he is capable? He loves thee, Zulima, and hitherto his passion has struggled with his reason and his justice; but, by an effort worthy of himself, he has conquered it; and to-morrow Haroun himself bestows upon me the hand of Zulima.”

The fond Hamet perceived not the emotions of Zulima, who, dazzled with the thought of Haroun’s love, execrated internally the generosity that deprived her of rank and power, and sentenced her to comparative obscurity. Hamet at length perceived her disorder, but imputing it to illness, he tore himself from her, promising to return with the dawn of morning.

“Accursed be the hour,” cried Zulima, when she found herself alone, “in which I sacrificed to a foolish passion those charms that would now have ranked me with the mightiest! O that there were any way by which I could escape this hated union, and become the bride of Haroun!”—“Look, Zulima, at the goblet before thee, and see there the means of attaining thy wish,” said a soft voice which sounded close to her. She started, and looked around, but no form met her eye; and she would have thought the voice a delusion of her senses, had she not perceived on the table a goblet half full of a reddish liquor.

“Let Hamet quaff the contents of this goblet, and Zulima will soon become the bride of Haroun,” said the same voice. The cheek of Zulima was pale with horror, as she pushed from her the poisonous

draught; but the splendid vision of future greatness, which could only be enjoyed by the death of Hamet, soon conquered the feelings of humanity; and when, with all the rapture of a happy bridegroom, Hamet presented himself before her, she tendered the goblet with a trembling hand, and bade him drink it to the health of Zulima. The unsuspecting Hamet hastily obeyed; but scarcely had he done so, when he fell lifeless at her feet.

Horror and remorse now seized the heart of Zulima. At that moment the prediction of the genius, to which she had listened with incredulity, and afterwards forgotten, recurred to her memory. “Oh! fatal gift,” cried she, in the bitterness of her soul, “why, oh! why was not annihilation the lot of the wretched Zulima, in the moment when she presumed to arraign the will of Alla, and to sigh for that which he had in his wisdom denied her?”

Suddenly the genius stood before her. “Art thou now convinced, O Zulima,” cried she, “that in denying thee beauty the beneficent Alla consulted thy happiness? While thy form and features were homely, vanity and ambition, the vices of thy nature, lay dormant; nor could aught have occurred to call them into action: yet thou, impious Zulima, didst dare to question the goodness of that power which would have preserved thee in innocence and peace.” Zulima attempted to throw herself at the feet of the genius, and uttered a cry of supplication, when she found herself lying at the foot of a tree in her father’s garden, where she had

dropped asleep while ruminating on her want of beauty.

The heart of Zulima glowed with gratitude to that power who thus deigned to place before her the folly of her wish. The hands

of Hamet and Alzira were soon afterwards joined, and Zulima witnessed their nuptials without any sensations which friendship and justice could condemn.

## AN EMIGRANT'S VISIT TO FRANCE IN 1815.

### IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

#### LETTER II.

ROUEN, Dec. 10.

*Dear Howard,*

I PROMISED you in my last some account of Dourdon and his blooming Annette: I found that my hostess had not exaggerated their poverty, but I was charmed with the cheerfulness with which they bore it. Enthusiastically attached to each other, love seems to have created for them a terrestrial paradise even in the midst of poverty and labour. Dourdon is exactly what the better sort of the French peasantry were previous to the Revolution; frank, hospitable, and lively. You may suppose I added what I could spare to Sandford's bounty; but when I talked of our doing something more, the poor fellow declared that we had made him too rich already: he had no doubt now, he said, of gaining a comfortable livelihood through the sum we had given him, and he should conceive it was robbing others who were distressed, if he intruded farther on our bounty. I was much delighted with this genuine proof of a noble spirit; and Sandford, when I repeated it to him, swore that Dourdon was the honestest fellow in France.

We reached Rouen last night, and I was much struck with the

improvements that have been made here since Bonaparte assumed the imperial dignity. It is a singular circumstance, that, during all the horrors of the Revolution, there were only two persons guillotined at Rouen, and these were commissioners sent from Paris by the Convention to try all suspected persons. On entering the city, they immediately waited on the magistrates, to whom they made known the purpose of their coming. The magistrates answered firmly, that in no part of France were the laws of the republic more strictly observed than in Rouen: enthusiastically devoted to the cause of liberty, her citizens were incapable of treason, nor could they think of suffering any interference in the duties of the magistracy. The commissioners, who, like true *sans-culottes*, thirsted for blood, were much dissatisfied with this answer, and immediately on leaving the town-hall proceeded to harangue the populace. They had already collected a crowd, whom they were by the most violent declamation exciting to sanguinary excesses, when the magistrates, who had foreseen their intentions, arrived with a party of the military and took them into custody; they were tried

for attempting to disturb the peace of the city, found guilty, and executed immediately. I am no friend in general to the execution of summary justice, but in this instance it was unavoidable.

Your letter is this instant presented to me.—My dear friend you are too sanguine; France it at this moment far from being so tranquil as you suppose, and I much fear that Sandford speaks the truth, when he says, that the king, trying to please every body, will end by pleasing nobody. The pure royalists, as they call themselves, whose expectations were perhaps too highly raised, cannot conceal their mortification at seeing those of the opposite party treated with confidence and regard; and the Jacobins, however they may affect to coalesce cordially in the measures of government, secretly detest the whole race of Bourbon, and wait only for an opportunity to plunge the country again into all the horrors of a civil war. There is indeed a third class, and I grieve to say a very numerous one; beings lost to virtue and to patriotism, of which they ridicule even the names—men who consider solely what is likely to promote their own private interest, and who, in the pursuit of it, would sacrifice every moral and social tie. Let me not, however, include the whole of my unfortunate country in this severe censure: in the provinces, amongst the laborious and oppressed peasantry, loyalty, simplicity, and hospitality may yet be found. The parish, for instance, of which our friend Clairon was the rector, how much does the conduct of his humble parishioners shame the affected sensi-

bility too often found in higher life! Clairon was, at the commencement of the Revolution, little more than twenty-seven, and had just entered upon the duties of a parish priest: beloved and revered by his flock, he had the happiness to see peace and good order in his parish when all around him was disturbed; and from 1789 till 92, he continued the practice of his duties, though not without molestation. Twice detachments of banditti, which in those days ravaged the provinces, arrived in his village, plundered his house of all they could find, and would no doubt have taken his life, had he not escaped their sanguinary fangs by concealing himself. Shortly afterwards the decree was passed which exiled all the clergy who refused to take the civic oath; this was a heart-stroke to poor Clairon, who imprudently lingered for two days out of the three allowed to these unfortunates to leave the kingdom. On the third morning he received information from the mother of one of his parishioners, who resided at L—v—lle, the capital of the district in which his parish was situated, that in twelve hours a detachment of the military would arrive to ascertain whether he had quitted his parish according to the orders issued by government: and if he had not, to take him prisoner. He assembled his parishioners:—"My children," said he, "the moment is come when I must leave you; I can stay no longer without taking an oath, which God and my conscience forbid: in twelve hours they will arrive to take me."—"Let them come, Monsieur le Curé," cried

an old grenadier who had served in the wars of Louis XV. "only give me permission to assemble such of our villagers as are able to oppose them, and I'll warrant we'll send them back without their errand."—"And what would be the consequence, Gregoire?" answered the abbé; "the certain loss of lives on both sides, and the return perhaps to-morrow of our enemies, with a sufficient force to destroy the village and its inhabitants."—"But M. le Curé need not leave us for all that," cried an old farmer; "I have a place of concealment in my house, where I defy the devil or even the *sans-culottes* to find him out."—"If I remain concealed I can be of no use, and should I be discovered, my preserver as well as myself must perish," said Clairon.—"No, my friends, I must leave you, and my last charge to you is, to preserve peace and good order amongst yourselves, and not to purchase any national property: will you promise me this?" They did so with a burst of tears. All who possessed anything, brought instantly what little money they had to their pastor, and hardly could his positive orders prevent some of them from following him, lest he should fall into the hands of the soldiers: he, however, reached ——— safely, but there he was arrested by an attorney of the name of ———. This man, who was one of the municipality, professed himself a zealous *sans-culotte*, and of course an inveterate enemy to the clergy. Clairon was thrown into prison with some other unfortunate priests, who had also preferred emigration to taking the civic oath; and M. l'Avocat went to the Jacobin club

to inform them of what he had done. "Here," cried he, "citizens, colleagues, here is a glorious opportunity to immortalize our names in the cause of liberty. As yet, our town has made no offering to the goddess; the blood of a single priest has not smoked upon her altar. Let us hasten, then, to immolate at her shrine these victims whom our good genius has conducted hither." As this wretch possessed considerable power in the district, his colleagues were struck with terror. They dreaded, that by opposing his inhuman intention, they should themselves fall under suspicion, and suspicion in those days was death. However, one of them, who had more presence of mind than the rest, said, it was more glorious to gain over disciples to the cause of liberty, than to immolate victims at her shrine. "Let me," continued he, "try to prevail on these men to abjure their absurd opinions, and take the oath required of them: if I fail, then you may use your pleasure." To this proposal M. l'Avocat agreed, though rather reluctantly, and the humane Jacobin hastened to the prison. He besought the priests to feign compliance, and desire to be sent to Paris, there to take the oath required of them; and promised, in that case, to arrange matters for their escape. They all steadily refused this offer. "We prefer death," cried they, unanimously, "to the scandal which even our seeming compliance would bring upon our faith." He was leaving the prison, moved even to tears by their heroism, when he thought that he recollected in one of them a gentle-



man who possessed some property near the town. A happy thought for their preservation struck him. *M. l'Avocat* was one of the cleverest rogues of his profession, but he was poor. There could be no doubt, that this property, if it could in any way be transferred to him, would bribe him to let the prisoners escape. He explained his intention to the owner of it, who readily agreed to sign an instrument, appointing the *honest* lawyer to *manage* his estate, without ever being liable to be called to any account about it. This done, he hastened to *M. l'Avocat*, represented to him the good which the possession of this money would enable him to do the cause of liberty, and soon saw that his rhetoric was not thrown away. The fate of the prisoners was to be decided that evening; and *M. l'Avocat's* opinions were so changed, that he declared, on conversing with them, he found them stupid, harmless wretches, whom it would be beneath the dignity of justice to meddle with. They were accordingly released, and poor Clairon got safe to England, where, as you know, he has remained till the present time, as he never would return to France while Bonaparte retained the sovereign power. During the short peace in 1801, his parishioners, who knew that he was alive, made up amongst them the sum of thirty louis, which one of them carried to Paris, that it might be safely sent from thence to their good rector, who they hoped would return to them. I should write a volume, instead of a letter, were I to detail to you the hazards which these worthy creatures ran to secure the

little property of their pastor, most of which is still safe in their possession. When his house and the land belonging to it were put up to sale as national property, one of them immediately went to L---v---lle to bid for it. It was customary, in disposing of national property, to allow a month between each offer, in order to see if more would be given. The very day before the month was out, another of the parishioners offered a higher sum; and in this manner they preserved the house and land till the storm had subsided, and their pastor was replaced by another. You may readily conceive, that Clairon is anxious to reach his parish, which he fondly hopes to find what he left it.

I was interrupted by Sandford, who came to complain of my abandoning him, as he calls it, to the insupportable loquacity of the Marquis de —, Mons. L—, and the Comte d'A—, who, finding that we were here, begged to join us at dinner. The marquis, who had passed some time in England, is slightly acquainted with Sandford, and, previous to the dinner-hour, introduced to him his friends, with whom he had not sat half an hour, when he burst into my room, exclaiming, "For Heaven's sake, come down and talk to these people; I cannot otherwise escape from them. I slipped away, meaning to go out, when one officious coxcomb ran after me, vowing that he must have the honour of accompanying me; while another, who had followed him, proposed a game at chess, as the likeliest thing in the world to dissipate my *ennui*. I was just going to tell them, that the only way to cure it was to leave me

to myself; but as I did not wish to affront them, I sat down to chess, although I hate the game; but I concluded, that at least it would oblige them to be silent. No such thing; my partner talked incessantly to the two others, and altogether they made so much noise, that I could have fancied myself in a forest of magpies, all chattering at once: so completely was I stunned with their babbling, that I gave my bishop the move of a knight,

and lost my queen for a pawn. At last, finding it impossible to bear it any longer, I am come to see if you can either get rid of or silence them, though, if you can do the latter, I shall think you can work miracles." And this important business obliges me to do now, what I ought to have done half an hour ago, that is, to give you the assurance of my being truly your's,

DE GRAMMONT.

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### SINCERITAS IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

Mr. *Editor*,

WILL you permit an unfortunate lover of truth, to apply to you for assistance? Don't be alarmed, my dear sir, I do not mean pecuniary assistance, but from the nature of your work, it may be in your power to serve me, and I will lay my case before you as briefly as I can.

From my earliest infancy, sir, I have been a martyr to my veneration for truth; the famed *Candide* himself never was more zealously devoted to *Sincera*, than your unfortunate humble servant. I was the younger son of a good family, and was destined, even from my cradle, to make my way in the world by matrimony; although no plan could have been more unpromising, for I am unfortunately very ugly, and being a younger son, was but scantily gifted with the favours of *Plutus*: but the machiavelian genius of my mother would, I believe, have conquered all the disadvantages of nature and fortune, had not my unlucky sincerity been a perpetual stumbling-block in the way.

I shall not trouble you with a detail of the various misfortunes which I met with in my childhood, from speaking the truth. At twenty I returned from the university, and before I had been three days in the house of my parents, I had contrived to tell so many disagreeable truths to every one of the family, that I had raised myself a host of enemies; and had not my father unluckily prophesied that I never should get a wife, I believe my mother would have relinquished the matrimonial speculations she had formed for me; but as she always made it a rule to act in decided opposition to him, she determined to find a helpmate for me directly.

Miss *Prune*, the daughter of an eminent grocer, with a fortune of nearly a plum, had been recently introduced to my mother, who was perfectly willing to overlook her want of birth in favour of her money. My prospect with this young lady was tolerably fair. Mr. *Prune*, though he could with difficulty make shift to read the foreign intelligence in the daily papers by skipping all the *hard* names, had a

great veneration for *learning*; and though he could not trace his family so far back as his great-grandfather, he was determined to marry his daughter to a gentleman. I had therefore the father's warmest wishes for my success, and after my mother had spent a whole hour in exhorting me not to ruin myself by speaking truth to the daughter, we set off to dine with the Prunes *en famille*.

I conducted myself tolerably well in the beginning of our visit, for I scarcely spoke. Miss Prune was evidently a raw uncultivated girl, but she appeared timid and silent, two qualities which I greatly admire in the fair sex. As my unlucky stars would have it, she had that day written a complimentary note in French to a friend of hers who was newly married; and her papa desired her to show it to me. I saw my mother change colour, and hastily snatching up the note, she ran her eye over it, and declared it was charming.

"You are too partial to my Patty, my lady," cried the father, "but let us hear what the scholar will say to it." The precious *morçeau* was handed to me; but after making two or three attempts to read it, I was obliged to give it up, and return it to the young lady, with a declaration that it was not French: in fact, Mr. Editor, though I did not carry my love of truth so far as to tell her so, she might as well have called it Chinese.

Miss blushed, and her meekness gave place to a degree of virulence which I think I never saw equalled: papa was as much affronted, because it was impossible with such a *dedication* as he had given to Pat-

she could be so *ignorant*. My mother's excuses for my behaviour were unavailing, and I made my exit without any invitation to repeat my visit.

My mamma's reproaches for what she called my absurd conduct, were loud and bitter, and it was a considerable time before I was again exhibited to any of her acquaintance in the character of a would-be Benedict: at length she sent for me into her dressing-room, and informed me, that she had had a hint from the uncle of Miss Lofty, that his niece would not be averse to receive my addresses.

"But I should be extremely averse to pay them," replied I, "if her mind corresponds with her face; for I never saw an uglier woman in my life."

My mother replied only by a significant glance at a mirror near which I stood. I could not deny the *truth* of its *reflection*, but I consoled myself by thinking, that I was only ugly, and that Miss Lofty was absolutely hideous; for every evil passion was pictured in her countenance. However, my mother gained my father over to her party, and the two families became almost inseparable; the young lady put on the mask of amiability, and I was beginning to believe that there is no truth in *faces*, when an incident occurred that shewed her to me in her real colours, and terminated my addresses.

She had an acquaintance, a young lady whose conduct had always been strictly correct, but who, to avoid a marriage which her parents wished to force her into, had eloped from them, and kept the place of her retreat a profound secret. In

a day or two after her elopement, one of the footmen absconded with some of the plate. The natural malignity of Miss Lofty prompted her to seize upon this circumstance to injure the fame of the young lady, and she circulated a report, which was speedily believed, that they had eloped together. She had hitherto veiled from me her love of scandal, but I happened to make my visit at the moment in which she was entertaining a select company with an account of Miss ——'s infamous conduct; she stopped when I appeared, but a lady present took up the cause of the absent fair one, and spoke so warmly in her favour, that my intended was thrown off her guard, so far as to declare, that she knew the story to be true.

"Mention not the sacred name of truth," cried I, "in support of an uncharitable assertion, which you cannot prove, and which candour should have prevented you from making. Know you not, that the highwayman is in comparison with the slanderer an innocent character? Remember what our immortal bard says,

\* Who steals my purse steals trash,  
But he who filches from me my good name—

She did not give me time to finish my quotation, for she desired that I would instantly quit her house, and never enter it again. You may believe, Mr. Editor, I took her at her word, for though she afterwards made some overtures towards a reconciliation, nothing could prevail upon me to listen to them.

By this time my disposition began to be pretty well known amongst the circle of our intimates, and my mother almost despaired of success in a third negociation; but women

you know, Mr. Editor, have a great deal of perseverance. Miss Sparkle, a distant relation of her own, returned from a continental trip about this time, and I happened to be present when she paid my mother a visit.

During a conversation which I held with her of two hours' length, I found that I could be polite to her without once violating the laws of my beloved truth. Her understanding was of the first order and highly cultivated, and her disposition appeared most amiable. My attentions to Miss Sparkle were not lost upon my politic mamma, who would not suffer her to depart without extorting from her a promise to become our inmate for a few weeks; and no sooner was she gone, than both my parents congratulated me upon the fair prospect I had of getting a rich wife at last. To be brief, Mr. Editor, Miss Sparkle became our guest, and for nearly three weeks I had not an opportunity of telling her a single disagreeable truth; and, in spite of my plain face and want of fortune, she did me the honour to avow a partiality in my favour. In short, matters were going on swimmingly, when my evil genius spoiled all.

One day, while we were chatting together in her dressing-room, Mr. Dapperwit was announced, and a little man entered, whom I supposed, from his air and deportment, to be one of the numerous tribe of male artists whom ladies in these days employ to decorate their persons; but I soon found that I had committed a great mistake, for Miss Sparkle introduced him to me as a celebrated author; and, after a few compliments, he told her he

had called to beg permission to dedicate to her a small volume of poems which he had at press. He had, he said, written a poetical dedication, which he requested leave to read. She gave an assenting bow; but he had not repeated ten lines, when I found truth so outraged, that I interrupted his panegyric by a philippic on the gross flattery with which it abounded. Would you believe it, Mr. Editor, the impudent little retainer to the Muses had the effrontery to declare, that he had not said half the truth; and Miss Sparkle—"oh! Vanity thy name is woman!" was evidently persuaded of his sincerity.

I bridled my passion till he was gone; but the truths which I then began to tell his fair patroness were interrupted by her assuring me, that she considered my conduct as a gross insult, and that she would never give her hand to a man who denied her those good qualities which all the world allowed her to possess.

It was in vain that I assured her the perfections which Mr. Dapperwit's Muse had bestowed upon her, could not with *truth* be attributed to any human being; she would not listen to me, and that very day she quitted our house, though the time she had agreed to remain with us was not half expired.

I shall not attempt to describe to you the indignation of my mamma, who now began to think I was absolutely incorrigible; and for some time I enjoyed a little peace, which, as I had now completely established my character as an uncouth savage, whose manners were worse than

those of an inhabitant of Otaheite, I was in hopes I should continue to enjoy; but I was once more compelled to appear in the character of an enamoured swain.

Mrs. Mature, a widow who was a few years older than myself, but whose manners and person were very pleasing, was the next object whom my industrious mamma pointed out to my notice. I found her a very rational woman, and our sentiments were apparently very similar; she had some faults, but when I told her of them, she listened to me with patience and good-humour, and promised to correct them. Enchanted to find a woman who would listen without anger to the voice of truth, I thought I had found a second Fatimé, when an unlucky accident overturned all my bright prospects.

One day Mrs. Mature, after praising the beauty of a female friend of hers, asked me whether I did not think her a very fine woman. "She has been extremely handsome, no doubt," replied I, "when she was young."—"When she was young!" replied the widow, "why, pray, sir, do you call her old?"

"She cannot certainly with truth be styled young," cried I, "for she is considerably turned of thirty, at which age she would in many parts of the world be considered as an old woman."

"We think differently in England, however," replied Mrs. Mature with an air of pique; "my friend is hardly arrived at the prime of life according to our ideas; she has not yet reached the fashionable age."

"Your ideas then are errone-

ous," cried I: "but it is not wonderful that fashion should be at variance with truth."

"What you are pleased to call truth, I must style rudeness," replied she: "I am nearly of the same age as Mrs. —, and you may suppose I shall not be very ready to give my hand to a man who thinks me an old woman."

It was in vain that I assured her my affection was founded upon her mental perfections, and that youth and beauty were qualities which I disregarded. This unlucky attempt to conciliate matters made them ten times worse, and she actually rang for a servant to shew me the door.

I was by this time, Mr. Editor, so completely sickened of my matrimonial speculations, that neither threats nor entreaties could prevail on me to act the lover again, and in all probability I should have been suffered to do as I pleased, but for the death of my elder brother, which happened soon after I had attained my twenty-fifth year; and from that moment I have been plagued equally by my father and mother to enter into the holy state, which I am assured I may now do whenever I please: for it is truly astonishing, Mr. Editor, how much I am altered in the opinion of the

ladies since I became heir to an estate and title. My figure, which formerly they never noticed, is allowed to be very genteel, and as to my face, though it is plain, beauty is of no consequence in a man. My love of truth, which formerly they called ill manners and ill nature, is now transformed into an agreeable bluntness; and with all my *oddities*, I am allowed to be a very pleasant animal, who would be very likely to make a good husband.

But, my dear Mr. Editor, this favourable opinion which the ladies entertain of me has not its foundation in truth; for I should never become, in their acceptance of the word, a good husband, since my wife must expect to hear the truth, and nothing but the truth (however disagreeable it might be to her), from me. Now, sir, if amongst your fair readers there should be one, whose person is not deformed, whose age is under forty, whose temper and disposition are good, and who above all would cheerfully subscribe to the above conditions, I declare, that the want of either birth or fortune shall be no obstacle to my bestowing on her the hand and heart of

Your very humble servant,  
SINCERITAS.

## THE TWO MOTHERS, OR WHICH WAS THE WISEST:

### A TALE.

"Do you not think my little Julia promises to grow up a most beautiful creature?" said Mrs. Beverly to her sister, Mrs. Thornton.

"I think she is at present beautiful, but how a child of three years

old will grow up it is impossible to predict."

"My dear sister," replied Mrs. Beverly, impatiently, "I tell you I am certain she will make a most lovely young woman, and I will

take care she shall be a most accomplished one; I will spare no pains to have her taught every thing."

"And I," replied Mrs. Thornton, "will spare no pains to render my little Emily a good housewife."

The grave simplicity with which Mrs. Thornton uttered these words made her sister laugh heartily. "I congratulate you," said she, in an ironical tone, "on the good taste which you evince by this decision. But are you really serious? will you make the delicate little Emily nothing more than a good housewife?"

"I have not said that," replied her sister; "Emily shall have a good education, but not a brilliant one. I do not wish her to rival opera people nor artists, but if she displays talent, it shall be cultivated; and as to housewifery, recollect, I beseech you, that Emily's fortune will be still more circumscribed than our's was, and have not we, my dear sister, felt the necessity of knowing how to look after our family affairs?"

"I don't know," answered Mrs. Beverly, pettishly, "that we have any thing to reproach ourselves with on that score; we lived in fashionable society, of course we were obliged to keep up a certain style, and if our expense a little exceeded our income, how were we to blame? I am sure we only did like other people."

My fair readers may, perhaps, suppose Mrs. Beverly was a fool. By no means; she was, on the contrary, a woman of excellent understanding: but even the wisest people will use silly arguments sometimes, rather than own them-

selves to blame. But to resume our story.

"As to Emily's fortune," continued Mrs. Beverly, after a pause, "I do not see that it signifies; Julia will not have more: but it is not fortune, it is not beauty or accomplishments even, that secure to a girl a brilliant establishment; it depends in a great measure on her being fashionable, and I am resolved that my Julia shall in every respect be as tonish as if she had the first fortune in England."

As Mrs. Thornton was too prudent to reply to this wise determination of her sister, the conversation ended, and from that time each pursued her own plan, without meeting any opposition from the other.

These sisters, who were twins, had very early in life been left orphans. They were educated by an aunt, with whom they continued to reside after they became of age. This lady was one of those whom a "youth of folly" had prepared for "an old age of cards," and her nieces' moderate fortunes were greatly injured by her extravagance and their own want of prudence and management. Her death left them in rather embarrassed circumstances, from which they were, however, relieved by marriage. Luckily for Mrs. Thornton, her husband had every requisite to render domestic life happy; and, in a short time, she renounced for his sake, with cheerfulness, those gay follies in which she had indulged rather from habit than inclination.

Mrs. Beverly was less fortunate. Her husband disdained to try the effect either of tenderness or rea-

soning to wean his wife from her fondness for fashionable dissipation; never was Eastern tyrant more despotic to his people, than Mr. Beverly was to his family. "It is my will," was a sentence to which his wife was accustomed to listen in silent acquiescence, and once pronounced, his will was as irrevocable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. In a few years after his marriage, Mr. Beverly died suddenly, leaving only one child, the little Julia, whom we have already introduced to the reader. Mrs. Thornton had also the misfortune to lose her husband, and her sister, who was really affectionate, wished much that they might reside together; but to this her sister's good sense furnished strong objections. She was determined to follow a plan which had been partly sketched by her late husband for the education of her Emily, who was also an only child; and she was sensible, that to pursue such a plan uninterruptedly, if she resided with her sister, would be impossible.

From this time till their daughters had reached the age of eighteen, the business of education engaged the attention of both mothers, but certainly in a very different manner. Mrs. Thornton occupied herself incessantly, but quietly, with her daughter's improvement; and as she felt that her duty was a pleasure, she performed it without ostentation: consequently she neither obtained, nor wished for, the celebrity which generally attends our modern wonderfully clever mammas. Not so her sister, who exhibited herself to the world's eye as a second Madame de Genlis,

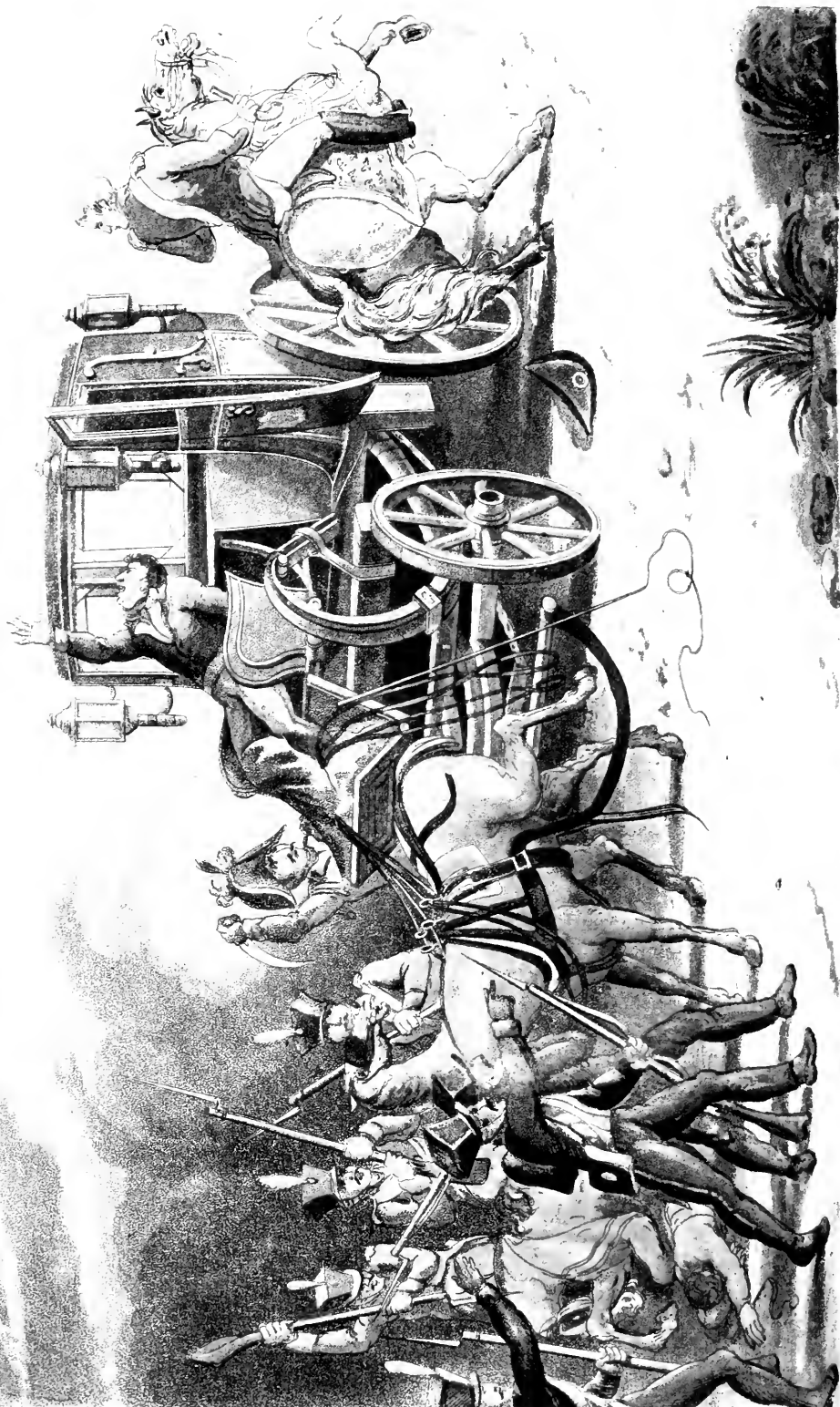
and who, in devoting herself to her daughter's education, took care to talk so much of all she sacrificed to her Julia, that her acquaintance declared, she was a most amiable and exemplary mother.

At length the task of education was completed, and neither of the mothers could say, that their pains had been in vain. Julia, who had grown up as her mother predicted she would, uncommonly beautiful, was, what is termed, highly accomplished; that is to say, she had been taught every thing proper for a young lady to be instructed in who was to make a figure in the fashionable world. She danced gracefully, played with great taste and judgment, had a superficial knowledge of French and Italian, and, above all, understood to perfection the science of dress. Her mother and her mother's friends vaunted her knowledge of history, geography, and a long *et cetera*; but her acquaintance with them was really slight. Her capacity was but moderate, and her brain might not unaptly be compared to a remnant-shop, there was a little of every thing, but not much of any particular one. Bright eyes, ruby lips, and an arch, significant manner of speaking, made her, however, pass for a wit, and her mother was incessantly complimented on her daughter's genius and accomplishments.

If Mrs. Beverly was delighted with her brilliant Julia, Mrs. Thornton was not less so with her intelligent and unassuming Emily.—Much better informed than her cousin, though less a proficient in the showy accomplishments, Emily joined to a great portion of genius







that which should ever accompany genius in women, a modesty the most delicately feminine. Brought up with the idea of endeavouring to be useful to all around her, self was the last thing Emily considered. Perhaps the most amiable fea-

ture in her character was her love for her mother, whom she almost idolized, and whose wishes and commands she would, if possible, have anticipated.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## DESCRIPTION OF THE MILITARY CARRIAGE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, TAKEN AFTER THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO, AND NOW EXHIBITING AT THE LONDON MUSEUM, PICCADILLY.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

IT is impossible to contemplate the object represented in the annexed engraving, without reading in it a most impressive lesson on the dangers attendant upon inordinate ambition. That passion from which, as the Scriptures inform us, celestial natures themselves are not exempt, and which precipitated Satan and his rebel spirits from the regions of heaven, has likewise hurled Napoleon and his angels from the elevation which they occupied, and scattered them as exiles and outcasts over the face of the earth. The interest with which this exhibition will be visited must be greatly heightened by the recollection, that the late owner of this carriage, who has played in it so many desperate games for empires and kingdoms, is at this moment playing on a distant rock with two giddy little girls for sugar-plumbs.

For our own parts we merely regret, that the former tenant of this vehicle was not exhibited along with it, encaged like a ferocious beast, himself more ferocious than any, for the benefit of the fund raised for the sufferers and orphans by the last sanguinary conflict; so that he whose whole life has been

spent in the infliction of every species of misery upon mankind, might have been made, however reluctantly, to contribute to the alleviation of the sorrows which his own perfidy had occasioned.

It is a curious fact, that the fall of this memorable chieftain may be traced to the hour in which he entered the carriage which is now exhibited. It proved as fatal to him as the fabled chariot of the sun to the aspiring Phaeton. It was built for him by Symons, of Brussels, to his own order, for the disastrous campaign against Russia. It was this carriage that conveyed Napoleon to the shores of France in his first exile; it was in this that he made his excursions in Elba; in it he returned to his recovered capital; and it was this which bore him to the fatal field of Waterloo!

There it was that, after British intrepidity had for ever decided the fortune of Bonaparte, he entered this carriage, for the last time, for the purpose of escaping from the tumult and danger that pressed upon him on almost every side. The Prussians, who had been but little able to assist during the continuance of the battle, most op-

portunately assisted in accelerating the catastrophe of the day, and in collecting spoils from the enemy whom they were dispersing and destroying.

Blücher was foremost in the pursuit. Various commands were deputed to different officers, so that no retreat should be left for the convenient escape of the enemy. Among these was a small corps which was placed under the direction of Major Von Keller. That officer, in pursuance of his instructions, arrived at the town of Jenappe, at eleven o'clock, on the night of the 18th of June. The town was barricadoed, to prevent the entrance of the pursuing victors. It was also filled with French military, who maintained a constant firing of artillery and musketry against the Prussian soldiers. The troops were not to be intimidated, but immediately took the place by storm. Near to the entrance they met with this carriage, having six horses, and the coachman and postillion ready mounted. The major, full of expectation that the flying Bonaparte was now in his possession, ordered the coachman and postillion to stop; but as they did not obey, the latter was immediately killed, together with the two foremost horses; and the coachman was cut down by the major himself. The marks of the sabre still remain upon one of the carriage-springs. The gallant Prussian then forced open one of the doors of the carriage; but in the interval Napoleon had escaped by the opposite door, and thus disappointed the triumphant hopes of this gallant officer. Such, however, was the haste of the ex-

emperor, that he dropped his hat, his sword and mantle; and they were afterwards picked up in the road, and sent to Prince Blücher. The major reserved the carriage as his own booty, and has brought it to England to gratify the curiosity of the people of this country, who have now an opportunity of viewing it at the London Museum, Piccadilly.

The exterior of the carriage is, in many respects, very like the modern English travelling chariots. The colour is a dark blue, with a handsome bordure ornament in gold; but the Imperial arms are emblazoned on the pannels of the doors. It has a lamp at each corner of the roof, and there is one lamp fixed at the back which can throw a strong light into the interior.

In the front there is a great projection; the utility of which is very considerable. Beyond this projection, and nearer to the horses, is a seat for the coachman. This is ingeniously contrived so as to prevent the driver from viewing the interior of the carriage; and it is also placed so as to afford to those who are within, a clear sight of the horses, and of the surrounding country: there are two sabre cuts, which were aimed at the coachman when the carriage was taken.

The pannels of the carriage are bullet-proof: at the hinder part is a projecting sword-case; and the pannel at the lower part of the back is so contrived, that it may be let down, and thereby facilitate the addition or removal of conveniences, without disturbing the traveller.

The under-carriage, which has

swan-neck iron cranes, is of prodigious strength; the springs are semi-circular, and each of them seems capable of bearing half a ton; the wheels, and more particularly the tire, are also of great strength. The pole is contrived to act as a lever, by which the carriage is kept on a level in every kind of road. The under-carriage and wheels are painted in vermilion, edged with the colour of the body, and heightened with gold. The harness is very little worthy an Imperial equipage; it bears strong marks of its service in the Russian campaign, and its former uses are to be recognized only by the bees, which are to be seen in several places.

The interior deserves particular attention; for it is adapted to the various purposes of a kitchen, a bed-room, a dressing-room, an office, and an eating-room.

The seat has a separation; but whether for pride or convenience can only be conjectured.

In front of the seat are compartments for every utensil of probable utility; of some there are two sets, one of gold, the other of silver. Among the gold articles are a teapot, coffee-pot, sugar-bason, creamer, coffee-cup and saucer, slop-bason, candle-sticks, wash-hand-bason, plates for breakfast, &c. Each article is superbly embossed with the Imperial arms, and engraved with his favourite N.; and by the aid of the lamp, any thing could be heated in the carriage.

Beneath the coachman's seat is a small box about two feet and a half long, and about four inches square; this contains a bedstead of polished steel, which could be

fitted up within one or two minutes: the carriage contained mattresses and the other requisites for bedding, of very exquisite quality; all of them commodiously arranged. There are also articles for strict personal convenience, made of silver, fitted into the carriage.

A small mahogany case, about ten inches square by eighteen long, contains the peculiar *necessaire* of the ex-emperor. It is somewhat, in appearance, like an English writing-desk; having the Imperial arms most beautifully engraved on the cover. It contains nearly one hundred articles, almost all of them of solid gold.

The liquor-case, like the *necessaire*, is made of mahogany: it contains two bottles; one of them still has the ram which was found in it at the time; the other contains some extremely fine old Malaga wine. Various articles of perfumery are among the luxuries which remain; and notwithstanding Napoleon's wish to discourage British manufactures, there are nevertheless some Windsor soap, and some English court-plaister; of *eau de Cologne*, *eau de lavande*, salt spirit, &c. there are sufficient to show, that perfumeries were not disregarded.

There is a writing-desk, which may be drawn out so as to write whilst the carriage is proceeding; an inkstand, pens, &c. were found in it: and here was found the ex-emperor's celebrated port-folio.

In the front there are also many smaller compartments, for maps and telescopes; on the ceiling of the carriage is a net-work for carrying small travelling requisites.

On one of the doors of the car-

riage are two pistol-holsters, in which were found pistols, that had been manufactured at Versailles; and in a holster close to the seat, a double-barrelled pistol also was found: all the pistols were found loaded. On the side there hung a large silver chronometer with a silver chain; it is of the most elaborate workmanship.

The doors of the carriage have locks and bolts: the blinds, behind the windows, shut and open by means of a spring, and may be closed so as to form a barrier almost impenetrable.

On the outside of the front windows is a roller-blind made of strong painted canvass: when pulled down, this will exclude rain and snow, and therefore secure the windows and blinds from being blocked up, as well as prevent the damp from penetrating.

All the articles which have been enumerated still remain with the carriage; but when it was taken there were a great number of diamonds, and treasure in money, &c. of immense value.

Four of the horses which drew the ex-emperor, still remain with the carriage; they are supposed to be of Norman breed: they are of a brown colour; of good size; and each appears to combine more strength, speed, and spirit, than are generally found together in one animal.

Such is the general description of the carriage, its contents, and its appendages, as they are now presented to public inspection: and although it cannot be expected, that any description can convey very distinct ideas of any thing so curious and intricate, yet sufficient

will be understood to evince how surprising a piece of mechanical ingenuity this vehicle really is. For the convenience, however, of the public, the elaborate and costly articles which the carriage contained, have been arranged in separate compartments, numbered according to the following catalogue.

1. The carriage itself.

2. Four of the horses that drew it at the battle of Waterloo; stout Normans, dark brown colour, very fleet and hardy.

3. The beautiful toilette, or dressing-box; presented to Napoleon by Maria Louisa, under whose care it was fitted up with every luxury and convenience that could be imagined: it contained, besides the usual requisites of a dressing-box, upwards of one hundred articles, most of which are of solid gold, including a magnificent breakfast service for tea, coffee, and chocolate, with plates, candlesticks, large knives, forks, and spoons; a spirit lamp for making breakfast in the carriage, gold case for Napoleons, a looking-glass, and large gold wash-hand-bason, variety of essence bottles, perfumes, and an almost infinite variety of minute articles, down to pins, needles, thread, and silk. These were each fitted into recesses, most ingeniously contrived, made in the solid wood, in which they are packed close together, and many of them in each other in such a small compass, that on seeing them arranged as they are at present, in three glass cases, it appears impossible for them ever to have been put together in so small a compass. At the bottom of this toilette-box are divided recesses, in which were found two thousand gold Napoleons, and in the top were writing materials, the looking-glass, combs, &c. The front of this extremely elegant little case exhibits the marks of violence by which it was opened with an axe by the Prussian soldiers when taken.

3, 4, and 5. The glass cases contain-

ing the articles taken out of the toilette-box, and described above. The first is lined with a magnificent saddle-cloth belonging to Jerome Bonaparte, taken at Jenappe the same night the carriage was captured: it is of crimson velvet, superbly embroidered with a border of roses in plates of gold, and covered with bees; in the centre a J. surrounded by a wreath of laurel, and surmounted with the Imperial crown in gold, enriched with diamonds; the whole is bordered with a rich bullion fringe.

In the centre of the middle case is suspended, by its ribbon, Napoleon's own Cross of the Legion of Honour; it was found in the gold tea-caddie in the right-hand corner.

The third case is lined with a sumptuous housing for a horse, similar to those already described, only that it has the Imperial arms and crown beautifully wrought, and ornamented with diamonds in the centre. Under this is the valuable time-piece by which the watches of the army were regulated; in form it resembles a very large hunting-watch, and weighs four pounds: it is jewelled throughout, and is of the finest workmanship; was made by Mugnier, *horloger de l'empereur et roi*, and was found suspended to the side of the carriage. In the right-hand corner of this case is a small piece of plate, marked with the arms of Louis XVIII: it was taken with the rest.

The glass case facing the windows contains his common Sandwich service, consisting of a large silver Sandwich box, plates, knives, spoons, pepper and salt-box, mustard-pot, decanter, glasses, &c. &c. Many of these have still the remains of the breakfast of which the

ex-emperor partook on the morning of the battle, remaining in them, exactly as left by him. These, like the gold service, have the Imperial arms engraved on every article.

Above the last articles are his spurs, pistols, tools for charging and repairing his fire-arms, &c. &c.

The pistols have little remarkable in their exterior, but were probably favourites; the N. B. in gold on the barrel, prove them to have been made before he assumed the government. They are rifled, with sight, of the manufactory of Versailles, and are much battered: they were found loaded.

In the bottom of this case is one of his beds, of fine Merino, and on the top is a cotton coverlid of very beautiful fabric; there are also other appendages to a bedroom, of massy silver, lined with gold, and decorated with the Imperial arms. Near these are several articles of his wardrobe, consisting of his shirts, of extremely beautiful linen and curiously made; also handkerchiefs and stockings, the latter of which have the Imperial crown as an ornament for the legs. There are also his flesh-brush, green velvet travelling-cap, morocco slippers, towels, &c. &c.

The camp-bedstead is an extremely curious article: it is of steel, of a commodious size, with a truster top, and on castors; it may be folded up in one minute, and packs into a leathern case only four inches square: under the front springs is the box that contains it when travelling.

There are two leathern cases found in the carriage, which contain a great number of flambeaux, the precise intention of which has not been ascertained.

## THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. II.

It is not only unjust and uncourteous, but cowardly and ungrateful in the extreme, when men indulge themselves in severities on what are called the failings of women, whom, in every situation and under every character, they are bound to protect, and to whom they are themselves indebted for the chief blessings and comforts of life.—Sir RICH. STEELE.

I AM very much flattered by several letters which I have already received from female correspondents, who appear to be greatly pleased with the opportunity which is now afforded them, by so popular, so instructive, and so engaging a publication as the *Repository*, of communicating their ideas, or, perhaps, of making their complaints on any circumstances, either of a public or domestic nature, which may be more peculiarly connected with the happiness and the character of the female sex.

I proceed, therefore, to manifest the attention due to the confidence which appears to have been placed in me by my epistolary correspondents. At the same time, I must beg leave to observe, for their general information, that I have laid down certain rules, to which I shall inviolably adhere, respecting the subjects of which this paper may be made the vehicle to my readers. As a woman, it may be almost superfluous to mention, that DECORUM is a very leading word in my vocabulary, and that the most remote violation of it, though under the most alluring guise of anecdote, wit, or fancy, will never be admitted into those pages which I have engaged to superintend and controul. Pictures of vice, and such may be necessary on certain occasions, to create alarm and excite abhorrence, even in their most deterring descriptions, must be drawn with the utmost precau-

tion, so that no more may be told than is absolutely necessary for the moral object of the description; as I shall hold myself at liberty to employ my ministerial power in correcting and pruning any supererogation of fancy or passion which, on such occasions, may be presented to me. The old proverb, that the truth, and certainly *the whole truth*, is not to be spoken at all times, is a proverb of universal establishment, and in no instance requires a more rigid adherence than in those literary compositions which are intended for the instruction and amusement of the female mind, more particularly when it is considered, that the rising generation may, in some degree, be involved in it. Nor shall I be thought, I hope, to wander from my subject in observing, that, in the present state of the world and its manners, the great difficulty of female education consists in giving the mind all its proper knowledge, without a tincture of that premature information which it ought not to know. The few preceding observations have been suggested by a letter written by a very sensible woman, who discovers throughout the whole of it a very distinguishing mind, a most animated vivacity, and a very considerable experience of life; I must be understood to mean fashionable life, and all its various ways. Her epistolary communication is written with great spirit and some pathos, and details,



I doubt not, with undeviating accuracy, the history of a succession of domestic dilemmas connected with a love story; interlarded, it is true, with several interesting circumstances, and somewhat of a lamentable catastrophe, but which the lady would not, I will venture to assert, have the courage to repeat in any mixed society of her acquaintance. I cannot, therefore, insert it. I have also reason to apprehend, that, having assumed the title of the *Female Tattler*, I am supposed to be ready to fulfil the general propensities of that character as it is usually displayed in its common acceptation in the world; and that I shall be ready to receive such communications as are continually made by the busy-bodies of that description. I have this answer to such as expect my paper to be the vehicle of what I consider to be beneath my attention, that though I am a tattler, and a female one too, I never did deal in or encourage tittle-tattle myself, nor will I ever promote that spirit in others; and if I am asked for a definition of that kind of conversation, or written composition, for it may proceed from the pen as well as the tongue, I shall beg leave, for very obvious reasons, to decline an answer, and leave it to any woman of good breeding and understanding, and such alone I hope will do me the honour to become my correspondents, to determine the matter for me and for themselves.

I shall now proceed to insert a letter from one of my correspondents, whose originality, good sense, and, I may surely add, good humour, will, if I mistake not, di-

vert the very short period which it will require for its perusal. She styles herself a *Modern Amazon*.

TO THE FEMALE TATTLER.

*Madam,*

The high and mighty lords of the creation, as the men are fantastically pleased to denominate themselves, are continually valuing themselves upon the superior dignity of their sex, and not only deny to women an equality of understanding, but, in many instances, are known to refuse them an equal degree of principle; as if it were not sufficient to entertain a contemptible idea of their intellects, without entertaining as mean an opinion of their hearts. This is most abominable, as it is most untrue. Hence the notion of female friendship has been a continual subject of ridicule; hence it is as frequently affirmed, that a veil, a shawl, a pelisse, or any attractive article of personal decoration, is capable of stimulating that kind of envy, which is fatal to the most avowed bonds of esteem between females; nay, that it is absolutely impossible for a friendly intercourse to subsist a moment, if a pretty fellow happens to start up between any two women, and obtain their partial sentiments. This may be a tender point, and I shall, perhaps, make it hereafter the subject of an exclusive incubation.

Without, however, attempting at present to refute any of these narrow-minded positions, I shall beg leave to contend, without fear of refutation, that these charges, so strongly urged against the ladies, may be brought, with a superior degree of justice, against the gentlemen themselves. Let us, how-

ever, suppose, for the sake of argument (but I beg it may be observed that I allow it not for a moment on any other ground), that the friendship of two women, of the best qualities in every other respect, is capable of being interrupted by the trifling circumstances to which an allusion has already been made; still it may be fairly asked, whether a very slight examination of the conduct and character of the other sex, will not clearly prove, that their boasted friendships are equally liable to be broken from causes equally trivial, and that men of the best understanding frequently run into the most dangerous excesses, from causes generally more despicable, and clothed at least with equal absurdity.

I am not arguing, that women are not subject to characteristic foibles, such as arise from their nature, education, and position in life, but I repel the charge, as *inherently* merited by them. Women may quarrel, and women do quarrel, and very trifling circumstances too engender their differences; but is it not equally ridiculous for men, and who are of acknowledged understanding, and peers and representatives in parliament into the bargain, to quarrel about a horse, or a match at the cock-pit, and whose resentment, from such senseless and unworthy causes, sometimes puts their very existence to the hazard? How often does it happen, that the invasion of a fox-covey spreads a feud through great part of a county! The letting shot fly at a partridge in a prohibited spot, has been known to cause the discharge of a bullet at the life of

a fellow-creature, and the father of a family. Nay, I could name an instance where the hooking of a fish a hundred yards below a privileged spot, has hooked two families into a state of enmity that broke off a long-established and most comfortable connection between them both. I could mention other and still more disgraceful causes of intemperate and vindictive anger between the lords of the creation, but it is beneath the purity of a female pen to defile its pages with a history of them.

Such being the true state, and sure I am, that I have not exaggerated the statement, I have a right to complain of the injustice which is continually making a mockery of the stability of female friendship, when the violation of it is carried much further, and to a much more ridiculous and criminal excess, among those who assume such a lordly superiority over us. It brings to my recollection the well known fable of the Man and the Lion, which represents the former as displaying to the latter the picture of the king of the brute creation subdued by human strength. The reply of the beast is a memorable one, and very applicable to my observations:—If, said he, a lion had painted the picture, the catastrophe would have been reversed.

In the rivalry between women in a matter of the heart, the affections and the future happiness of life, the object may be of the most serious nature; and a kind of resentment may wait upon the person who has been the cause of such a heavy disappointment: but it seldom, or, indeed, never breaks out into per-

sonal rage, or is attended with any indecorous, much less immoral or injurious consequences. The dignity and pride of her sex, if she is a woman of education, will prevent her, however poignant her feelings may be, from exposing herself to the pity or disapproval of the world, by violent clamour or menacing enmity, at an event which has been rendered irretrievable. This, I acknowledge, is a very interesting subject, and, on some future occasion, I will undertake to place it in such a light, as shall confound those inconsiderate and unreflecting gentlemen, who amuse themselves with their foolish, though they may think them witty remarks, on the hacknied subject of the uncertainty of female friendships, especially when one of their own dear, charming selves is the object of competition. Nor have I the least doubt that I shall be able to prove, that the female character is as capable of heroism, and has given as many proofs of it, as any Quixotte of the other sex.

It is supposed that women in general are very much actuated by their imagination; and that, in the female breast, the lively power too often acquires a dominion over their reason. This I acknowledge may happen, and frequently does happen, but I deny it as a *general principle* attached to the female character. But even allowing it by way of argument, I contend that when it does obscure the rational faculty in woman, it is far superior to the gloomy, dismal veil with which the passions, to say no worse of the men, not only darken, but disgrace it. The female imagination,

if it should interfere with reason and impede its course, does not attempt to, as it cannot, extinguish it; but is more frequently employed in giving it those attractive hues and those fascinating colours, which heighten its powers, and clothe it with graces that so often render it irresistible even to the philosopher and the sage, and oftentimes is seen to make converts even of those lordly men of the world, who have pretended to think, and to avow the absurd, abominable, and fallacious doctrine, that, in the order of creation, women are of an inferior class to themselves.

I have some curious thoughts upon this subject, which I shall take the liberty, on some future occasion, to communicate to you.

I am, madam, your obliged, humble servant,

A MODERN AMAZON.

TO THE FEMALE TATTLER.

Madam,

I am one of those very unjustly despised personages called old maids; and in that character I apply to you for an elucidation of a very severe proverbial notion entertained of their future and final fate in another state of existence—that they will be doomed to lead *apes in hell*. I have asked many persons of black-lettered and other learning, to satisfy me of the origin of this unjust and barbarous sentence, without having obtained the least satisfaction; perhaps it may be in your power to favour me, in a future number of your papers, with a solution of this difficulty, which will at least satisfy the curiosity of your constant reader,

QUINQUEGINTA.

ACCOUNT OF THE BAZAAR ESTABLISHED IN SOHO-SQUARE FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF FEMALE INDUSTRY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

ALL those of your readers who are in the habit of perusing the daily papers, must have seen the report of a meeting held in December last, to consider of the means of improving the public morals by effecting the reformation of a particular class of females, by which this vast metropolis is infested to a degree that cannot fail to fill every virtuous mind with horror. A little reflection on the subject will convince most persons, that one grand cause of this growing evil is the want of employments suited to certain classes of females; and at the meeting just referred to, a respectable clergyman assured the company, that, from such data as could be procured, there were in the city of London at least *five thousand* situations occupied by men which would be infinitely more suitably filled by females. Whoever, then, should strike out some plan for affording to the industrious class of the weaker sex that kind of employment for which it is more peculiarly fitted, would no doubt apply a powerful, if not a complete corrective to the evil complained of, and deserve to be hailed as a benefactor to society in general. To such a plan and such a character I beg leave to call the attention of your readers, in the BAZAAR just established in Soho-square, by Mr. TROTTER, a gentleman of large fortune, the most active philanthropy, and already known for valuable public services.

In describing this institution I shall borrow the words of the writers of two of our public prints, *The Sun* and the *Sunday Gazette*; the accuracy of whose representations I am capable of attesting from personal inspection of the premises, and the patient development of the plan with which I was favoured by the benevolent proprietor.

“The Bazaar,” says the former, “at first, like all other great undertakings, may have something more of the appearance of private speculation than truly belongs to it; but it must be recollected, that all our best national institutions had, in the same manner, their origin in individual exertion. That had not escaped Mr. Trotter’s intelligence, which is obvious to every reflecting man who thinks on the subject, viz. that *the encouragement of female and domestic industry* is one of the surest methods of bettering the condition of all ranks and classes of the community. Honest labour, while it rewards with the comforts of life, contributes to the moral improvement of society. As idleness is the mother of evil, so is industry the parent of good. But there are a thousand obstacles opposed to the commencement of an industrious career. Some are restrained from entering upon it by the smallness of their means; others by a false principle, which, assuming the plausible name of pride, renders them ashamed of appearing to the world

as under the necessity of working for subsistence;—a third class, from the want of opportunity to dispose of what they are willing to manufacture;—and indeed—but the enumeration is not requisite, every person who mixes with society must know a hundred cases where the argument is literally applicable. To obviate these difficulties—to open an easy door to the poor trader for the commencement of trade; to smooth the path of profit to those whose delicacy wars with their poverty, and prevents them from adding to their domestic happiness by respectable labour—in fine, to encourage female and domestic industry, is the excellent object of the Bazaar.

“We have visited the immense premises fitting up for this purpose in Soho-square, and we scarcely know whether we were most gratified by their admirable adaptation to it, or by the benevolence of the design. That it will have important consequences we cannot doubt, for every large town in the empire will naturally follow an example so worthy of the metropolis to offer. We shall not further trespass on our readers at present, than to lay before them a sketch of the plan for establishing a

#### BAZAAR,

Opened to encourage Female and Domestic Industry.

“SHOP-COUNTERS in an immense range of premises, eligibly situated (5, Soho-square,) to be let to persons of *respectability*, by the day and by the foot measure, according to their actual wants. The expense of taxes, heating, lighting, and watching, being borne by

the landlord, the tenant will be exempted therefrom, and charged with *daily* rent alone, according to the space and time; which may be for one foot or one day, or to any greater extent, at the rate of three-pence per foot.”

On the practical utility of this plan the *Sunday Gazette* thus comments:—

“A young man who has acquired a trade, wishes to set up in business, and if he wishes virtuously, to marry as soon as he can; but in a thousand cases for one, his apprentice fee has exhausted the provision which his family were enabled to spare for him, and he has no alternative but that of lingering on in singleness, till the slow and narrow gains of a journeyman can allow him to purchase a shop. But how long must it be before such a man can collect the two, or three, or four hundred pounds, which must be sunk at once in his new establishment? and how formidable to his morals and prospects must be the temptations of his low and comfortless life, while he is drudging to amass his money? But his marriage and his purchase may only lead him into new difficulty. An advantageous situation for business is expensive, and he must be content with the chance trade of some obscure and neglected corner, to which the wealthy will not come, and to which the poor are drawn only by long credit, or struggling cheapness. It is this miserable effort for life that swells our Gazettes with bankruptcies, and our prisons and highways with the whole tribe of ingenious and desperate felony. By the plan of the Bazaar, this whole calamity—we had almost

called it necessity—is stricken in the bud. The young artizan may marry at the moment of quitting his master, for he can make his wife's labour at once profitably subservient to his own. She may for a shilling have from day to day the advantages of shop-room, and of a perpetual influx of purchasers. Her husband has the advantage of working for a price undiminished by the profits of an employer, of working with the full incitement of immediate and daily return, and of being able, at any twelve hours, to shift his occupation, to disengage himself from his establishment, and to carry off his capital untouched and free.

“This is of such palpable utility in every sense of national morals and private happiness, that we leave it fearlessly to our readers. But its services may descend deeper, and to a more hopeless and pitiable class of society. London is the greatest manufacturing city in the world. But thousands of men, of the most admirable ingenuity, are at this moment living in indescribable wretchedness, in hovels and hiding-places, and stagnant air and meagre want, such as almost to deter even the courage of charity. The change of times has broken up the establishments for which they worked, or they have been seized with some of the diseases that hang over their unhealthy occupations in the manufactory; their recovery slow and imperfect, has left them without heart or hands for the continued labour of their hire, and they have been left to struggle on with such gains as they can make, where they first buy the material at the advanced price of

credit or retail, and then dispose of their workmanship at the reduced price that poverty and the immediate pressures of nature must receive, and be content with as it may. To this man the Bazaar opens a place of safe and advantageous sale, without the necessity of waiting for the orders of the great manufacturer, or of selling his work to such as will seek him in his cellar only to beat down his earnings, or of lingering in the chances of never selling at all. But there is another class, if possible, more helpless, and if on this grave and vast subject the word did not seem affected, more interesting. The war has left a multitude of widows and orphans. Neither the charity of the state, nor of the individual, can reach to that infinite crowd of bleeding hearts and feeble arms, that, in their orphanage, have paid the price of our national glory.

“It would be idle and commonplace to speak of the difficulties that must beset the life of this immense portion of our finest population. The misery of open humiliation, the difficulties of obtaining a livelihood even with that open humiliation, the strong temptations of a spirit hopeless of honourable bread, are familiar to all our knowledge of female exposure. This establishment opens at once a means of profitable industry without unveiling the privacy of sensitive natures, and permits every female who can use a needle to have the chance of reputable existence.

“The mode of securing a sale, the regulations for the safety of the property, the selection of females for disposing of the matters of sale, the arrangements for se-

curing character and decency among the persons permitted to attend, are all perfectly deserving of being thrown into the most extensive publicity. The mere contrivance of the building, which covers a space of 300 feet by 150, from Soho-square to Dean-street, Oxford-street, is full of the same sensible and simple invention developed in the higher parts of the scheme."

To this account I shall only add, that the whole of the ground-floor of the building, which has alone been yet fitted up as a first experiment, is already let to persons of

respectable character; and leave it for such of your readers as are blest with affluence, to judge whether their encouragement of this project may not be attended with the double advantage, of finding under one roof whatever articles of necessity or luxury they may require, at a reasonable price; and the delicious consciousness, that every purchase which they here make contributes something to the comfort of deserving persons, as well as to the moral improvement of society in general. I am, &c.

F. S.

London, Jan. 20, 1816.

## MUSICAL REVIEW.

*Third Concerto for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Muzio Clementi, Esq. by Ferd. Ries. Op. 55. Pr. 10s. 6d.*

To do critical justice to this concerto, the piano-forte part of which fills between 30 and 40 close pages, not only a much more extended space would be required than we can devote to this article, but it would be necessary to have seen the full score, and to have heard its performance in full orchestra. Our present notice (and a mere notice we would have it considered) is founded upon none of these requisites. Nay, it is, we candidly confess, from a very imperfect practical trial of the piano-forte part, that we have been compelled to form our opinion. Even this trial, however, was sufficient to impress us with astonishment and admiration. The concerto before us, in the key of C sharp minor, is a stupendous effort of profound com-

positorial science wielded by original musical genius. Although, as in Beethoven's works, bright flashes of the finest melody occasionally interpose between abstruse and studied harmonies, as in an overcast sky the sun will now and then burst through lowering clouds, yet the prevailing character of Ries's concerto is that of chromatic combination and deeply sought original modulation. Hence, and owing to the nature of the key, as well as to the almost unprecedented intricacy of the passages and the general style, the amateur, who in a reasonable time of practice can master this herculean task of execution and expression, may congratulate himself on having found the reward of his devoted and persevering application.

*Sequel to the Chiroplast Companion, to facilitate the Attainment of a proper Method of playing on the Piano-Forte, being a Succession*

*of progressive Lessons, grounded upon the Harmonies of the early easy Lessons in that work, so as to be played with them in concert by pupils more advanced in their studies, composed by J. B. Logier. Pr. 6s.*

In our number (LXXIV.) for February last, a concise description was given of the mechanical apparatus called *Chiroplast*, and invented by Mr. Logier, with a view of obliging the hands and fingers of the piano-forte player to observe constantly a proper position and action, and thus to become at last habituated to do the same without the restraint of that contrivance. We at the same time added a short notice of Mr. L.'s first publication on this subject, which he calls the *Chiroplast Companion*, and to which the present book forms the sequel. We likewise spoke in terms of deserved commendation of the lessons contained in the former work, which are devised on the novel and judicious plan of exhibiting a subject, at first in the most simple and naked form, and then giving that same subject gradually a more and more complicated treatment, in the manner of variations.

This idea is greatly amplified in the production under present consideration, which contains numerous and still more intricate variations upon the simple lessons or themes in the preceding volume; and these variations are, as Mr. L. states, and is actually the case, "so contrived, that they may be played either alone as distinct lessons in their particular style, or in *full concert* with the others, being grounded on the same succession of harmonies, the variations embracing nearly every description of passage."

Although it may not frequently be in the power of pupils to practise these lessons in *full concert* with other students; we cannot but recommend the adoption of this method to a limited extent, where it is possible to put it in effect. Mr. L. it appears, has established with this view a musical academy in Dublin, and placed seven or eight grand and square piano-fortes and one organ in one room, on which his scholars frequently perform as a full band. A practice of this kind we have no doubt is beneficial to the pupils as well as to the master: the public meetings of the former, however, ought not to be too often allowed, since continued private exercise alone on the instrument can enable them to join effectually their fellow-students, and since, in the *full concert* of the youthful band, the leader must have the eyes of Argus and the ear of Dionysius to be alive to every mistake.

We shall only add, that the lessons before us are drawn up, fingered, and explained with much care and judgment, and are by no means exclusively applicable to the mechanical apparatus invented by Mr. L. Hence we feel no hesitation in giving them our best recommendation for general practice. *Three Waltzes for the Piano-Forte and Flute, composed, and dedicated to Mr. Heath, by Iwan Müller. Pr. 2s.*

Attractive melody, tasteful expression, and well-linked fluency of ideas, render every one of these waltzes highly interesting. The flute part is essential, as being set *concertante* with the piano-forte and frequently acting as principal: hence a good performer is required. In the latter instances the piano-



forte accompaniment is invariably very active, rich, and diversified. If we were called upon to give a vote of preference, we should fix it upon the second waltz, the subject of which accords particularly with our taste, on account of its elegant simplicity.

*"Busy, curious, thirsty Fly," a Glee for four Voices, with Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, composed by J. F. Danneley. Pr. 1s. 6d.*

In a mere musical point of view, without reference to text, this glee is entitled to great commendation. Without the words, we should have conceived the sombre and lengthened adagio strains in D minor to express any thing else than an anacreontic exhortation to make the most of life over a bottle. This object aside, the glee before us is very meritorious; the vocal parts, plainly as they proceed, are of fluent progress, and the harmony is both select and scientifically conducted. We also notice with approbation the temporary change to the major of the key, *p. 4*; where, however, a sharp for the F in the soprano part is omitted. Upon the whole, this production does not impair the opinion we expressed of Mr. D.'s qualifications in our former number. He is a very promising composer, whose taste, evidently formed by good models of the old school, may, as we have already hinted, be advantageously influenced by a study of the classic productions of more modern masters.

No. XI. (*To be continued*) *Voluntary for the Organ, composed by Samuel Wesley. Op. 6. Pr. 2s.*

We have so frequently had occasion to bring Mr. Wesley's com-

positions under the cognizance of our readers, and have in every instance felt ourselves warranted to accompany them with so ample a share of deserved approbation, that the notice of a new piece from his able pen involves but a repetition of former praise. His works, to compare them to productions of the sister art, remind us less of the softness of Guido or Raffiello, than of the vigorous and scientific pencil of Buonarotti. They exhibit the anatomy of music in severe purity. The present voluntary comprises two movements in three sharps, a larghetto and an allegro. The former is replete with every kind of profound contrapuntal repercussions, responses, imitations, &c. in which the left hand equally shares the labour of the right; and in the second movement, Mr. W. presents us with one of those masterly fugues in the best style of his favourite German prototype, which, by an unique experience and talent in that line, he has, so to say, at his fingers' ends.

*The Surrender of Paris, a characteristic Divertimento for the Piano-Forte, including the events from the Duke of Wellington and Prince Blücher's marching to that capital, to the evacuation by the French troops and taking possession by the Allies, composed by Louis Jansen. Pr. 3s.*

Considering the little time which the fleeting relish of the public allows for the production of pieces of this kind, we have no reason to find fault with Mr. Jansen's effort. His divertimento is respectable. It consists of a good number of movements descriptive of military manœuvres, marches, attacks, &c. in

the melodramatic style of composition. Among others, we have "Wellington and Blücher's grand march"—"Arrival of the news that the Allies are in sight"—"*Hesitation of the Chambers what to do*"—"Consternation of the inhabitants"—"March of the French to the heights of St. Cloud"—"Skirmishing, cannonading, swords, galloping of horses, running fire," and lastly "Cessation of hostilities." After this comes a real musical curiosity, viz. a *moderato*, recording the EIGHTEEN articles of capitulation, *article by article*. The words themselves, to be sure, are not added, and this omission prevents us from judging whether every feeling and sentiment has been correctly expressed; but nevertheless one fancies to hear the high contracting parties actually speak and negotiate: there is the proposal first, and then the reply, by a few abrupt chords, concords, and discords. This is carrying the picturesque in music to so great a height of perfection, that, after seeing thus much, a trial at the Old Bailey, *set to music* in the shape of a *divertimento*, would not at all surprise us. But the author goes farther still: the articles must be signed and ratified; and even this Mr. J. has succeeded in bringing about in good harmony. The name of every commissioner is musically spelt in *recitativos*, among which "Baron de Muffling" and "the Prince of Eckmühl" absolutely excite our tears.—"The conqu'ring heroes" now enter Paris, and the *grande nation*, by way of *finale*, is obliged to dance to an *English tune*. This we take as a severe cut at the French, especially when we con-

sider that they even have to "pay the piper."

"*Why what's the matter, Patty?*" *sung with the greatest applause at Sadler's Wells Theatre, in the favourite comic Interlude "Mrs. Mullins," written by Mr. C. Dibdin, composed by John Whitaker.* Pr. 1s. 6d.

The music of this little song is full of spirit and ingenuous gaiety, so as to meet the import of the text step by step, and to form a diverting humorous melody of regular construction, properly supported by the instrumental accompaniment. This is more particularly the case in the latter half of the air.

"*The Robin's Petition,*" *the Words, by exclusive permission, taken from Miss Edgeworth's Continuation of early Lessons, the Music composed by John Whitaker.* Pr. 1s. 6d.

Although we discover no originality in the component periods of this musical bagatelle, the aggregate of melody is agreeable, and its text will recommend it to juvenile performers. On this account it would have been desirable not to have forced the voice to F, and to have omitted the figure of embellishment, *l. 3, b. 1*. We also could have wished a new idea for the beginning of the petition itself, instead of a repetition of the subject.

"*The Lily that blooms in the Vale,*" *sung with great applause by Mr. Broadhurst, at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden, composed by John Whitaker.* Pr. 1s. 6d.

From an author of Mr. W.'s fertile industry, we cannot invariably expect productions of equally decisive merit. Hence we shall content ourselves with describing the

present song, as one which neither exhibits peculiar excellencies nor blemishes. The ideas are such as we have met with on many former occasions, under one shape or ano-

ther; and their treatment, while it affords no room for special commendation, gives as little cause for dissatisfaction.

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## INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

Mr. ACKERMANN has in the press, a work under the title of *Hints for the Improvement of the Condition of the Peasantry in the United Kingdom*; written, and illustrated with eleven coloured engravings, by Mr. Elsam, architect.

The appearance of the first number of Rowlandson's *World in Miniature*, announced by Mr. Ackermann for the 1st of February, is unavoidably deferred till the 1st of March.

Mr. Hills has in the press, and will shortly publish, a quarto volume, entitled *Sketches in Flanders and Holland, in a Series of Letters to a Friend*. This work will comprise an account of a tour through the Low Countries shortly after the battle of Waterloo, illustrated by thirty-six plates, etched by the author and aquatinted by eminent engravers. Among them will be found representations of every remarkable spot about the field of combat, views in the neighbourhood of Bruges, Ghent, Brussels, Antwerp, Amsterdam, and other Dutch towns; and five coloured plates, exhibiting specimens of costume, implements of husbandry, diligences, waggons, &c. &c.

Mr. Robertson Buchanan, of Glasgow, will speedily publish a work on the *History and Structure of Steam-Vessels*, which have of late years so strongly attracted the pub-

lic attention. It will be illustrated with seventeen engravings, and comprise whatever can be desired either in a theoretical or practical view of the subject.

Proposals have been circulated for publishing, in a handsome royal 4to. volume, *A Complete Historical Account of the Battle of Waterloo*, accompanied with a series of twenty-one coloured engravings, from accurate drawings taken on the spot by Mr. James Rouse, illustrating the whole country from Brussels to Waterloo, and with a map carefully laid down, pointing out the exact position of the different corps and divisions of the allied armies. In the historical narrative, which will be written by Mr. W. Mudford, under the sanction of the first authority, it is intended to combine all the information that can be obtained from persons who were present in this memorable engagement, or have since visited the spot, together with that which now lies scattered in numberless foreign and English publications. The materials will be incorporated into one regular and coherent narration; while all the official reports published by the allies will be thrown together in an appendix, so that this volume will supersede the necessity of possessing any other memorial of that unparalleled victory. The work will appear in

four parts, the first of which is expected to be published on the 1st of February.

Mr. Storer has just completed the fourteenth part of his *Graphical and Historical Description of the Cathedrals of Great Britain*. Parts 15 and 16 are intended for publication early in the present year. These will complete the second volume, comprising Histories of the following Cathedrals (illustrated with ground-plans, and interior and exterior views), viz. Peterborough, Lincoln, Oxford, Winchester, Canterbury, Chichester, Salisbury, Gloucester, Hereford, Chester, Worcester, Litchfield, and Rochester.

The Rev. William Bingley, F.L.S. has nearly ready for publication, a work, in three volumes 12mo. entitled *Useful Knowledge*; or, a familiar and explanatory Account of the various Productions, Mineral, Vegetable, and Animal, which are chiefly employed for the Use of Man. It is the object of this work, which will be illustrated by numerous figures, and is intended both for reference and instruction, to comprise an account of the places whence, and the manner in which, the most important articles of life are procured, the various modes adopted in preparing them for use, and the peculiar purposes to which they are respectively applicable. The arrangement is such as to comprise the minerals in the first, the vegetables in the second, and the animals in the third volume.

John Weyland, jun. Esq. is preparing for publication, in one volume 8vo. *The Principle of Population as affected by the Progress of*

*Society*, with a view to moral and political consequences.

Mr. Boyce's *Second Usurpation of Bonaparte*; or, a History of the Causes, Progress, and Termination of the Revolution in France in 1815; particularly comprising a minute account of the victory of Waterloo, &c. has made its appearance in two 8vo. volumes.

Mr. William Phillips will publish, in the ensuing month, *An Elementary Introduction to the Knowledge of Mineralogy and of Minerals*: including some account of the places at which, and of the circumstances under which, minerals are found; and explanations of the terms commonly used in mineralogical description. It is designed for the use of the student, and will be comprised in a small volume in duodecimo.

In the course of February will be published, *A Map of Scriptural and Classical Geography*, accompanied by an historical and descriptive volume, from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Heming of Magdalen Hall, Oxford; wherein the origin of nations is particularly examined and discussed, with reference to the numerous authorities: amongst which Herodotus, Hesiod, Strabo, Pliny, Diodorus Siculus, Cluverius, Ptolemy, Mela, Bochart, &c. have been expressly consulted. This work is intended to facilitate a knowledge of the progressive colonization of the earth, and to establish more clearly the foundation of universal and chorographical history; and also to combine a requisite appendage to every volume of the ancient classics, with an indispensable aux-

iliary to the sacred memoirs of the Holy Scriptures.

The communication between England and the Continent having till lately been for a long series of years interrupted, it has happened that many eminent and highly esteemed works of science and literature, published in Germany, have been hitherto unseen and unknown even by name in this country. Of these there is one of peculiar interest to England, which well deserves to be in every public library, and in the hands of every civil and military engineer in the country, viz. *Theoretisch - praktische Wasserbaukunst*, that is, Hydraulic Architecture, theoretical and practical, by C. F. Chevalier de Wiebeking, privy counsellor to his Majesty the King of Bavaria, and general director of the department of bridges and roads in Bavaria. A new edition, corrected and enlarged. Munich, 1814, 3 vols. 4to. with 146 plates, in grand folio. The celebrated author, esteemed the best practical engineer throughout Germany, takes a view of the whole of hydraulic architecture, under the following divisions:—1. Art of conducting rivers. 2. Art of securing sea-coasts. 3. Construction and preservation of sea-dykes. 4. Construction of harbours, containing complete descriptions of all the great harbours in Europe. 5. Art of draining. 6. Machines used at the construction of all the works of hydraulic architecture. 7. Constructions of locks and weirs. 8. Canals, and art of improving inland navigation. 9. Artificial inundations for the defence of fortresses. 10. Construction of bridges, containing a

detailed description of bridges with arches of wood, invented by the author. 11. Construction of artificial roads and highways. This perfect and only work of its kind treats on all these subjects in the fullest and plainest manner, and shews the author to be a man of considerable attainments in science as well as great practical experience; and his arguments and statements are supported and explained by well chosen examples, taken from the great works executed by himself or other eminent engineers on the Continent. In this work will be found likewise a very complete account of the embankments and sea-dykes in Holland, with ingenious proposals for their improvement, as well as descriptions of almost all the great works of engineering in Germany, France, Holland, and Italy, countries which the author has visited several times, for the purpose of giving to the public the most complete account of the present state of the art of engineering as practised on the Continent; and every work being represented in exact plans and elevations, the whole is of the same interest even to those who do not understand the German language. But the most interesting and novel part of this work is the satisfactory and minute description therein given of bridges constructed with arches of timber of a very considerable span, upon a principle invented by the Chevalier de Wiebeking. Among the plans of many bridges thus constructed with the most complete success, is that of Bamberg, having an arch of wood of 220 feet span. There is also given a plan of a bridge of a still

greater arch than this, viz. nearly 300 feet, proposed to be erected over the rapid river Isar, at Munich. By this invention the chevalier has constructed in Bavaria many bridges of arches of wood, which are only rivalled by those of cast iron, erected in England. We are happy to find the statement of this meritorious and important invention is published in French, in a separate volume, entitled, *Traité, contenant une Partie essentielle de la Science de construire les Ponts; avec une Description de la nouvelle Méthode économique de construire les Ponts à Arches de Charpente, par C. F. de Wiebeking, &c. avec 17 planches. Munich, 1810, 4to. planches, grand folio.*

Mr. Bowyer, of Pall-Mall, is preparing for publication (under the express patronage of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent,) a splendidly illustrated work on the late brilliant *Campaign of Waterloo*. It will be in folio, and will correspond with the illustrated record of the memorable Campaigns of Moscow, Leipzig, and France, in the years 1812 and 1814, which are publishing at the present moment. The plates are from drawings made on the spot by a distinguished artist, consisting of views of Waterloo, Mount St. Jean, Belle Alliance, Hougoumont, Quatre Bras, &c. &c.: also a view, on a large scale, of the battle on the 18th June, as it appeared at seven o'clock in the evening, when the grand charge was made on the whole of the French line. This drawing has been made under the immediate inspection of an officer, who was one of the aids-du-camp to the Marquis of Anglesey. Mr. Bow-

yer professes to have spared neither pains nor expense to produce for posterity a permanent memorial of British valour, generosity, and fortitude.

S. and J. Fuller are about to publish a print of the *Battle of Waterloo*, from a large drawing by Mr. H. Alkin, under the direction of some of the staff officers of the Duke of Wellington's army. Size of the drawing 41 inches by 19. The subject is chosen at that point of time when the grand charges were made by the heavy and light brigades of cavalry, led on by the Marquis of Anglesey, shewing the situation of the different brigades a few moments previous to the complete rout of the French army.

Mr. Orme, of Bond-street, has addressed to the public some judicious observations on the advantages that would result to the fine arts by the erection of a national temple, or palace, for the reception of their productions. He enforces the importance of such a measure, even in a political point of view, by a reference to the example of France, and then considers by what means it might be accomplished. These would be found, in his opinion, in the patronage of the Prince Regent, the aid of parliament, and voluntary contributions. He suggests that the edifice should be made a wing to the intended new palace, with a grand triumphal archway fronting the bottom of St. James's-street, as a splendid entrance to the parks. "A great collection," says he, "of first-rate pictures might be obtained for such a purpose, either by loan for a stated period, to be delivered on demand, or as donations and be-











quests, as best suited the intentions of patriotic individuals.”

There are few of our readers but are acquainted with the noble manner in which the Hero of Prussia, when informed of the intention of erecting a monument in honour of his illustrious colleague, the great WELLINGTON, manifested his eagerness to contribute to perpetuate the name of that unrivalled commander. Many of those patriotic Britons whom Fortune has blessed with affluence, will doubtless seize the opportunity of returning this flattering compliment, when they learn that a plan is formed for erecting a column in honour of the gallant veteran BLÜCHER within the fortress of Colberg, in Prussia. The fund for this purpose is raising by public subscription; and a provision for the poor children of soldiers is also embraced by the views of its promoters.

A Course of Lectures on Electrical Philosophy, with its application to the improvement of chemical science, and the explana-

tion of natural phenomena, will be commenced at the Russell Institution by Mr. Singer, on Monday, the 5th of February, at eight o'clock in the evening. These lectures will be continued on the succeeding Mondays at the same hour: they will embrace the most important features of this interesting branch of natural philosophy, with occasional observations on the sciences with which it is most immediately connected.

Mr. Lester, of Birmingham, has completed an engine on the principle recently discovered by him, of converting a parallel into a rotative motion for propelling canal boats by steam. This engine can be graduated from a one up to a four-horse power; and is calculated to propel one, two, or more boats upon a canal, under the bridges and through the locks, without impediment. It is erected for Messrs. Crowley, Hicklin, and Co. Wolverhampton, Birmingham and London carriers, and will be launched on the Stourbridge canal.

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## FASHIONS.

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### LONDON FASHIONS.

#### PLATE 10.—EVENING DRESS.

WHITE crape, or lace frock, over a white satin slip; the body and sleeves are formed of a very elegant fancy material, which has just been introduced. The body is extremely novel and elegant: we refer our readers for its form to our plate: the sleeve is very short, and, as well as the body, trimmed with blond, which is set on full. The skirt is made a walking length, and is trimmed in a most tasteful style;

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but the slight view which we had of the dress will not permit us to describe it: our readers will, however, be able to form a very correct idea of it from our plate. Head-dress, the *toque à la Rubens*, composed of white lace, and ornamented with feathers and precious stones. Neck-lace, ear-rings, and locket, of diamonds. White satin slippers trimmed *en suite*, and made, as all dress shoes now are, to come very high over the foot. White kid gloves

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trimmed with tulle. A French scarf, superbly embroidered at the ends, is thrown carelessly over the arm. This dress, we understand, was invented by Mrs. Griffin for a lady of distinction; and it is certainly extremely novel and elegant.

PLATE II.—PROMENADE DRESS.

A morning dress, composed of the finest dark mulberry ladies' cloth, finished at the bottom of the skirt with a new-invented trimming, which has an uncommonly light and pretty effect. A plain high body, over which is worn a spencer made of velvet one shade darker than the dress, and ornamented with white satin; the half-sleeve, which is composed of white satin, and finished with white silk ornaments, is particularly novel and tasteful. Head-dress, improved French bonnet, lined, edged, and trimmed with white satin, and ornamented with white feathers. Pointed lace ruffs. Mulberry kid sandals and gloves. The Roxburgh muff worn with this dress is composed of white satin and swansdown, and lined with white satin. This muff, which we may venture to recommend to our fair readers as a very elegant novelty, is just introduced by Mrs. Griffin, and is, from the beauty and delicacy of its materials, calculated only for the first style of promenade or carriage dress.

We are indebted to the taste and invention of Mrs. Griffin, of Riderstreet, St. James's, for both our prints this month.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

We have observed, that pelisses and cloth walking dresses are higher in estimation for the promenade than any thing

else: poplin or sarcnet dresses are, however, considered as very genteel, but they are always worn with a rich French scarf, a kerseymere shawl, or a mantle. The walking dress, which we have given in our print, is the most elegant novelty that we have seen: next to it in estimation, is a pelisse of pale fawn-colour cloth, lined with white satin, one shade darker than the cloth; it is made a walking length, the skirt gored, and a good deal of fulness thrown behind. The body has a slight fulness at the bottom of the waist, which is very short: the sleeve is long and plain, and is finished at the shoulder by an epaulette of satin, which is draped with silk cord, and edged with a light and elegant silk trimming. The pelisse is open before, and is trimmed all round with satin, in a singularly novel and pretty style, but one which it is difficult to describe: the trimming is about half a quarter in breadth, but it is laid on very full; it is then formed into a kind of fancy wreath by silk cords, and finished at the edges by a very light and beautiful silk fancy trimming to correspond. This trimming, which, we must observe, forms the collar of the dress, has really a beautiful effect. The sleeve is finished at the wrist by a full satin band, round which is twisted carelessly a silk cord. This pelisse, which has been just introduced, is much admired, and is likely to continue a favourite during the spring.

French bonnets, and small French hats in velvet intermixed with satin, are in the highest estimation for the walking costume. Beaver and black straw are partially worn, and feathers are universally adopted: nothing can be better calculated for the walking costume than those hats and bonnets as they are now made: in fact, though they are called French, they bear a very slight resemblance to those frightful high-crowned grotesque things originally introduced here by our fanciful neighbours.

Spencers, French silk scarfs, and vel-

vet pelisses, are all in estimation in the carriage costume. Spencers are made either in French silk or velvet; their form is extremely simple; the backs are broad, plain at top, and in general a slight fulness at the bottom of the waist. They are occasionally trimmed with swansdown, but more generally with satin. The most elegant spencers are those composed of white kerseymere or white velvet; they are trimmed either with satin or embroidery.

Small lace caps and French half-dress caps, white satin and coloured velvet hats, and embroidered handkerchiefs tied carelessly round the head, are all in estimation for the carriage costume. The Anglesey hat, composed of velvet, and lined with white satin, is the most elegant novelty we have seen: the crown is oval and much lower than any we have seen for some time; the front is cut round in scallops, turned up before, and edged with a quilling of very narrow blond, and it is ornamented with a plume of white feathers.

The Roxburgh muff, which we have given in our print, is extremely appropriate to the carriage costume, and is in very considerable estimation with *belles* of taste. Ermine and swansdown are also much worn, but muffs are much more general than tippets. From the commencement of winter to the present period, fur has been partially worn in trimmings for the promenade: it is now, however, visibly on the decline, with the exception of swansdown, which is still considered fashionable. Fringe is also entirely exploded, and silk trimmings are only worn intermixed with satin. Embroidery, in coloured silks, on cloth, is highly fashionable, but we must say it appears to us very ill suited to the morning costume: nothing, however, is so generally adopted by *belles* of taste as satin for trimmings, and it is worn in every form which taste and ingenuity can suggest: wreaths of shells, flowers, and leaves; full falls of satin, headed

with silk trimmings; others not so full, intersected with silk trimming and diapered with cord; but in whatever way it is disposed, it is always cut by bias. We must also observe, that poplins and sarsonets are as generally trimmed with it as cloth.

A variety of materials, and some of them very new for the time of day, are worn in the morning costume; sarsonet, poplin, cloth, French silk, French cambric, and jaconot muslin, are all in estimation, but we think the heavy materials predominate. The form of morning and promenade dress is nearly similar; the waists are worn very short in both, the sleeve long and rather full, and the dress is invariably made up to the throat, but in general without a collar. Lace ruffs, or rich worked muslin ones, are universally worn; and white dresses are trimmed in the greatest profusion with lace or work. The favourite form for white dresses is a chemise body, which is let in all round the bosom with lace, in such a manner as to form a very pretty and striking tippet; alternate bands of muslin and lace, the former sewed in full, and placed by bias all down the arm; the sleeve is finished at the wrist by an intermixture of Valenciennes edging and letting in lace. The skirt is richly let in with lace in waves, and finished at the bottom with a very full flounce of broad lace. All morning dresses are made up to the throat, but they are generally worn without collars; the backs are very broad, and in slight materials they are usually full, the waists very short, the fronts tight to the shape, and the long sleeve loose, but not very wide. We have noticed dresses made in poplin, and even in cloth, the bodies of which were formed behind to the shape by large plaits: we mention this as a novelty, but it is unbecoming to the shape, and the effect is heavy and inelegant. We must observe that white dresses only are trimmed with lace, cloth, poplin, sarsonet, and French silk, being inva-

riably trimmed with satin intermingled with cord, and as described in our observations on pelisses.

For dinner dress, the favourite materials are velvet, French spotted and sprigged silks, white sarsnet, and white kerseymere. The form of dinner dress is very simple: a plain frock or gown body, which displays the bosom, back, and shoulders more than strict delicacy would warrant; the waist perfectly Grecian, and the sleeve, if short, not quite half a quarter in length; the skirt a walking length, always gored, and rather full. The prettiest dinner dress that we have seen for some time past, was a frock made, as we understand, from one worn by her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales: it was composed of white sarsnet, sprigged in the loom in rose-buds; the bottom of the skirt was trimmed with a single but very deep fall of plain blond, looped up at regular distances with a small bouquet of rose-buds painted on velvet. The body was cut very low all round the bosom, but the shoulders and bosom were shaded by a piece of plain blond, which was tacked inside the gown in such a manner as to form a low tippet, which, falling over the shoulders, displayed the shape to the greatest advantage. A robing, very novel and pretty, goes down the frock at each side of the front; it is broad enough nearly to meet at the bosom, but goes down narrower till it ends in a point: this robing, the flounce, and the lace which falls over the neck, are all edged with a pink silk trimming about a quarter of an inch in breadth. A long sleeve of plain blond, gauged at the wrist, and finished by an epaulette sleeve of white satin, draped with pink trimming, though not in itself novel, is tasteful and pretty. Altogether we were much pleased with this dress.

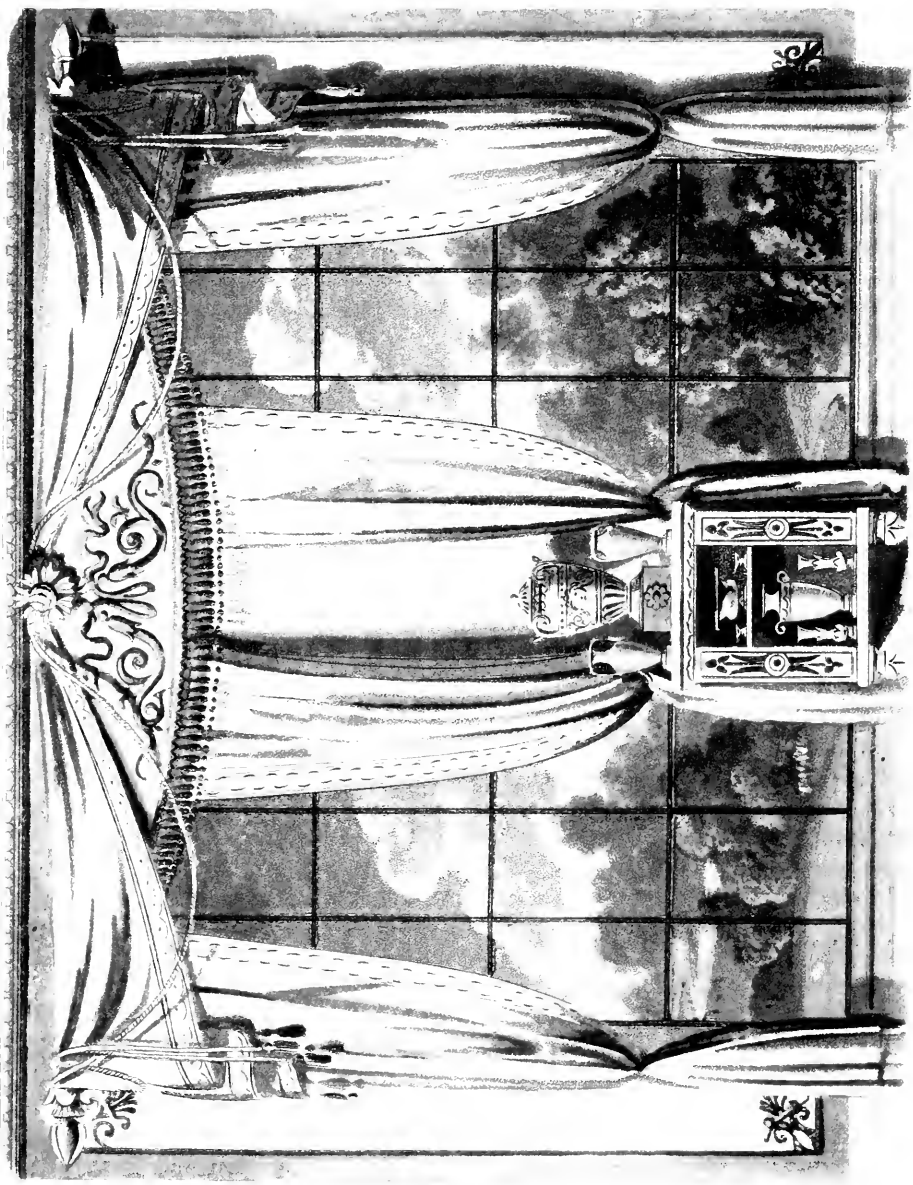
In dinner dress we observe, that velvets are generally trimmed with satin, kerseymere with satin or embroidery, slight silks with blond, and muslins with

lace, which is worn in very great profusion; the bodies and sleeves being frequently composed entirely of lace, and the skirts richly let in as well as flounced with it. White and black lace, white and coloured crapes, and French gauzes over white satin, are in universal estimation for full dress. Velvets and satins are, however, worn by matronly ladies, as are also French double-sided silks. Full dress trimmings are mostly composed of white lace, which is disposed in a great variety of forms: some are painted in wreaths of flowers; others draped with pearls or silver ornaments; others are intermixed with satin, and form wreaths of leaves, berries, &c. Ladies advanced in life wear plain blond, satin, or black lace trimming; the latter seems to be in high estimation.

The full dress which we have given in our print, is at present an universal favourite: the one next to it in estimation, is a brown crape petticoat over white satin, and a pink crape jacket: the petticoat is trimmed with festoons of pink crape mixed with silver; the body is formed in the style of a corset; and the jacket, which is nearly half a quarter long behind, and very full, is rounded in front, and edged with a light silver trimming. The sleeve, which is very short, is composed of three rows of pink points, which are edged to correspond, and which fall over a white satin under-sleeve. This dress is a very great favourite, and is really pretty and striking; but bodies and petticoats of different colours, which are much worn in grand costume, and partially adopted in dinner dress, are, in our opinion, at once inelegant and unbecoming. We observe that scarlet and green, blue and pink, purple and orange, are favourite contrasts, and are much worn by such of our fair votaries of fashion as prefer the novel and striking to the simply elegant style of dress.

For half-dress jewellery, coral ornaments are much in estimation, as are also plain gold ones; but perhaps the most







elegant are an intermixture of gold and coral. In full dress, coloured stones of every description, intermixed with pearl, are universally worn. Gold combs, superbly ornamented with emeralds, topazes, &c. which are set in pearl, are in the highest estimation. The necklace and bracelets correspond of course.

In half dress, caps are much worn; and the hair, which is very full over the temples, is brought round the head in bands.

In full dress the hair is twisted up behind *à la Grecque*; the front hair is disposed in very full curls, and divided on the forehead, so as to be very high over the temples. The combs which we have

described are much in estimation, but flowers are also much worn by our juvenile *élégantes*, as is also the *toque à la Rubens*, which is a very general favourite. Turbans appear to be confined to matronly ladies.

Half-boots of black and coloured leather are generally worn in the walking costume. Sandals, or very short half-boots, are worn in carriage dress; they correspond always with the pelisse, &c.

Fashionable colours for the month are ruby, fawn, emerald, and bottle green; French rose, blue, pale brown, and light purple.

## FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

### PLATE 8.—DRAWING-ROOM WINDOW-CURTAIN AND CABINET.

THE annexed plate represents the window side of a small drawing-room, embellished with curtains disposed in a very tasteful manner; the two windows are embraced, and a feature of greatness elegantly produced by the upper draperies; which afford also a beautiful combination of lines and colour, further enriched by cords, tassels, and the gilding of the central rosette, and the Thyrsis' ends.

The cabinet is designed for ex-

ecution in our native woods, relieved by inlaid metal ornaments; a style happily introduced, both in respect of taste and true patriotism. There are no woods more beautiful, or better suited to the purposes of cabinet embellishment, than those indigenous in our own country.

We are obliged to Mr. C. Bullock for permission to present our readers with this specimen of his manufactory.

## Poetry.

BLESS MY HEART, HOW COLD  
IT IS!

Now the blustering Boreas blows,  
See, all the waters round are froze:  
The trees that skirt the dreary plain,  
All day a murmuring cry maintain;  
The trembling forest hears their moan,  
And sadly mingles groan with groan.

How dismal all from east to west!  
Heaven defend the poor distress'd!

Such is the tale,  
On hill and vale,  
Each trav'ler may behold it is;  
While low and high  
Are heard to cry,  
Bless my heart, how cold it is!

Now slumb'ring sloth, that cannot bear  
The question of the searching air,  
Lifts up her unkempt head and tries,  
But cannot for her bondage rise :  
The whilst the housewife briskly throws  
Around her wheel, and sweetly shows  
The healthful cheek industry brings,  
Which is not in the gift of kings,

To her long life,  
Devoid of strife,  
And justly too unfolded is ;  
The while the sloth  
To stir is loth,  
And trembling cries, how cold it is !

Now lips Sir Fopling, tender weed !  
All shiv'ring like a shaken reed :  
How keen the air attacks my back !  
John, place some list upon that crack ;  
Go, sand-bag all the sashes round,  
And see there's not an air-hole found.  
Ah ! bless me, now I feel a breath !  
Good-lack ! 'tis like the chill of death.

Indulgence pale,  
Tells this sad tale,  
Till he in furs enfolded is ;  
Still, still complains,  
For all his pains,  
Bless my heart, how cold it is !

Now the poor newsman, from the town,  
Explores his path along the down :  
His frozen fingers sadly blows,  
And still he seeks, and still it snows ;  
Till cover'd all from head to feet,  
Like Penance in her whitest sheet.  
Go, take his paper, Richard, go,  
And give a dram to make him glow.

This was thy cry,  
Humanity,  
More precious far than gold it is,  
Such gifts to deal,  
When newsmen feel,  
All clad in snow, how cold it is !

Humanity, delightful tale !  
While we feel the winter gale,  
May the high peer, in ermined coat,  
Incline the ear to sorrow's note ;  
And where, with misery's weight op-  
press'd,

A fellow sits, a shivering guest,  
Full ample let his bounty flow,  
To sooth the bosom chill'd by woe.

In town or vale,  
Where'er the tale  
Of real grief unfolded is,  
Oh ! may they give  
The means to live

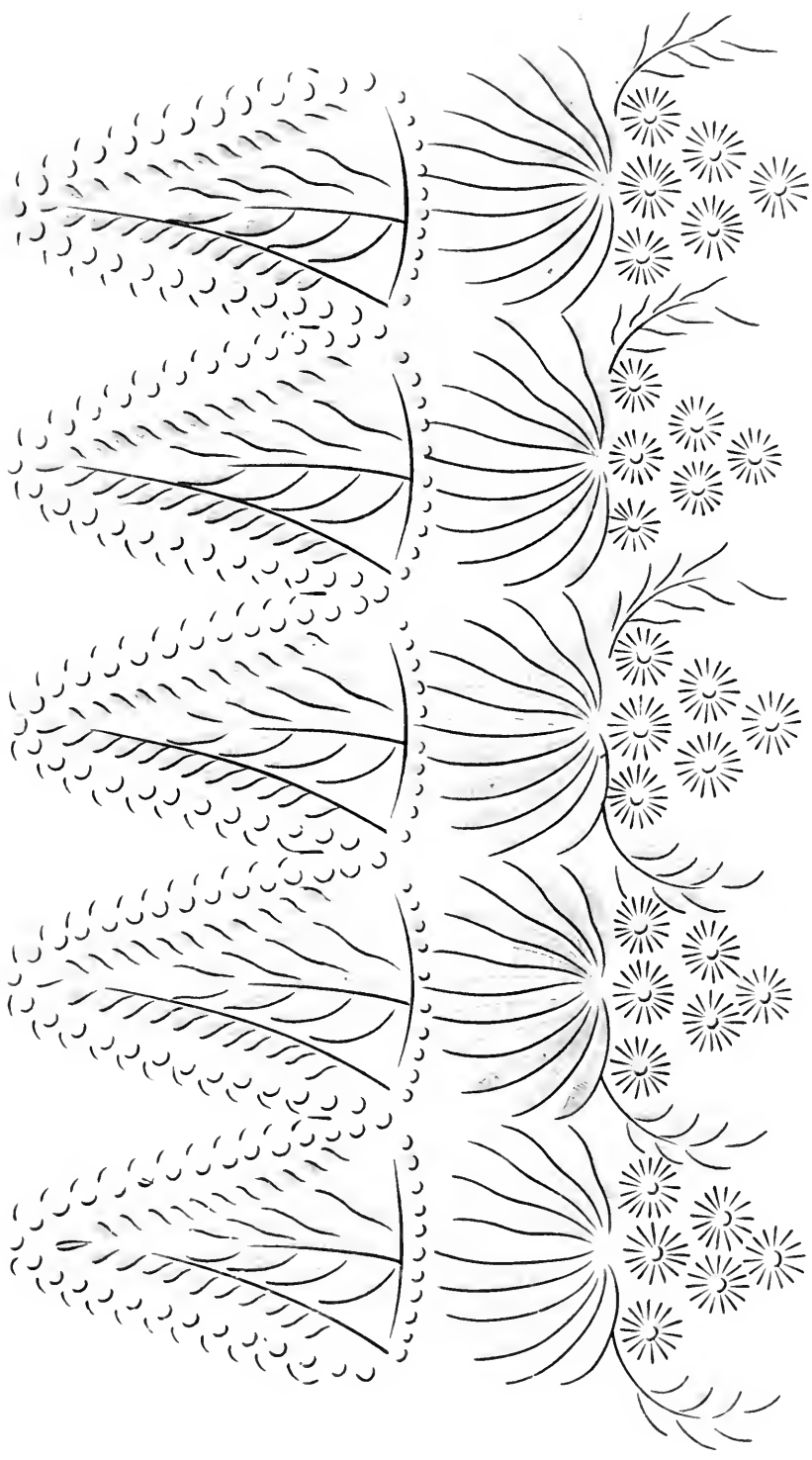
To those who know how cold it is !

Perhaps some warrior, blind and lam'd,  
Some dauntless tar for Britain maim'd ;  
Consider these, for thee they bore  
The loss of limb, and suffer'd more :  
Oh ! pass them not, or if you do,  
I'll sigh to think they fought for you.  
Go, pity all, but 'bove the rest,  
The soldier or the tar distress'd.

Thro' winter's reign  
Relieve their pain,  
For what they've done, sure bold it is ;  
Their wants supply,  
Whene'er they cry,  
Bless my heart, how cold it is !

And now, ye sluggards, sloths, and beaux,  
Who dread the breath that winter blows,  
Pursue the conduct of a friend,  
Who never found it yet offend :  
While winter deals its frost around,  
Go face the air, and beat the ground ;  
With cheerful spirits exercise,  
'Tis there health's balmy blessing lies.

On hill or dale,  
Tho' sharp the gale,  
And frozen you behold it is ;  
The blood shall glow,  
And sweetly flow,  
And you'll ne'er cry, how cold it is !





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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. I.

MARCH 1, 1816.

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## TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

*The Supplementary Number which completes the First Series of the Repository, and contains a General Index to the fourteen volumes of which that Series is composed, together with an Appendix to the Retrospect of Politics, is now ready for delivery.*

*We are sorry that we cannot give any encouragement to S. E. K.*

*We beg leave to inform the correspondent who favoured us with the receipt for giving to malt liquor the flavour of French brandy, that it has not succeeded in our hands; and that medical recipes do not come within the scope of our Domestic Commonplace-Book.*

*The length of the paper on Smoky Chimnies has obliged us to defer the concluding part of it till our next Number.*

*The communication of S. H. which for various reasons we must decline inserting, has been disposed of according to the writer's directions.*

*We are much flattered by the approbation which Amateur, Laura, and others of our correspondents have expressed on the introduction of the Architectural Hints and Review into our Numbers. We are convinced, that the farther we proceed with that series of papers, the more apparent their value and utility will become to every reader.*

*Diana Dreadnought and the Village Spectre in our next.*

*Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expence. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.*

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Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any Part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.





*Endo*



THE  
**Repository**

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,  
*Manufactures, &c.*

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. I.

MARCH 1, 1816.

N<sup>o</sup>. III.

FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 13.—PARK LODGE AND ENTRANCE.

A RESIDENCE may be considered under two points of view: first, as relates to its fitness for the purposes of the family, embracing the requisites of social life, which by education and habit have become necessary; and secondly, as connected with external claims to respectability, including whatever tends to produce those impressions which are recommendatory to the tasteful and judicious. By the term Residence is implied, here, all that belongs to the mansion, its grounds and plantations; for the building is but a part of the greater whole. In general, cheerfulness, comfort, and a due proportion of elegance, are the prevailing features desirable to the exterior: these are accompaniments to the dwelling that ought at least to be expected, and the sources which afford them should be simple and genuine; for the British prefer realities to the professing assumptions of fancy, and in the arrangements where the arts are employed,

care is taken to do nothing that may seem to be a violence to nature. Once, indeed, a style not so consistent had a temporary existence with us; and then also painted façades, mock bridges, churches, and even mock cathedrals, were "quite in taste:" but these were soon exploded, and if the imitative powers of art are employed in the present day, it is generally in those things only that are ephemeral in their nature; and here too the indulgence is not unlimited, being confined to interior decorations.

The promise which a place of residence holds out to the visitor on his approach should be of the agreeable kind; and this promise should, immediately on his entering the gate, be followed up by the assurance, that he will not be disappointed: here the prospects half concealed and half exposed, should leave enough uncertain to allow the exercise of the imagination, and the objects should be so

arranged that they may lead the spectator to expect something of what is eventually to be revealed; for unless the fancy is directed, it is so rapid in fabricating images which cannot be realized, that disappointment must of necessity ensue, and with all the advantages of tasteful arrangement, it requires a practised hand to supply its expectations. Strong contrasts are not always favourable; generally they are the reverse; and certainly in small residences they ought not to be attempted. A general harmony, and a progressive advancement to the climax of beauties, are compatible with variety and those effects of opposition which the judicious know how to cultivate with success; and as there are situations which make one feature proper and fair material for the designer, that in another would be affected or absurd, it is therefore his duty to select only such as may be adopted consistently and with reference to the peculiar characteristics of the spot.

Warwick Castle, as a residence, is perhaps the most favourable example we have of the effects of strong oppositions all congenial to its character. The rocks, the fine dark heath and rugged ground which mark the approach, are quite in harmony with the ivy-bound and magnificent maiden towers that in former times so successfully guarded its fosse and bridge. They rise out of this spot like the sable guardians of some enchanted territory. But no sooner is the warden tower passed, than the court of the castle presents itself; its lawn, dressed in the freshest verdure and planted with evergreens, manifesting a pe-

culiar care bestowed upon them, seem to tell how precious necessity made this little spot to the comfort and recreation of its inhabitants in less peaceful times. Three steps form the entrance to the great hall, on crossing which a noble prospect of forest scenery presents itself, exhibiting a vast domain, unquestionably an appendage to the castle. The spectator is surprised by the depth that is immediately beneath him: the rapid stream and the ruined bridge, no modern contrivance, are fine accompaniments; and the ancient little mill, upon which the eye speedily falls, seems to form a scale by which the magnitude of the castle and all around is displayed, and which gives a sentiment to the picture that art alone would fail to produce. It is a beautiful emblem of power protecting industry.

There are fine models existing, both of large and small residences, where the architecture is harmonized with the landscape with great judgment; but there is yet much to be done towards the proper embellishment of the estates of many ancient families, and particularly of the country gentleman whose duties, or whose pleasures, do not lead him from his own domain. Many firm and substantial residences, surrounded by extensive land possessions, seem to promise only a bleak, damp, insecure, and comfortless dwelling, although they may contain every desirable requisite, merely from the absence of those features that evince a tasteful care. It is not enough, that a fine growth of timber on the property manifests that the occupier's predecessors cultivated

it; it is proper that there should exist an obvious proof, that its every inhabitant has followed the laudable example. The variety of young and progressively improving plants give, by their size, forms, and freshness, and by their colour and opposition to those of earlier growth, a charm that merits the highest cultivation. Where old trees only prevail, and are thinly scattered over the grounds, the near scenery is generally naked at the bottom, or towards the soil, and has a very impoverished effect. A man of great taste and something of an agriculturist, but used to a better cultivation of park scenery than he here met with, seeing an extensive domain in this predicament, where a shepherd was preparing to let a flock of sheep on a part of it, inquired what species could find enough food to maintain them there. "They be South-downers," replied the man.—"And do they thrive?"—"Yeas, vastly."—"I know they would live on little," said the gentleman, "but if they thrive here, it is on nothing." He found, however, that there was good herbage, and enough of it, but he judged by the impression which arose from the naked character of the ground, unclothed as it was by the verdure of low plantations, connected with the more stately timber of the park. The fashion for planting in clumps, now sparingly introduced, although its principle is invariably adopted, is said to have been thus produced:—Mr. Brown was pursuing much of the style which has always been considered as characteristic of park scenery, but planted many shrubs and trees near to each other, that

they might form a reciprocal shelter and obtain a more rapid growth, which is known to take place when trees are placed together in sufficient numbers. These were to be thinned, and the best selected for standing in the manner common to parks; but the richness obtained by the concealment of the stems, and by the increased foliage and shadow of the branches, caused them to be preserved as clumps, and Brown did not object to be complimented on the contrivance. The belt was adopted from the same casual circumstance, and was planted for a similar purpose, of being judiciously thinned, when the number, the form, the strength of the plant, the colour and the variety, were to have been taken into consideration. It was here that Mr. Brown expected to have exerted his talents for pictorial fancy; but a new feature presenting itself, his works never had this devotion paid to them. Better times for art and taste have introduced that mixture of seemingly insulated trees, the spare aggregation of them, and the embowering cluster, that so strongly imitates nature in her most agreeable forms, and leaves nothing of her grace to be desired. The effect of planting low shrubs near the house is invariable in its advantages: it is demonstrative of cultivation; it affords a variety of breaks to the views around, and assists in blending the upright lines of the sides of the house with the horizontal one of its base. If a house be seen, as they usually are, at some distance from the public roads, it may be assumed as a rule, that the base line should be in part concealed by

the intervening plantations.—Many splendid buildings of the Continent abound in terraces, which, in the expensive ages of its prosperity, were devised as noble embellishments to its palaces: these, adopted and arranged with the present knowledge of architectural effect, and the improved system of landscape-gardening, would form residences unrivalled for dignity, elegance, and beauty, in any age or country in the world.

Entrances, whether to park or other property, should be faithful heralds of the mansion, the villa, or the cottage ornée; they should be

designed with a correspondence of character, and bear a relative proportion to its extensiveness or limitation. The lodge and façade are appropriate to the first; the lodge and gateway to the villa; and to the cottage ornée the gate alone, designed with reference to its simple embellishments, may be adopted.

The annexed plate is a design for a park-entrance. The gatekeepers, in some instances, have been usefully employed in raising poultry in trellised inclosures, and a building for this purpose is here prepared.

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## ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

### No. II.

#### SKETCH OF THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND SINCE THE REFORMATION.

DURING the progress of architectural improvement, encouraged by the patronage of the church, it received considerable impulse from royal favour and the liberality of the nobles: the few remains of domestic establishments, however, till a short time before the reign of Henry VIII. afford but scanty evidences of its advancement, and unless supported by such records as have been preserved by the historian, little would now be known upon the subject. The nature of the tenure by which large estates were held, and the occasional inquietude of the times, for some centuries after the Norman conquest, rendered it necessary that these buildings should be capable of defence, and they were usually constructed for such purposes. As better times and mutual confidence prevailed, these assumed a more

systematic air of liberty, and the ecclesiastical and castellated styles were blended together, so as to form a new character in architecture, subject to the principles of neither. It is to be regretted, that so little remains to illustrate our English domestic architecture; and as, with few exceptions, the plans of every kind were sacrificed by the destroying hands of the Reformers and the ignorant fanatics of the commonwealth, we do not sufficient justice, probably, to the domestic architecture of the ages of its prosperity. About the latter end of the 15th century the Roman arts were reviving in Italy, at which time Alberti of Florence had published his work on architecture, and which attained vigour about the middle of the 16th, when the reformation in our religion had become established in England;

and now Palladio, Vignola, Scamozzi, and others, were ascertaining and establishing its principles, and practising the art extensively and with great success in Italy.— Nearly at this period, Sir Henry Wootton, having visited the Continent, introduced the Italian architecture, and it became a fashionable study. Holbein also arrived in this country, and was received at court with great favour. He, with John of Padua, assisted to introduce the style as he conceived it to be practised abroad; but being less an architect than a painter, he neglected in his designs those rigid observances of his models which are imperious with the architect; and to him may be attributed that mixed style, the foundation of which is the Roman orders, garnished, as it were, with heterogeneous ornaments and devices—a style that became very prevalent in the reign of Elizabeth, and that Sir Henry Wootton did much to correct. Architecture then proceeded with various encouragement and with various success. In the time of James I. it was in its most degraded state, nor was it greatly benefited by the highly embellished style imitated from the French at that period. The Italian architecture may be considered to have received its best impulse during the reign of Charles I. Inigo Jones had studied and made himself master of the works of the Roman school; he studied Palladio, also, with advantage, and has left noble documents of his talent, which was abundantly fostered by the munificence of his royal master. There remain as memorials of his abilities and his prince's

taste and liberality, among others perhaps of equal merit, the Banqueting-House of Whitehall, and a portion of Greenwich Hospital, that vie with the ablest works of the native Italian school.

During the protectorship, architecture was preserved more by the learned of our colleges, than by public patronage; but with the restoration it again felt the reviving influence of royal favour, and Sir Christopher Wren, who, from the astronomer's chair at Gresham college, was appointed by Charles II. to assist Sir John Denham, then surveyor-general of his works, having soon after visited France, for the purpose of enlarging his architectural knowledge, returned, and in 1688 he succeeded to his appointments.

To the respectful attention which Sir Christopher experienced from the French artists during his studies among them, may perhaps be owing his partiality to some peculiarities of that school, which his visits to Rome at a later period did not wholly correct, and which in many cases are considerable abatements of the classic simplicity and truth of his works. His earlier studies also gave him too strong a bias for displaying his mathematical and geometrical skill, which in several cases was injurious to his architectural reputation; and some of the steeples built by him were the result of early prejudices.

The dreadful conflagration of 1666, and the love of splendour which marked the reign of Charles II. were highly cherishing to architecture, and gave to it a practical character, that, without such op-

portunity and patronage, had perhaps remained chiefly with the theorists of our schools. Sir John Vanbrugh and Gibbs followed a style somewhat similar; and from that reign this art proceeded without considerable interruption, although some peculiarities followed immediately on the accession of William III. in which a style common to the Low Countries had a short existence. The fifty new churches voted by the parliament in the reigns of Queen Anne and George I. formed a great æra in the annals of our architecture.

The accession of the House of Brunswick assured to architecture a fostering protection. Noblemen, impressed with that love for the art which is consequent on the understanding of its principles, studied and advanced it. Among these the names of the Earls of Pembroke and Burlington stand deservedly high in every estimation, as do those of their successors, Orford and Leicester. Kent, Campbell, and others of this time, greatly assisted to perfect our architecture according to the Italian system. His present Majesty bestowed considerable attention and patronage on Sir William Chambers, whom he appointed surveyor-general of his works. He was a disciple of the Italian school, but introduced a chastened design of ornamental decoration. Sir Robert Taylor pursued a similar line of art. Adams, whose publication of his discove-

ries at Balbec and Palmyra had recommended him to some of our nobility, was the first who deviated from the established practice, and set the example of innovations that eventually led to the study of the original Greek models, which have so rapidly advanced the reputation of British art. The accurate investigation of the late Mr. Stuart at Athens, and the learning, indefatigable research, and liberality of our present professor of architecture, have facilitated the pursuit and enlarged the means by which a taste for genuine beauty has been acquired; and the late Mr. Wyatt, whose polished fancy and sound judgment added lustre to the art which he professed, did no less towards the attainment.

During the reign of our present venerable monarch, a patronage has existed, enabling men of science to explore the vestiges of Grecian and Roman art, which have been imparted to us through splendid publications; foreign works also have supplied us with an almost inexhaustible treasure of ancient remains. Sir William Gell and others are now laudably employed in adding to the stock of architectural authorities; and from the peaceful situation of the country, the existing talents of its artists, and the general diffusion of taste, an æra of this art may be anticipated, hitherto unexampled since its most flourishing period in Greece.

CHRONOLOGICAL SURVEY OF THE MOST EMINENT ARTISTS TO  
THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

(Continued from p. 72.)

- SCULPTORS ; PERIOD IN WHICH THEY FLOURISHED ; PRINCIPAL WORKS AND MERITS.
- SCOPAS, of Paros. Olympiad 85—95. Venus, in marble, of extraordinary beauty; one of the master-pieces of art in ancient Rome. Family of Niobe. Eros, Hemeros, Pothos, at Megara; Hercules, at Sicyon; Hecate, at Argos. The Palatine Apollo; a Vesta and a Mars, both sitting; Neptune, Thetis, Achilles; all at Rome. The tomb of Mausolus.
- CTESILAS. Olymp. 85—90. The *third* Amazon in the temple of Diana at Ephesus. A warrior dying of his wounds. Pericles, surnamed Olympius.
- SOCRATES, the philosopher, of Athens. Olympiad 85—90. Three clothed Graces; Mercurius Propylæus; all in the Propylæa of the Acropolis at Athens.
- EMILUS, of Ægina. Olymp. 85—90. The Horæ seated upon chairs, at Olympia.
- MYCON, of Syracuse. Olymp. 85—95. Two statues of King Hiero of Syracuse; several prize fighters, at Olympia.
- AGESANDER, of Rhodes. Olymp. 85—95. Laöcoon, formerly placed in the palace of Titus at Rome, and found among its ruins.
- POLYDORUS, of Rhodes. Olymp. 85—95.—See AGESANDER and ATHENODORUS.
- ATHENODORUS, of Rhodes. Olymp. 85—95. If this Athenodorus be the same artist whom Pliny states to have been celebrated for the delineation of extraordinary women, and whom he reckons among the contemporaries of Polycleetus, he must belong, together with his two colleagues in the execution of the Laöcoon, to this period.
- CLEON, of Argos. Olymp. 87—97. Venos, in bronze; two Zanes, or pillars of Jupiter, in bronze, at Olympia. Several statues of Greek philosophers.
- CALLON, of Ægina. Olymp. 87—97. A tripod with a statue of Proserpine, in bronze, at Amyclæ.
- ARISTONOUS, of Ægina. Olymp. 87—97. Jupiter with a wreath of spring flowers upon his head, the lightning in one hand and the eagle in the other, in the Altis.
- LEOCHARES. Olymp. 90—100. He executed many of the works for the tomb of Mausolus.
- PATROCLES, of Crotona. Olymp. 90—100. Thirty statues dedicated by the associated Greeks, after the battle of Ægis, at Delphi; with Canachus. Several celebrated wrestlers.
- NAUCYDES, of Argos. Olymp. 90—100. Hebe, at Argos. Mercury. A Discobolos.
- CALLITELLES, of Sicyon. Olymp. 90—100. Mercury with a ram under his arm.
- DINOMEDES, Olymp. 90—100. A wrestler. Protesilas.
- CYDON. Olymp. 90—100. The *fourth* Amazon in the temple of Diana at Ephesus.
- PHRAGMON, of Sicyon. Olymp. 90—100. The *fifth* Amazon in the temple of Diana at Ephesus.
- DAMEAS, of Clitore. Olymp. 90—100. Diana, Neptune, Lysander.
- POLYSTRATUS, of Ambracia. Olymp. 90—100. Phalaris, the tyrant.
- ARISTOCLES, of Sicyon. Olymp. 90—100. Three Muses.
- PYTHAGORAS, of Samos. Olymp. 100. Several statues of Fortune in the temple of that goddess at Rome.
- TELETAS, of Laconia. Olymp. 100. A colossal Jupiter, eighteen feet high.
- ARISTON, of Laconia.—See TELETAS.

- ARISTONIDAS.** Olymp. 90—100. Athamas killing his son, in bronze.
- BRYAXIS.** Olymp. 90—100. Many works for the tomb of Mausolus.
- TIMOTHEUS,** of Troëzene. Olymp. 90—100. Many works for the tomb of Mausolus. Æsculapius, at Troëzene. Diana, at Rome.
- THELECLEES,** of Samos. Olymp. 90—100. Apollo, of colossal dimensions, at Delos.
- THEODORUS,** of Samos.—See THELECLEES.
- XENOPHON,** of Thebes. Olymp. 90—100. Fortune, at Thebes.
- CALLISTONICUS,** of Thebes.—See XENOPHON.
- ONÆTHUS,** of Megara. Olymp. 90—100. Jupiter, at Olympia.
- THYLACUS,** of Megara.—See ONÆTHUS.
- ATTALUS.** Olymp. 90—100. Apollo, at Argos.
- PRAXITELES.** Olymp. 100—110. A Satyr. Cupid, Ceres, Proserpine, Bacchus, at Athens. Diana Brauronia, at Athens. The twelve great Gods, at Megara. Pitho, Parergos, Fortune, Apollo, Diana, Latona, at Megara. Bacchus and Mercury, in the Altis. Venus, at Gnidus. Flora, Neptune, Silenus, at Rome. This artist was distinguished for the extraordinary perfection with which he represented ideal loveliness and grace.
- CEPHISODORUS,** of Athens. Olymp. 104—114. The celebrated Symplegma, or two wrestlers, at Ephesus. Emyo. Cadmus. Latona, on the Palatine at Rome. Pallas, at Athens.
- EURULUS,** of Athens. Olymp. 104—114. Mercury, at Rome.
- CEPHISSODOTUS,** of Athens. Olymp. 104—114. Pallas Athene, at Athens.
- MENODORUS,** of Athens. Olymp. 104—114. Cupido, a copy of the Cupid of Praxiteles.
- SILANION,** of Athens. Olymp. 104—114. Apollodorus, the sculptor.
- POLYEUCTUS,** of Athens. Olymp. 104—114. Demosthenes, the orator.
- IPHICRATES,** of Athens. Olymp. 104—114. A Lioness without tongue, of bronze, at Athens; erected by the Athenians in honour of the female singer of the same name.
- CIMON,** of Athens. Olymp. 104—114. Horses and other animals of extraordinary beauty.
- TELESIVS.** Olymp. 104—114. Colossal statues of Neptune and Amphitrite.
- EUCLIDES,** of Samos. Olymp. 104—114. Juno, at Samos.
- CHRISOPHUS,** of Crete. Olymp. 104—114. Apollo, gilt. His own portrait.
- APOLLONIUS,** of Athens. Olymp. 104—114. The celebrated Torso of Hercules, now (or lately) at Paris.
- LEONTIVS,** of Sicyon. Olymp. 104—114. Apollo Citharædus, at Olympia. A Stadiodromus. Lybis, at Olympia. A lame Man, at Syracuse. He was the first before Lysippus who improved the style of the hair, and produced a good representation of the surface of the skin.
- GLYCON,** of Athens. Olymp. 104—114. The Farnesian Hercules, now in Sicily.
- NICERATUS,** of Athens. Olymp. 104—114. Alcippe, Æsculapius, and Hygiæa, in the temple of Concord at Rome.
- CALOS,** of Athens. Olymp. 104—114. Proserpine.
- ARCHELAUS,** of Athens. Olymp. 104—114. The Apotheosis of Homer, formerly in the Colonna palace at Rome.
- SALPION,** of Athens. Olymp. 104—114. A celebrated baptismal vessel at Gaëta.
- DAHIPPUS,** of Elis. Olymp. 104—114. The Perixyomenos, Calon, and Asamon, wrestlers of Elæa.
- LYSIPPUS,** of Sicyon. Olymp. 110—120. He executed six hundred and ten statues in bronze, the best known of which are twenty equestrian statues of the companions of Alexander at the Granicus, at Pella. Various statues of Alexander the Great. Jupiter Nemæus, at Argos. The Muses and Jupiter, at Megara. The merit of this artist chiefly consists in his having



brought back the art, which, since the time of Phidias, had pursued the career of the ideal to a rigid, but select, imitation of nature.

**LYSISTRATUS**, of Sicyon. Olymp. 110—120. He was the first modeller in plaster.

**EUTHYCRATES**, of Sicyon. Olymp. 110—120. Hercules, at Delphi; Theseus, Hunters, and the Thespiades. Charioteers and dogs. His style, though coarse, was noble.

**BEDAS**, of Sicyon. Olymp. 110—120. Juno, in the temple of Concord, at Rome. Many statues of persons in the attitude of adoration.

**STYPAX**, of Cyprus. Olymp. 110—120. The Splachnoptes, or statue of a man blowing a fire with great violence.

**TISICRATES**, of Sicyon. Olymp. 110—120. Liber Pater, or Bacchus, at Rome, in the galleries of Asinius Pollio.

**CHARES** or **LACHES**, of Sicyon. Olymp. 110—120. The Colossus of Rhodes, or Apollo, in bronze, made in 12 years out of three hundred talents.

**CULREVS**, of Macedon. Olymp. 110—120. Philip and Alexander the Great.

**CLEOMENES**. Olymp. 110—120. The celebrated Venus de Medici, or Aphrodite, lately at Paris. His merits consisted in an ideally delicate sense of beauty and perfect execution.

**CHEERILVS**, of Olynthus. Olymp. 110—120. Sthenis, a prize-fighter of Elæa.

**PHILISCVS RHODIUS**, of Rhodes. Olymp. 110—120. Apollo, Latona, Diana, the nine Muses, and a naked Apollo with the lyre, in the portico of Octavia, at Rome. Venus, at Rome.

**EUBIUS** and **XENOCRITVS**. Olymp. 110—120. Several statues of Hercules, in marble.

**CRATINVS**, of Sparta. Olymp. 110—120. A boy gaining the victory in a contest.

**CALLIMACHVS**, of Athens, or Sparta. Olymp. 110—120. Many draped statues. Some Lacedæmonian women

dancing. Zeno, the philosopher, which was in the possession of Cato.

**EUPHRANOR**. Olymp. 110—120. A Paris of extraordinary beauty. Minerva, in the Capitol at Rome. *Dea boni eventus*, Latona. Apollo and Diana, as children, in the temple of Concord, at Rome. Virtus and Hellas, colossal. Philip and Alexander.

**HERMOGENES**, of Cithæra. Olymp. 110—120. Apollo Clarius, Venus; both of bronze, at Corinth.

**BORRHVS**, of Carthage. Olymp. 110—120. A naked child, at Olympia. Another naked child, strangling a goose or swan. All the subjects of this kind that are so common in galleries, are probably copied from this work.

**DACTYLIDES**. Olymp. 110—120. The Pythias in the Servile Gardens, one of the first-rate master-pieces of the art in ancient Rome.

**HECATEDORVS** and **SOSTRATVS**. Olymp. 110—120. Pallas in the Acropolis, at Aliphera; a master-piece.

**TELEPHANES**, of Phocis. Olymp. 110—120. Larissa, Apollo, a victor in the Pentathlon.

**DENETRIUS**. Olymp. 110—120. Lysimache. Minerva, surnamed *Musica*.

**STRONGYLION**. Olymp. 110—120. An Amazon, named Euknemnon, who was constantly carried about by Nero.

**CALLICRATES**, of Sparta. Olymp. 110—120. Very small figures of ivory, and among others, a chariot that was drawn by a fly.

**MYRMECIDES**, of Miletus. Olymp. 110—120. A great number of small figures.

**ANTIPHILVS**, of Sicyon. Olymp. 110—120. Various works at the celebrated Treasury of the Carthaginians.

**STRATO** and **XENOPHILVS**, of Argos. Olymp. 110—120. Æsculapius and Hygieia.

**APOLLONIUS**, of Tralles. Olymp. 110—120. The Farnesian Toro, or Zetus, Amphion and Dirce, in ancient Rome,

in one of the galleries of Asinius Pollio, found in the baths of Caracalla; now in the Villa Reale at Naples.

TAURISCUS.—See APOLLONIUS.

TIMARCHIDES, of Athens. Olymp. 150—160. Apollo Musagetes, in the portico of Octavia, at Rome.

POLYCLES, of Athens. Olymp. 155—165. Juno, Jupiter in the portico of Octavia, at Rome. A Hermaphroditus of extraordinary beauty, executed by Polycles alone.

DIONYSIUS.—See POLYCLES.

LEOCRAS. Olymp. 155—165. An Eagle carrying off Ganymede. Jupiter Tonans, in the Capitol, at Rome. Apollo, with his head encircled with rays. The boy Autolycus.

PYRRHUS. Olymp. 155—165. Hygiæa and Minerva.

EPIGONUS. Olymp. 155—165. A figure playing on the pipe, of extraordinary beauty.

PYROMACHUS. Olymp. 155—165. An Alcibiades in a quadriga. He worked in conjunction with the three following artists.

ISIGONUS. Olymp. 155—165. This and the two following artists executed, together with Pyromachus, the battles of Attalus and Eumenes with the Galatians.

STRATONICUS.—See ISIGONUS.

ANTIGONUS.—See ISIGONUS.

(To be continued.)

## THE DOMESTIC COMMONPLACE-BOOK;

*Containing authentic Receipts and miscellaneous Information in every Branch of Domestic Economy, and of general Utility.*

### METHOD OF PRESERVING YEAST.

To render bread porous, light, and *full of eyes* as it is called, *yeast* is added to the flour or dough, to cause a fermentation, and subsequent extrication of carbonic acid gas, which distends the dough and gives it porosity. And as it is sometimes difficult to procure yeast, it is desirable to know how to preserve it for a length of time. The following methods answer very well:—

Put a quantity of common ale yeast into a close canvas bag, gently squeeze out the moisture in a screw-press till the remaining matter is left hard as clay; in which state being close packed, and well secured from air, it will keep fresh and sound for many months, and be rendered fit for carriage.

Or work and beat up some yeast with a whisk, till it becomes thin, and spread different coats of it on a dish or plate, suffering each coat

to dry separately in a warm place, as expeditiously as possible; when the coats are from half an inch to one inch thick, remove them from the plate, break them into pieces, and preserve them in well-stoppered bottles.

### SUBSTITUTE FOR OIL OF OLIVES.

The inhabitants of the country of Halberstadt and Magdeburg, in Germany, which places lie nearly in the latitude of the centre of England, obtain from the seeds of the sesamum an excellent oil, which they substitute instead of butter in all their victuals. These seed yield, upon expression, a larger quantity of oil than almost any other known vegetable. Great quantities of them are raised in South Carolina. The oil, when first drawn, has a warm pungent taste, but after being kept for a twelve-month or more, it becomes perfectly mild and pleasant:

it keeps for many years without becoming rancid, and is used in their salad and for all the purposes of olive oil. It might also render our manufactures as flourishing as those of Spain, and be very proper to burn in our lamps.

ON SMOKY CHIMNIES, AND METHODS OF CURING THEM.

Among the various inconveniencies of domestic life, there are few more troublesome than being obliged to reside in a smoky house. Smoke is not only offensive to the senses and prejudicial to health, but it also soon tarnishes the decorations of a room; it spoils the furniture; affects, more or less, all kinds of paintings and works of art; and, in fact, it destroys all domestic comfort. Numerous have been the contrivances, and immense the sums of money expended, to secure the enjoyment of a fire without the annoyance of smoke. Men of the highest philosophical acquirements have not deemed this subject unworthy of their attention. Among those who have laboured to remove the evils attending a smoky chimney, we find the names of Descartes, Desaguliers, Franklin, Rumford, &c.

Chimnies situated towards the north are particularly liable to smoke. Chimnies in stacks always draw better than separate ones, because the funnels that have constant fire in them, warm in some degree the adjoining ones that have none, and thus render the column of air which they contain lighter, and consequently easier to be displaced. All funnels which have a winding direction as near the top as possible, draw better than those

which are straight, because they are less affected by strong and sudden gusts of wind. But the most obvious and prevailing hindrance of the passage of smoke through the chimney is, not at the top of the chimney, but, on the contrary, it is generally owing to the bad construction of it in the neighbourhood of the grate or fire-place.

There are various causes by which chimnies may be prevented from carrying up smoke, but none that may not easily be discovered and completely removed. Those who are familiar with the physical principles on which the ascent of smoke depends, will readily allow, that it would be as much a miracle if smoke should not rise in a chimney (all hindrances of its ascent being removed), as that water should refuse to descend in a river, or a stone fall to the ground when thrown up into the air.

The causes by which the ascent of smoke in a chimney may be prevented are various; and as the limits of the Domestic Commonplace Book do not allow us to enter into details on that subject, we shall merely observe, that the bad construction of the chimney, its situation, its dimension, together with the position of the fire-grate and the free access of air, are the chief points to be attended to with a view of having good fires, and preventing the inconvenience of smoky chimnies.

The great fault of all the common open fire-places, as is in general the case in old houses, is, that the throat of the chimney, particularly in the neighbourhood of the mantle-piece and immediately over the fire, is too large. Such

chimnies are almost sure to smoke. The column of air in the chimney not being all sufficiently heated to become specifically lighter than the surrounding air, and hence prevented from ascending, the consequence is, that different currents are produced: the heated air ascends in the middle, whilst the colder air rushes down at the sides, and, in descending, forces part of the smoke with it into the room. To prevent this, the fire is made larger, and the door or the window is opened; the heat now is sufficient to expand all the air in the chimney. But if the door or window is not open, there not being a sufficient quantity of fresh air admitted by the usual crevices, the external air forces itself down the sides of the chimney, to supply the place of that which is consumed, and that which is expanded passes up the middle of the chimney; and thus the same inconvenience is repeated. By contracting the throat of such a chimney, the column of air to be heated is less, and is sufficiently expanded by less fuel, at the same time that the current of air required to keep up a brisk fire is also less; so that the chimney will no longer smoke, nor does the necessity of opening the door or window exist. Indeed, nothing is so effectual in most cases to prevent chimnies from smoking, as diminishing the opening of the throat of the chimney; and a perfect cure may be effected by this means alone, even in the most desperate cases.

The free access of air is one of the most important considerations, and the want of it is the general cause of smoky chimnies. In

close rooms chimnies frequently smoke, and particularly in new-built houses. The workmanship of the rooms in the house being all good, the joints of the floors all tight and true, the doors and sashes being worked with truth and shutting air-tight, there is no crevice left for the air to enter, except by the key-hole, and that is usually closed by a dropping shutter. On such account alone has the owner of a new house been seen in despair, and ready to sell his house for less than it cost; and frequently much expense has been incurred to effect a cure, which has proved useless, for the cause which produced the evil was overlooked.

It may easily be ascertained whether want of air be the cause of the chimney smoking or not; because when it is found, that opening a door or window prevents the smoke from descending, and the smoke is carried up by that temporary remedy, the cause is evident, and the cure may be commenced (and it never fails) by contriving a communication with the fresh air. If this can be done under the grate, or near it, so much the better; as a current of cold air from a distant part of the room will be sure to prove inconvenient. If the room is lofty, a communication may be made over the door, or near a window, above the usual height of persons in the room, which will prevent any inconvenience from the current; indeed, in high rooms we are little benefited by the warm air, which always remains over our heads, for it cannot descend till it is cooler. A few crevices cut in the frame at the upper part of a sash, have frequently, to our know-

ledge, cured a smoky chimney: the crevices may be concealed by a thin board or ledge, sloping upwards, to give the air that passes through a horizontal direction along and under the ceiling. In rooms having wainscot partitions, the air may be admitted by a crevice in the wainscot, or cornice, near the ceiling and over the opening of the chimney; and this, wherever it is practicable, is most preferable, because the entering of cold air cools the heated air as it rises from before the fire, and is soonest tempered by its mixture. It may also be effected by a pipe communicating with the ceiling, admitting air there, and leading from thence downwards on the outside or inside of the building, the lower end communicating with the external air. The cold air would come in at the lower aperture, ascend into the room, and gradually mix with the heated air, and dispersing itself through the room to the fire, carry off the foul air, and supply the room with a succession of that which is pure and wholesome. Such a contrivance is extremely advisable in apartments illuminated with gas-light, as the heat produced by this species of illumination is considerably greater than what would be produced by the combustion of tallow, wax, or oil. The upper strata of air of the room possess a higher temperature than the lower ones; the consequence is, that the carbonic acid and aqueous vapour produced during the combustion of coal-gas becomes dissolved by the heated air, and again precipitated in part where the two strata of air join: and hence we frequently per-

ceive a distinct line or stratum of aqueous vapour hovering over our heads in rooms illuminated with coal-gas. This inconvenience may be completely remedied in the manner before stated.

Many chimnies only smoke when the fire is first lighted, but act well when the fire burns bright. This defect arises from the air in the chimney being colder than the external air; in consequence of which it descends by its greater specific gravity, and passing through the fire, carries the smoke with it into the room. This evil may be prevented by laying the fire very light, and setting fire to a handful of shavings on the top, previously to lighting the fire at the bottom; or more certainly, by setting fire to a piece of paper and holding it a little way up the chimney. This heating the air in the chimney is sure to establish a current in the proper direction, and carry the smoke upwards.

Most chimnies whose funnels go up in the north wall of a house, and are exposed to the north winds, are liable to smoke when fires are lighted for the first time after a long interval, as in the beginning of winter; and the uninformed observer attributes this in general to the air in the chimney being damp, as he calls it. This, however, is erroneous. The fact is, that the air in the house, and consequently that in the chimney, is of a lower temperature than the air without, as is the case during summer and autumn, until by lighting fires we have increased its temperature. The first time a fire is lighted, therefore, as the air in the grate is expanded, its place is supplied by

cold air from the chimney; which, rushing through the fire, carries the smoke into the room, unless, as before advised, some means are taken first to warm and rarefy the air in the chimney. Further, a chimney is liable to smoke if a stove is placed very forward in the room. The heated air then is expanded and ascends in the apartment, and the smoke along with it, particularly when the fire is first lighted, the air in the chimney not being then so as to establish a proper current. This is often observed in old-fashioned moveable fire-grates, and is generally remedied by pushing the grate back a little. If this remedy fails, the opening of the chimney must be contracted; because it is evident, that the current of the smoke in such cases is checked and stifled at its production or outset, the circulation being interrupted, and the smoke descends. It is therefore advisable in such cases, to fill up the vacancies behind and on each side of the grate, so as to cause no fresh air to enter but from below, or what comes immediately through or in the vicinity of the fire. The air will thus be more heated and rarefied, and the funnel of the chimney made warmer, so as to maintain a proper draught at the opening. But as in a wider chimney a quantity of cold air always passes between the two corners of the mantle-piece, and thus finds its way into the chimney without being heated, it is prudent to place a

sheet of milled iron on each side within the mantle, as low as possible, and slanting upwards towards the middle of the chimney.

Another cause of smoky rooms is, that the chimney has too short a funnel. There are some situations where a short funnel is unavoidable. In such a case there is no other remedy than to contract the opening of the chimney, so as to oblige all the entering air to pass through the fire, or at least very near it, which remedies the evil.

It is very common for one chimney to overpower another, and to bring down the smoke. Thus, in a middle-sized room with two fire-places, if the doors and windows are shut, and a large brisk fire be kindled, it will soon bring the air down the other chimney with such force as even to put out a candle: if fires be kindled in both, the greater and stronger fire will overpower the weaker, and draw air down the funnel of the latter to supply its own; this air in descending drives down the smoke of the other fire, and forces it into the room. If instead of being in one room, the two chimnies are in two different apartments communicating by a door, the case is the same whenever that door is open. A large kitchen-chimney will, when the doors that communicate with the staircase are open, overpower every other chimney in the house, and draw the smoke down them.

*(To be continued.)*

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.

## BERNARDIN DE ST. PIERRE.

THE following anecdote of this distinguished French writer is abridged from a paper by M. Bouilly, by whom it was recently communicated to the Philotechnic Society of Paris.

*Paul and Virginia* had acquired immortal fame for the venerable Bernardin de St. Pierre. He enjoyed it in retirement, and notwithstanding the respect paid him in the highest circles, and the honours which he received from all classes, the author of the *Studies of Nature* preferred in his old age a rural life to all the brilliant amusements of the gay capital, and resided for several years at the mansion of Etioles, seated in a charming spot contiguous to a wood, a few miles from Paris. This mansion had during the Revolution become the property of a respectable female, who let it out in lodgings to persons of quiet habits. Here Bernardin enjoyed all the attendance that his infirmities demanded; and here he could indulge without restraint his fondness for retirement, and for strolling about in the delightful environs. In these walks he was frequently so absorbed in his meditations on the beauties of nature, that he forgot every thing around him, and transported himself, as it were, into a new world. One fine summer morning he pursued his walk with such delight as to be quite unmindful of his weakness, till, thirsty and heated, he found himself in the middle of the wood, and knew not which way to

take in order to return home. Fortunately he heard the barking of dogs at a distance, and presently several servants came up with hounds to the spot where he was. As they stopped near him, he enquired which way the mansion of Etioles lay. They pointed to the direction, adding that it was almost a league distant. "Good heavens!" said the old man exhausted, "I cannot possibly go back immediately, and I am ready to drop with fatigue." The huntsmen kindly offered him their refreshments, and meanwhile the rest of the party arrived. It was composed of the principal land-proprietors in the neighbourhood, who had met for a grand hunt on that day. They surrounded the venerable man, expressed the warmest sympathy for his situation, and urgently invited him to partake of their common breakfast in the wood. Bernardin declined for a considerable time, and merely requested to be put into the way to the mansion; but they repeated their invitations with such cordiality that he at length complied, sat down with the hunters beneath a tree, and shared in their abundant repast. During their breakfast the company was joined by a banker from Paris, who knew Bernardin by sight, and pronounced his name with respect. All present repeated this name with astonishment, and expressed their joy at having so celebrated a writer in their midst. But those who testified the most delight were the

negro servants in attendance of the company. They had all read *Paul and Virginia*, and conceived such an affection for the author, that they now went up to him, caressed him, and returned thanks for the manner in which he had mentioned the Blacks in his work. One of them even made his dog lick the hand of the benevolent author, and lie down at his feet. Bernardin was affected by all these demonstrations of attachment; but he considered that the mistress of the house would be rendered uneasy by his stay, and that she always waited anxiously for his coming. He therefore requested permission of the company to set out on his return to Etioles. The strangers could not oppose his wish so earnestly expressed, but they would not suffer the old gentleman to go back on foot. One offered his horse; another said, that his chaise was standing at a little distance, and was at his service. The negroes now came forward and said, "No! we will have the satisfaction of carrying our master with our hands. What a pleasure that will be!" Having quickly broken some branches from the trees, they made a kind of hand-barrow, covered it with green boughs, affectionately begged their eloquent advocate to sit down, lifted him up, and bore him along in triumph, as the negroes in the Isle of France had carried Virginia. The company, amazed at this unexpected scene, looked after them with emotion as long as they continued in sight.

Bernardin's absence beyond his usual time had meanwhile created a

great alarm in the mansion. There it was well known how infirm he was, and how easily he might lose his way in the extensive wood. The kind landlady communicated her fears to all the inmates, who determined to go out different ways in search of him in the wood, and not to return until they had found him. Accordingly they set out, and were just about to divide for the purpose, when they perceived at a distance the procession advancing towards the mansion. They knew not at first what to make of it, but when they at length perceived Bernardin borne in this manner, they were afraid that some severe accident had befallen him. Their fears, however, were soon dispelled when they heard the rejoicing of the Blacks, and were near enough to perceive the pleasure depicted in the countenance of their burden. As soon as they met, Bernardin explained the matter: he could not indeed say much, and was scarcely able to thank the good negroes; but his tearful eyes expressed more than the most eloquent words. The Blacks took an affectionate farewell of the white man who had represented them to such advantage; and Bernardin kept their bier as a memorial of this happy day: no mark of honour could have afforded him higher gratification than this. He would show it sometimes to the young authors by whom he was visited, and ask them, whether the career of that writer could be considered as too arduous to whom such a couch was awarded for his labours.



## THE LATE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

WHEN the late Duke of Orleans was a young man, he was much attached to the Marquis of F. a nobleman whose amiable temper and suavity of manners made his company universally courted. It chanced, however, that one day being at cards with the duke, he so far forgot the respect due to his highness as to triumph a little on winning; and this piqued the duke so much that he determined to be revenged. He engaged the celebrated Comus, whose dexterity at slight of hand was the admiration of all Paris, to personate a man of rank, and strip the marquis of a large sum at cards. "Remember, however," added he, "that you must refund every shilling of your winnings; I will recompense you liberally for your trouble; poor F. must only be frightened, not robbed." Comus, of course, readily acceded to his highness's pleasure, and in a few evenings afterwards our juggler was introduced by the duke to a numerous party, of which the marquis was one, as the Comte —, a Danish nobleman, of very high distinction. M. Comus was magnificently dressed, and decorated with the insignia of several orders; he looked and played his part so admirably, that the company had no suspicion of the cheat put upon them. Cards were presently introduced, and M. le Comte knowing from the duke, that the marquis piqued himself on his skill at piquet, challenged him to a game for a small stake, and suffered him to win it. In this manner they trifled away an hour or two, and through our Comte's manage-

ment luck still ran against him. The stakes were raised, and presently luck changed, the Comte now won every game. The marquis, who was really skilful, could not conceive the cause of his extraordinary ill fortune; he doubled his stakes, until at last he lost a considerable sum. His distress now became so evident, that Comus looked at the duke for the signal to cease from play, but he looked in vain; his highness motioned him to go on, and they continued at cards till the marquis had lost all he possessed in the world. He then rose from the table, and rushed out of the room, but was instantly followed by the duke, who, catching him by the arm, asked if he was already going home. "Yes," replied the unhappy man in a tone of the deepest despair, "I must go home immediately." The duke instantly penetrated his meaning, and saw that, if he would save him from suicide, he must immediately reveal the trick. "My friend," cried he, "you must not suffer yourself to be thus affected by a mere joke; you have lost nothing."—"How, Monseigneur!"—"I repeat, you have lost nothing; Comte — is no other than the juggler Comus." Scarcely had he spoken, when the marquis sank motionless into his arms, and it was so long before he recovered, that the duke became apprehensive his cruel jest had cost the unhappy man his life. When he was at last restored to animation, the duke was beginning to apologize. The marquis interrupted him: "I have not forgotten, Monseigneur,"

cried he, "that once presuming perhaps too far upon the friendship with which your highness honoured me, I forgot the distance between us, and treated you as I would an equal. You have, however, punished what ought to have been considered as a venial offence, as if it had been one of the utmost magnitude: the tortures which your highness has just made me suffer have, however, taught me a useful lesson; and, believe me, it is one which I shall never forget."

The duke felt, or affected to feel, very sorry for what had passed, and treated M. F. for some time afterwards with more than usual cordiality and attention. The latter, however, had learned, that no friendship can subsist without equality; he ever treated the duke with the respect due to his rank, but from that hour the attachment which he had felt for him, was effectually extinguished by what he always considered as a wanton and unjustifiable piece of revenge.

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## MISCELLANIES.

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### AN EMIGRANT'S VISIT TO FRANCE IN 1815.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

#### LETTER III.

PARIS, Jan. 1, 1816.

*Dear Howard,*

It is now ten days since we reached Paris, but my spirits were for the first few days so oppressed, that, as I did not wish to infect you with the gloom which I could not shake off, I deferred writing till I had brought myself into a more philosophic frame of mind. My dear friend, a century of wise and prudent government will hardly repair the evils which have sprung from the Revolution; the manners as well as the morals of the Parisians are at the lowest ebb. I look in vain for the polished and brilliant society which I left behind me, it exists no longer; and I find in its place a set of mushroom nobility, who, sprung from the very dregs of the people, are, as may be expected, coarse and vulgar in their manners, proud of the riches which

they have acquired by actions that would in other times have brought them to the gallows. Their arrogance passes all bounds, and they vainly endeavour to obliterate by luxury and splendour the general recollection of their original meanness. Do not say, that this is the prejudiced representation of an aristocrat: I acknowledge, that there are among the unworthy many some few who owe their elevation to talent, bravery, or probity; but I must repeat, that the number is very limited. I regret to say, that your newspapers do not exaggerate the dislike and disrespect which the Parisians evince towards foreigners: the English are, however, partially excepted; the sound part of the nation feel the obligations which your country has conferred upon them, and the court, as far as its influence extends, take care

that they shall be treated with respect. A dark cloud still lowers over our political horizon, though we are far from being in the state of open discontent which some of your opposition prints represent us: it is feared, however, that some disturbances will take place in April, when the decree of banishment passed against the creatures of Bonaparte is to be put in execution. Should it take place without a struggle, France may then hope for tranquillity.

You have often heard me lament, that so few of my friends had survived the fury of the Revolution; and I now find, alas! I am robbed of the greater part of those few by the hand of death, so that I am nearly a stranger in my own native city. I had, however, this morning the unexpected pleasure of embracing my poor old preceptor, the venerable Abbé le Brun, whom I always supposed among the number of those wretched victims who perished in Guiana. He was actually shipped, with many other clergymen, for that country, but fortunately the vessel in which he sailed was taken by Admiral Sir Edward Pellew. As soon as she struck, the admiral went below, and appeared greatly shocked when he beheld the poor priests chained together: he immediately ordered their fetters to be knocked off, and then interrogated them as to the treatment they had received from the captain. They unanimously declared, that they attached no blame to him for having chained them together, since he was obliged in that respect to obey the orders of the Convention, but as far as depended on himself, he had treat-

ed them with great humanity. "It is lucky for himself that he has done so," replied the admiral, "for the same sort of treatment which he afforded you, he would have received from me." One of the clergymen expressing his sorrow that Sir Edward's prize was not worth the bravery which had gained it, "You are mistaken, sir," replied he, "I value it more highly than I should a Spanish galleon; and I am certain, that every one of the brave fellows under my command rejoices more at restoring so many fellow-creatures to liberty, and I may say to life, than they would in sharing a rich prize." It is impossible to paint to you the enthusiastic gratitude with which Le Brun recounted to me the behaviour of the gallant admiral, who, in a manner equally delicate and humane, tendered these unfortunate men pecuniary assistance before he set them on shore in England. The whole ship's crew indeed, with that humanity which distinguishes English seamen, came forward on this occasion, and cheerfully offered to contribute to the support of the poor sufferers whose lives they had preserved—I say preserved, for no European has been known to live longer than two or three years at most in Guiana. Le Brun has resided since that time in Ireland, whence he lately returned, in the hope of finding his only and beloved sister living; but disappointed in this hope, he now remains here, as he says, to die. The sister whose loss he so justly deploras, was indeed a terrestrial angel: when very young and exquisitely beautiful, she embraced a religious life at Rennes; but a very short time afterwards, the

sisterhood of which she was a member, were compelled to quit their convent and return to the world. Marianne, however, remained faithful to her vows: her parents massacred, her brother banished, destitute alike of money and friends, the poor forlorn creature knew not where to seek a home; at length she found one with a poor woman who had been a servant in her father's family, and in this humble asylum Marianne hoped she should be permitted to serve her Creator unmolested. But in those dreadful days no lot, however humble, was secure; her hostess was heard to drop an expression of compassion for the royal family: the next day her house was searched, and herself, her husband, and Marianne, whose only crime was her nun's habit, were dragged in a cart to the guillotine. Already was the work of death begun; the lovely innocent Marianne, kneeling in the cart, put up, as she believed, a last prayer to Heaven for mercy, when two of the soldiers, struck with her beauty and heroism, formed a resolution to save her. They rushed through the crowd with a pistol in each hand, and reached the cart at the very moment that the executioner was about to take her to the scaffold. They tore her from his grasp, and while one bore her in his arms from the fatal spot, the other followed to protect her if necessary. The whole transaction was but the work of a few moments, and when the fainting Marianne recovered her senses, she beheld herself supported by her deliverers. "You are safe! you are free!" were the first words which saluted her ears. "But why," cried

one of them, earnestly regarding her nun's habit, "do you not, young and beautiful as you are, take the privilege granted by the constitution of renouncing your vows?"—"Hear me, O my God!" cried Marianne, dropping on her knees, "hear me add another vow to those I have already sworn at thy altar. From this moment I vow to dedicate that life so miraculously preserved, to the care of sick and wounded soldiers. It is the only way my friends," added she, turning to her deliverers, "by which I can in part repay my immense debt of gratitude to you." They melted into tears as they bade her farewell. From that hour she devoted herself entirely to a religious performance of her self-imposed duties, and for more than seven years she was the ministering angel of the sick and wounded soldiery; but, alas! her humane exertions at length cost her her life. A fever of a malignant nature broke out in the hospital which she constantly attended; the physician warned her of her danger, and advised at least a temporary suspension of her labours. "I will not desert my post while my Almighty Father gives me strength to keep it," was the reply. That evening she sickened, and in three days afterwards resigned to her Creator that life which had been devoted to his service.

I was forced to break off abruptly, for the remembrance of poor Marianne unfitted me to write on any other subject. I have just received a visit from M. De ~~XXXX~~, a nobleman who is said to be deservedly high in the confidence of the king. It is reported here, that he

advised Madame to make that pathetic appeal to the feelings of the soldiery at Bourdeaux, which, to their eternal shame, they resisted. "I will not believe," cried he, when told the royal cause was nearly desperate, "that they can betray their princess, if she throws herself on their loyalty and attachment. Imitate, I beseech you, Madam, the conduct of your illustrious grandmother, Maria Theresa, and make a personal appeal to their feelings." Some of her royal highness's friends were against what they termed so rash an attempt, but she did not hesitate a moment to make it. It was not because she was not ignorant of her danger; she even perhaps believed it greater than it was; but she held her own safety as nothing in comparison with what she owed to her family and her country.

The character of this admirable woman is not justly appreciated by the Parisians. The misfortunes of her early youth have given to her disposition a degree of pensiveness which ill suits with the in general exuberant vivacity of the French character. Her partiality too for the English has highly offended all the female part of our new nobility; or rather, I should say, they affect to be offended with it, in order to have pretence for venting the malignity with which her coldness to themselves had filled their hearts. Their folly must have equalled their presumption, or they never could have supposed, that a woman who is herself an angel of purity, would form her court from the corrupt satellites of

Bonaparte's. I could not repress my indignation on hearing the Marquis D'A——, who it is well known was one of Napoleon's numerous mistresses, say, that *Madame la Duchesse* would do well to drop those cold and haughty airs which she at present assumed, and endeavour to conciliate people who possessed the power to serve her. Doubtless this woman, the daughter of a fruiterer, flatters herself, that she is one of those people. I shall perhaps give you a little sketch of her romantic history in my next.

Sandford requests me to tell you, that he would certainly have written to you before this, if he could have found time and good-humour; but the first is completely engrossed, as he says, by a set of people who torment him to death under pretence of civility, and he cannot muster enough of the latter to last him for a quarter of an hour together. He will soon, however, tell you personally all his grievances, for he is already heartily sick of Paris, and swears, that if he does not make haste to leave it, he is certain he shall be starved. The cook hearing him express a wish for English dishes, sent up yesterday what he called beef-steaks dressed *à la mode Angloise*, but their appearance was so little tempting, that neither Sandford nor myself touched them. I could not help smiling this morning at hearing him very seriously observe, that whatever changes the Revolution had caused in other things, at least it had made none in our cookery, which he found just as execrable now as it was thirty years ago.

## THE FEMALE POLITICIAN.

Mr. *Editor*,

SOME years ago I married, and, in imitation of the Vicar of Wakefield, I chose my wife for such qualities as I thought would wear well. She possessed an excellent heart, a great deal of good humour, and sufficient understanding, as I thought, to prevent her from running into those mischievous absurdities by which I have sometimes seen married ladies destroy the happiness of their husbands. For some time all went on well, Mrs. Newslove was very domestic; my family was managed with scrupulous regularity; and when I tell you, sir, that I was perfectly comfortable, I believe you will admit, that is saying a great deal for a married man.

But, alas! sir, those happy days are passed, and, "like the baseless fabric of a vision, have left no wreck behind." Comfort and regularity are no more; my fortune is wasted. My house exhibits a scene of domestic insubordination, and all this mischief arises from my wife having unluckily made the discovery, that she is better qualified to guide the helm of the state than the present premier; and as, unfortunately, domestic politics do not afford sufficient scope to her genius, Continental affairs also engross a large portion of her time and thoughts; so that between both she keeps herself and me in a continual fever. When Bonaparte surrendered himself to our government, she actually kept me awake for two whole nights by detailing the measures which she would have taken for his trial and condemna-

tion; and what was still worse, she affronted old Counsellor Puzzle-cause, who has been a friend to my family for the last forty years, because he told her, that although he was positively convinced Bonaparte had caused Captain Wright to be assassinated, yet he doubted whether we could procure sufficient proof of the fact to convict him of it in a court of justice. Without giving the counsellor time to finish his speech, Mrs. Newslove assured him, that it was very evident he knew nothing at all of the matter, as she was certain no person who was at all acquainted with the laws of the country could advance such an absurd opinion; and she would stake her existence, that positive proof might easily be procured, if ministers would only follow implicitly the mode of investigating the matter which she should point out. The counsellor's good sense would have induced him to smile at the *matter* of this speech, had not the *manner* of it been so extremely rude and insulting, that it was impossible to pass it over. He left the room immediately, and has never entered the house since. Mrs. Newslove exults in his absence, which she declares proceeds solely from his inability to cope with her in argument. When Bonaparte had departed for St. Helena, I was in hopes that I should enjoy a little tranquillity; but, alas! I was as far from it as ever: Mrs. Newslove now turned her thoughts to the internal affairs of France, that unfortunate country, which, as she said, was upon the brink of ruin, and

could only be rescued from impending destruction by wise and vigorous measures, such as she should adopt if she was in the place of Louis XVIII. Her measures, it must be confessed, were very summary; nothing less than destroying *en masse* such of its inhabitants as were even suspected of being inimical to the present government. You would hardly believe, that notwithstanding Mrs. Newslove expresses these violent and unfeminine sentiments, she is naturally very humane, and the most timid creature breathing; she wept bitterly the other day at witnessing the agonies in which a favourite spaniel died, and the sound of a pistol terrifies her almost into fits. Though I generally take care to avoid all conversation with her on political subjects, yet my usual prudence deserted me when the rash and ill-fated Porlier made the unjustifiable attempt which cost him his life—an attempt which I believed to have proceeded entirely from the severity of Ferdinand's measures. Unfortunately, I expressed my opinion on this subject with a warmth which created an open war between us. She insisted upon it, that humanity was the king's weak side; and that if she was in his place, she would extirpate the whole of those impertinent Cortes who presumed to dictate to their sovereign. Well, sir, after a long and vigorous struggle for the preservation of the Spanish patriots' lives and properties, I was at length driven from the field by mere weight of words, and for peace sake I assented to the necessity of extirpating them, and of destroying *en masse* all refractory

Frenchmen, of whatsoever age or profession.

After these concessions on my part, I flattered myself that my wife would make some on hers: not on political subjects—on these I knew her opinions were as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians; but I hoped to prevail upon her to look a little after our domestic affairs, and to restore something like order and comfort in the family. Conceive my astonishment when she replied, with great coolness, that only the most narrow-minded of mortals could entertain an idea of entering into such petty and selfish details, when the fate of all Europe was at stake. I ventured to observe, that the affairs of Europe would not be a jot the worse, if my expenses were proportioned to my income, and my dinner properly dressed and served at a regular hour; but this produced such a torrent of invective on my narrow-souled views, and my total want of universal philanthropy, that I was glad to retreat in silence from the unequal contest! My miseries, however, had not yet reached their climax; being extremely ill with a cold and swelled face one morning, I felt disposed to indulge a little, and requested my wife when she rose, to send my breakfast up to my chamber, as I meant to take it in bed. After waiting an unconscionable time, the door opened, and my wife's woman appeared with a face full of busy importance. "What is the reason you have not brought my breakfast?" said I angrily.—"I don't know, sir, but my mistress desires you will come down immediately."—"What's the matter? is she ill, or has any acci-

dent happened?"—"Somebody's valet has run away, sir, and my mistress says there will be a *resurrection* immediately, and"—

Here Mrs. Slipslop's harangue was cut short by a violent ringing of her lady's bell, which she flew to answer; but returned in five minutes, to say, that her mistress conjured me, if I had a *sparkle* of humanity, to come directly and discuss this dreadful affair. I saw that I should have no peace unless I complied; but no sooner had I entered the parlour than my rib attacked me. "Well, sir, I hope you are satisfied now that I have always been in the right, when I said, that nothing but vigorous measures would do. Ah! if the king had had half my resolution, nothing of this kind could have happened."—"But, my dear," cried I, "you don't tell me what has happened."—"I sent you word, that Lavalette had escaped."—"Indeed!" cried I; "pray, my dear, give me the paper while you make breakfast."—"Breakfast!" repeated she in a tone of ineffable contempt; "I protest to heavens, Mr. Newslove, you are the most apathetic, selfish, unfeeling being in the creation! Is it possible you can think of eating at a crisis so momentous, when the flames of civil war are likely to desolate a whole kingdom?"—I endeavoured to clear myself by urging, that the flight of a petty traitor like Lavalette could produce no such dreadful consequence; but my heretical dissent from her opinion put my wife almost into a frenzy, and in the midst of the storm my face began to ache with so much violence that I was nearly frantic with pain. My tender spouse,

however, had no commiseration to bestow upon my agonies; she reserved all her compassion for Louis XVIII. and I was glad to make a hasty retreat to my chamber, where Mrs. Newslove left me to nurse myself as I thought proper.

And now, Mr. Editor, to come at last to the reason of my troubling you with this recital of my domestic grievances. My wife hearing your *Repository* highly spoken of the other day by a gentleman of acknowledged talent, has conceived the generous design of making your fortune by presenting you with some political essays of her own writing, the merit of which, she says, will considerably increase the sale of your work, not only in the united kingdom, but all over the Continent. *Entre nous*, Mr. Editor, these brilliant essays have already been rejected by the editors of seven or eight newspapers, as my wife declares, out of mere envy. As I know she has this morning sent them to the *Repository*, she will, of course, be curious to see your next number, in the hope of finding one of her essays in it: now, sir, as I am pretty certain, that that will not be the case, you would eternally oblige me by inserting my letter, or a part of it, in your work, as perhaps, were my wife to read in a cool moment an account of the extravagances which her political mania hurries her into, it might make some impression upon her; and leaving the fate of empires to be decided by other, and she must pardon my adding, by wiser heads than hers, she might turn her thoughts to her domestic duties, and become once more what she



was before she commenced politician—an amiable woman and a good wife. I am, sir, your con-

stant reader, and very humble servant,

NICHOLAS NEWSLOVE.

## THE TWO MOTHERS, OR WHICH WAS THE WISEST:

A TALE.

(Concluded from p. 99.)

BOTH young ladies were now, as the phrase is, brought out, and the beauty and talents of Julia were the admiration of the circle in which she moved; but, alas! beauty and talents are not in these days what men seek most in a wife, and we have said Julia's fortune was moderate. Nearly a year passed away, and *la belle Julie* had not received a single proposal. Her mother inwardly execrated the stupidity or the avarice of mankind, while she affected to assure her friends, that she did not intend to suffer Julia to marry till she was twenty-one; she was no friend to early marriages, and she should be very nice in the disposal of her daughter. But her whole stock of patience nearly deserted her when she found her good stupid little niece, as she termed Emily, had refused the offered hand of a rich baronet: true he was old, ugly, and ill-tempered, but he had riches and title; and though Mrs. Beverly loved her daughter too well to have sacrificed her to him, yet she would have been very glad of the *éclat* of such an offer.

The arrival of a relation of the deceased Mr. Beverly from India about this time, opened a new prospect for the disposal of Julia. Mr. Probit was a plain man, with an excellent heart, and, as he said himself, with sufficient property to justify him for suffering his son to marry a girl without a shilling. He

remembered Mrs. Beverly such as she was in her deceased husband's time, when her taste for dissipation was not suffered to appear; and he had no idea, that the good, quiet, domestic Mrs. Beverly had any of the propensities of a modern *belle*. He went to see her immediately on his arrival in England, and as he began his visit by thanking God, that he had returned much richer than he was when he went to India, Mrs. Beverly's reception of him was uncommonly cordial, and in a visit which lasted two hours, Mr. Probit had imparted to her all his views and projects.

"I must get my boy married," cried he, "and you must look out for a wife for him. She must be a good girl, and a gentlewoman, to please me, and pretty, or else Frank will not like her; and now, my dear Mrs. Beverly, will you find me such an one without loss of time?" Mrs. Beverly, with an admirable command of countenance, told him, she would try what could be done. Julia was absent; but the next day Mr. Probit and his son dined with Mrs. Beverly, and the old gentleman was so delighted with Julia, that he drew her mother aside to hope the sweet girl had no engagement, because he should prefer her for a daughter-in-law to any woman he had ever seen; he was sure the daughter of his friend Mrs. Beverly must make a good

wife, and Frank could not help loving such a beautiful creature.

We may believe mamma's answer was propitious, and after a few more visits, the fair one herself was applied to: her reply was not discouraging, but she asked time to consider of the matter.

And now, such is the powerful influence of wealth, that no sooner was it known Miss Beverly was addressed by the rich Mr. Probit, than her charms were beheld through a magnifying glass by those fashionable men who had not before paid much attention to them. Frank Probit was handsome, sensible, gentlemanly, and deeply in love with Julia, but he addressed her with provoking rationality: true, he was very rich, and altogether Julia thought him *endurable*; but one must not compare him to the Viscount —, or the Marquis —, and he was absolutely nobody beside Sir Narcissus Dashwell. Julia, however, had given her promise to her mother, and she must abide by it. These reflections passed through her mind on her return from a ball where she had danced with Sir Narcissus, and been envied by all the ladies present on that account.

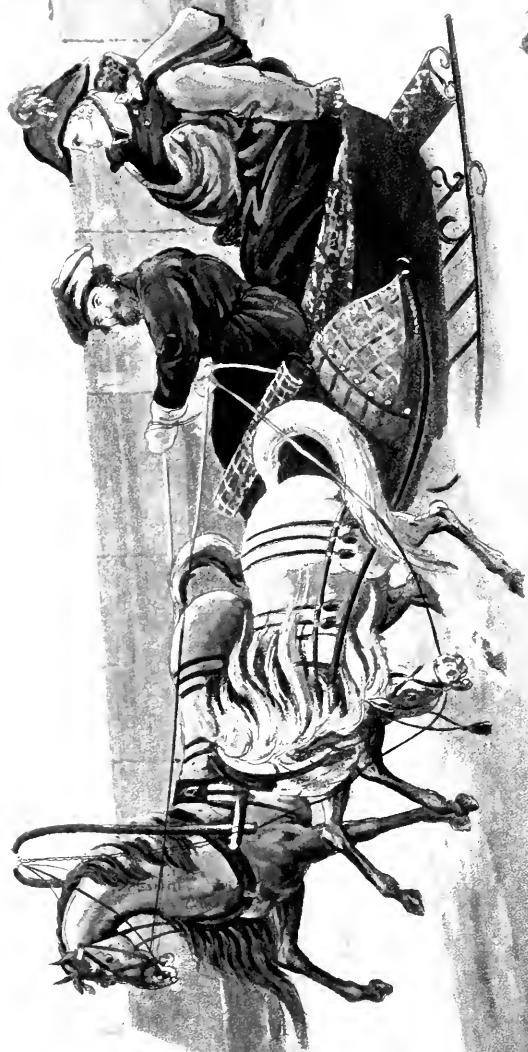
Every thing was settled between the old folks, and Mr. Probit was of course introduced to Mrs. Thornton and her daughter, with both of whom he was much pleased. Emily congratulated her cousin with perfect sincerity on the happy prospect before her, and listened with wonder to Julia's regrets, that her lover was not a little more *tonish*. The time for the celebration of the nuptials had nearly arrived, when Julia begged that they

might be postponed a few days longer; a request which more than half affronted the elder Mr. Probit: she was, however, indulged, and two days before they were to have been celebrated, Julia eloped with Sir Narcissus Dashwell; leaving a most affectionate epistle for her mother, in which she made use of all the *usual arguments* to obtain her forgiveness of what she very justly styled the rash step she had taken.

When we say, that Mrs. Beverly well knew Sir Narcissus was a ruined gambler, we need not add that her mortification and distress were indescribable. In the first paroxysm of her passion, she refused to see her daughter, and the distress of her mind produced an illness which confined her for some weeks to her apartment. It was now that her good little stupid niece, as she had hitherto termed her, began to find favour in her eyes: never was nurse more gentle, more skilful, or more assiduous than Emily; and when Mrs. Beverly tasted the light and nourishing soups and jellies which her niece's fair hands had prepared, she could not but own, that a knowledge of housewifery may sometimes be forgiven.

Emily remained with her aunt till she was quite convalescent, and not a day elapsed without a visit from old Mr. Probit, though in his first fit of anger he had declared he never would again set his foot in the house; but the illness of Mrs. Beverly dispelled his resentment, and the attractions of her *nurse* soon became a powerful magnet. Perfectly free from design, Emily met him always with pleasure, and paid him cheerfully those





attentions which amiable young people love to offer to respectable old ones; she read to him, sung for him, and, finally, won his heart by being the strongest antagonist he had met with for some years at chess.

Frank Probit was some time before he summoned resolution to make one at these little family parties; but at length he did, and now that he was no longer blinded by his *penchant* for Julia, he saw and did justice to the charms of her cousin. Suffice it to say, that six months after the elopement of Julia, Mr. Probit visited Mrs. Thornton, with whom he had become very intimate, to ask her recommendation of a wife for his son. She declined giving one: "I am sorry for it, for then I fear," said the blunt old gentleman, "that your fair daughter could not bestow her affections on my son."—"My daughter is honoured by your approbation, my dear sir, but yet there are some objections."—"Name them, if you please, madam."—"Her fortune is very small."—"So much the better, he has more than enough for both."—"Her education has given her a taste for none but domestic pleasures."—"So much the better."—

"She will not, I fear, be easily brought to consent to part with me."—"So much the better, for then we shall all live together. Ods heart! madam, do you call these objections? why they are the strongest recommendations: we have had enough of the *brilliant*, let us now look to the *solid*."—"Well, sir," replied Mrs. Thornton, "I have no more to say: let Emily decide."

Emily decided in favour of young Probit, to whom she made the best of wives, nor had she ever cause to repent of her choice. Tenderly beloved by her husband, and almost idolized by his father and her own mother, she lived a blessing to all around her; while her cousin, neglected by her husband after the honeymoon, had no resource but in cards and dress; with neither of which, however, she could long indulge, for the unprincipled Sir Narcissus deserted her, and went abroad. Her mother, whose anger had by this time subsided, readily received her; but mortification and chagrin soon put a period to her days: nor could her mother ever reflect without a pang, that this catastrophe was in some measure her own work.

Well, ladies, which was in the right?

#### PLATE 15.—BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE SNOW-SLEDGES OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

THE annexed engraving represents the sledge used in winter by Alexander Emperor of Russia. The driver is a striking likeness of the coachman who generally attends his imperial majesty in that capacity. The original picture, in the possession of Mr. Ackermann, is

from the pencil of M. Paul Svinine, the same person who, in 1813, was sent by the emperor to America, to obtain the aid of the talents of the illustrious Moreau in the war against Napoleon. On this occasion it will not be amiss to submit to the reader a brief description of the favour-

ite diversion of sledge parties, extracted from a narrative of travels not yet published.

Every country has its peculiar amusements and diversions, which are most suitable to the climate, the national spirit, and the means of the people; and in nothing, perhaps, is the peculiar character of a nation more purely and more manifestly expressed than in this particular. This position is too generally admitted for it to be necessary to adduce evidence on the subject. My intention here is, to take some notice of a national amusement of the people of the North, which in this country is little known, if at all, and which belongs to their most favourite diversions—I mean the practice, in the winter season, of making excursions in sledges.

In Germany, Poland, and Russia, where the winter is very severe, and the snow lies two or three months, and frequently longer, and where it is so deep that every other kind of communication is prevented, it was very natural that the inhabitants should be led to the invention of sledges, which afford the easiest and most convenient medium of intercourse; and which, in consequence of the progressive refinement of manners and habits, are now subservient, in the large cities of those countries, to a favourite winter amusement. No sooner has the winter properly set in, and covered the whole country with its thick white mantle, than the elegant chariots, phaetons, &c. disappear, and very few equestrians are to be seen in the streets and places of public resort. In their stead we observe light airy sledges, which, adorned with every variety of de-

coration, and drawn by horses richly caparisoned and hung with bells, fly through the streets with the swiftness of arrows, and give a new and unusual animation to the scene. Large companies of people of fashion often assemble and form parties of this kind; and it is then that this amusement exhibits all its magnificence. Each sledge carries only two persons; every gentleman invites a lady to be his companion; a dinner, a ball, or a masquerade, is often attached: and this is what is properly termed a sledge-party.

About noon the sledges assemble at an appointed place; each sledge is attended by several horsemen, who precede and follow it, and regulate the whole; and the sledges take their places according to a preconcerted order. A band of music, in sledges with four or six horses, opens and closes the train, which often consists of fifty, sixty, nay, even one hundred and more sledges: the horsemen post themselves on the flanks, in the front, and in the rear, and the procession moves at first in a slow pace through the principal streets of the town; after which the party speeds its rapid course to some place of public refreshment, where warm rooms and a splendid entertainment await them. The musicians form an orchestra during the repast; and when it grows dark the company again puts itself in motion. The scene is now changed: darkness covers the plain; the stars alone twinkle in the cloudless firmament; but all the horsemen carry torches, and thus afford a light to the sledges equal to that of day. Often, too, the spirits of the company are raised by generous wine; and the jo-

vial party returns, more expeditiously than it went, to the city, once more parades the streets, which are thronged with spectators, and then separates. The gentlemen accompany their ladies to their respective homes; and many a lucky wight exercises the ancient and customary privilege on his fair and vainly resisting partner, of demanding a kiss for his reward; that is to say, if he has not overturned her. Both ladies and gentlemen then dress with all speed, and pass the night in the merry dance, which is often kept up till morning. The family of the sovereign and his court frequently take part in these diversions, and then they are extremely brilliant and expensive. The nobility of a city, too, often form a party of themselves; but they are in general mixed, and consist of the whole fashionable world; and these are the most lively and cheerful. The largest and most magnificent parties of this kind, perhaps, have taken place at Vienna, where the court, and the opulent nobility of Hungary and Austria, give such *fêtes* almost every winter, and expend considerable sums on sledges, harness, and horses: but the most brilliant probably of any, was that during the Congress at Vienna, when the potentates and grandees of all Europe strove to surpass one another in splendour, elegance, and taste.

Sometimes, especially in the south of Germany, where the time for sledge-parties falls exactly in the season of the Carnival, masquerades are combined with them; and I need not attempt to describe how comic and laughable such a

procession then appears. I recollect having seen one at Munich, which I considered as the most ingenious of the kind.

The gentle, rapid, and easy motion of the sledge, the little danger attending this diversion, and, above all, the circumstance that it cannot be enjoyed except during a small portion of the year, greatly heighten its charms, and cause every excursion to be awaited with new pleasure and impatience. It is not relished merely in the towns. Throughout the whole country, the gentlemen, whether residing in a village or a detached mansion, never visits his neighbour in winter except in a sledge. The farmer nails a couple of boards together for a sledge, breaks in upon the repose of his heavy cart-horse, and drives him about hung with a few bells. In short, high and low, rich and poor, enjoy this diversion with equal zest.

The original German sledges are calculated for only one person, and are often of very extraordinary shapes; as, for instance, in those of stags, lions, horses, and other animals. The lady, in this case, sits in the sledge alone, and the gentleman on a seat behind her, from which he guides the horses. This species of sledge possesses this advantage, that the gentleman is always ready to catch the lady in his arms in case of being overturned. At present, however, these sledges are not much in use; but the Courland sledge, as represented in the annexed engraving, is preferred, where the driver may sit far more commodiously by the side of his female companion, and is much better protected from the cold.

In Russia, where the winter is longest, and the weather least liable to change, the sledge is universally used for travelling, and proceeds with incredible swiftness. In that country, indeed, the winter season is invariably chosen for journeys in preference to summer, when the roads are frequently very bad. In Germany, where a continuance of the snow cannot be so confidently relied on, sledges are used rather for amusement only; and it has often happened, that a party fixed some days beforehand has been set aside by an intervening thaw. On this subject the following curious anecdote is related, but I cannot pledge myself for the truth of it.—Count Gotter, a very rich and profuse nobleman, who had three times the luck of gaining the

highest prize in the lottery, had promised his mistress, that, to gratify her, he would have a sledge party on a certain day. All the neighbouring gentry were invited. The appointed day arrived; but, to the general disappointment, all the snow was gone. The count was not a little puzzled how to redeem his promise; at length he conceived the idea of spreading salt upon several of the roads in his park, which enabled the party, to their no small astonishment, to enjoy the diversion in the highest style, and the count to keep his word.

Prince Esterhazy, at Vienna, is reported to possess a sledge which cost 30,000 dollars: the trappings of the horses consist of tiger-skins, which are bordered with silver bells.

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## REVIEW OF THE EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE opening of the present Exhibition at the British Institution was awaited by the lovers of art with considerable expectation. This interest was excited by a pretty general anticipation, that, if the prize of 1000 guineas set apart by the directors for the best pictures in commemoration of our military renown, were not alone a sufficient stimulus to call forth the talents of our artists, the high and generous enthusiasm which the victories themselves were calculated to inspire, would have roused their whole energies to aid and illustrate the historian's pen in transmitting to future times the record of our late national achievements.

Whether this expectation was in the first instance founded upon true

principles, or whether the event has realized the hopes of those who were sanguine in the anticipation, our limits do not allow us to discuss; we willingly leave these points to the consideration and decision of those whose time and space afford them better opportunities of entering upon so elaborate a disquisition. It will be sufficient for our purpose to pronounce, that the British Gallery of this year, like all other general exhibitions, which do not exclude (and we should be sorry if they did) the crude labours of inexperience, contains above two hundred and sixty pictures of diversified merit, from the matured and highly cultivated pencil of Mr. President West, down to the imperfect sort of sketch which one



naturally expects from the yet unformed student in art.

We shall consider the contents of this exhibition, not so much according to the order of their intrinsic merit, as of their particular interest. In this view the pictures painted for the Institution prize, claim precedence. These are, with one or two exceptions, directed to the commemoration of the late memorable battle near Waterloo. The works are many, but our selections must of necessity, from our limited space, be few. The principal one is .

*The Battle of Waterloo in an Allegory.*—James Ward, R. A.

The notification of this picture in the catalogue, is accompanied by a prolix narration descriptive of the various parts of which it is composed. This necessity to fly from canvas to paper for explanation is in itself a defect, but one necessarily arising out of the uncontroled use of allegory. The old masters, in a great degree, avoided this extreme, by subdividing into a series that subject which could not be represented in one point of time without confusion and indistinctness; as, for instance, the *Cupid* and *Psyche* of Michael Angelo, in the Vatican; and even Rubens, whose fertility of invention and power of colouring gave him a prodigious advantage in this class of composition, oftener assigned to it an accessorial than a principal part, and rendered it illustrative of his historical subjects. His great work of *Mary of Medici*, in the Luxembourg Gallery, exemplifies this position. Hayley has, in our own times, called allegoric painting “a painted riddle;” and, if the

artist is compelled to explain the language of his pencil by that of his pen, few will withhold their concurrence from the critic's opinion. The defects of this style are, however, those of genius, not of dulness; and, whilst our rigid duty requires us to advert to them, we cannot but admire the copious imagination that sometimes gives them birth. But to Mr. Ward's picture.

The execution of this work is, in many respects, original and extraordinary; the effect produced by it, at a proper distance, highly bright and harmonious, uniting in no small degree the variety of Rubens with the unity of Titian. It is so exactly and admirably tuned, that the brilliancy of some colours operate like the trebles and octaves in a musical concert, which increase, but cannot overpower the fulness of the whole. This happiness of effect seems to be precisely what constitutes the difference between a good and bad colourist, and is, in fact, that which confers the charm of embodying a brilliant variety so as to produce splendour. To this extent Mr. Ward has completely succeeded: he has not, however, been equally happy in the composition of his picture. The subordinate parts have such important actions assigned them, and are withal so numerous, that they create confusion; a fault, as we have before observed, likely enough to occur in subjects of this kind, even in the most limited ones, but which the exuberance of the artist's fancy has here carried to excess. The hydra-headed monster falling from the clouds, reminds us of Rubens; the horses are beautiful, though the car and under figures are somewhat

small. There is also some hasty and imperfect drawing in the picture; but it being only exhibited as a sketch, though a finished one, we shall abstain from a too minute particularization. There are, however, negligences incident to a sketch, which Mr. Ward is fully competent to remove.

*Overthrow of the French Army at the Battle of Waterloo.*—L. Clennell.

This picture has much energy, and the composition is on the whole spirited. But it is much to be regretted, that the artist has not paid his usual attention to the anatomy of the horse.

*The Battle of Ligny, June 16, 1815,*  
by A. Cooper,

is distinguished for the excellence of its animal anatomy. The horses are not only well drawn, but placed in natural and spirited attitudes. This production is highly creditable to Mr. Cooper.

Mr. Drummond's and Mr. Jones's battle-pieces are both fine specimens of art. The latter has De Louthembourg and sometimes Mr. Atkinson in his eye. Dighton and Sauerweid are also entitled to great praise for their battle-sketches.

*Distraint for Rent,* purchased by the Directors of the British Institution.—D. Wilkie, R. A.

If the directors had done no other service to the fine arts in England, than the purchase of this admirable picture (for 600*l.* as report says), their labours would be entitled to the approbation of the country. The subject of the work is, we fear, not one of fancy, but of fact, and perhaps common among the honest and industrious. A good man, in whatever walk of life, struggling

with adversity, is said to be a sight worthy of the gods to gaze upon: and to this representation Mr. Wilkie has directed his powerful pencil. This picture is calculated to rouse every tender emotion. It unites all the excellencies that depend on mechanical skill in art, with the higher attributes of conception, feeling, perspicuity, and contrivance, which belong to the dramatist. This is not the only picture of this artist which shews an attention to the rules of the drama. His compositions and drawing are the most perfect in our recollection. His colouring may be sometimes weak and dingy, but it is frequently good, and never displeasing. His attention to the painting (to use an artist's phrase) of *still life*, never has been excelled by the Dutch, or by any other school; for example, the cradle, bed-clothes, &c. in the present picture. The expression and character of his figures never have been surpassed.

*Half-Holiday Muster,* by W. Collins, A. R. A.

is an interesting picture by an artist who appears to conceive his subjects well, and to execute them in a masterly manner. The bright sunny light of this picture, as in his *Harvest Shower*, is beautiful. Indeed, there is a truth of nature in his works which may be justly called his own. We are sorry that we cannot bestow unqualified commendation on his figures, which occasionally want ease, and sometimes correctness.

*A Corn-Field.*—P. Dewint.

This is a subject in which Mr. Dewint particularly excels, and this specimen exhibits his usual fe-

licity; but we have to regret that it is not hung in a better situation. *The Angel liberating St. Peter from Prison.*—W. Allston.

This picture is an effort at the majestic in art, and certainly has a commanding effect. The angel is luminous and fresh, and the head of one of the soldiers is finely painted. The drawing and attitude of Peter are also in a good style. There is a pleasing effect produced by the brilliant repetition of the principal light in the appearance of the moon: this is well and happily expressed. The expression of the angel is better than the drawing. The colouring of St. Peter is not so attractive as it might have been.

This artist's landscape, in the same room, has striking merit: there is something very fine in the colour of the mountain; but the forms of his trees are not carefully chosen, and, from their size, materially injure the picture.

*Gil Blas dismissed with contempt by the Archbishop of Grenada, &c. &c.* by F. P. Stephanoff,

is a beautiful specimen of colouring; the left-hand corner is finely painted. The hands of the figures are well drawn, but the countenances are not very remarkable for striking or natural expression.

*Evening. Landscape and Figures:*—the latter by A. E. Chalon, A. R. A.—J. J. Chalon.

This picture possesses very great merit: the subject is admirably and judiciously arranged; the colouring, like that of the other works of those artists, is, in many parts, exquisite: there is, however, a brown hue in one or two

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points of the landscape, which is not strictly correct. The figures, though graceful, are rather large for the picture: this is a fault often observable in working from two palettes.

Mr. Hoffland's *Landscapes* are well conceived, but we would recommend him to study from nature with greater care and assiduity.

Pickersgill's *Shepherd-Boy* is well executed; and Jackson's *Head of St. Peter*, though not correctly drawn about the mouth and nose, is very fine in point of colouring and general execution.

*Goat and Cærus, a Study from Nature.*—A. Cooper.

An extremely good picture; the bucket and pan are equal to the finish of the Dutch masters.

Sir William Beechey's *Hebe* has merit, but not that of being classical. His portraits are decidedly his best works.

We have now the pleasure to announce to our female readers the pleasing proficiency of their sex in the graphic art.

Miss H. A. E. Jackson has displayed her poetical taste in the picture of *Venus lamenting the Death of her Dove*.

Miss Gouldsmith's *Landscapes* are well chosen, and very pretty; and those by Miss Geddes are equally so. They developè a superior power of execution.

The pictures by Mr. West, Mr. Howard, and other eminent artists in this exhibition, have been already so often commented upon in former exhibitions, that, in a work of this kind, we should not feel ourselves justified in reverting to their numerous and long admitted perfections.

## THE SCULPTURE-ROOM.

*Apollo discharging his Arrows against the Greeks.*—E. H. Bailey.

This is the work which attracted so much attention, and engrossed so much admiration, during the last exhibition at the Royal Academy. The right arm has been altered a little since that period. The grace and spirit of this figure cannot be too much admired; the hand, perhaps, seems as if it had quitted its hold of the arrow instead

of drawing it inwards. The proportions of this figure are altogether beautiful.

Mr. Lawrence's *Horse's Head, from the antique*, is very fine, and rather of a superior character, to that of his *Model of an Arabian Horse*: the latter does not appear well proportioned, the legs seem too short. The smaller pieces in the sculpture-room are executed with taste.

## THE FEMALE TATTLER.

## No. III.

MEN should not occupy the place  
That's destin'd for the female race.

IT is generally said by the men, that the love of chattering, or talking, or gossiping, or by whatever name a lively use of the tongue may be called, is the peculiar quality of the female sex, as if the men were universally a set of grave, philosophic, sententious beings, who were incapable of talking nonsense. The truth of this opinion I shall not at present contest; on some future occasion I may, perhaps, be induced to weigh the subject in the scale of truth, when I have no doubt that I shall settle the point to the entire satisfaction of all my female readers: and as for those of the other sex, if they chuse to continue their usual illiberality, and let loose their vulgar commonplace jeers respecting the weaknesses of women, I shall leave them to the silly triumphs of their own applause. But be that as it may, I shall beg leave to observe, that the women of the present age are capable at least of talking to some purpose, and can certainly boast

of those qualifications, which, as they may relate to intellect as well as accomplishment, are frequently acknowledged to rival those of the men: though, at some Gothic periods of the world, and before the present age had attained its present high state of civilization, the selfish, envious male mortals contrived, by every art of oppression and injustice, tyrannically to keep them to themselves.

I am myself persuaded, and the opinion, I doubt not, is capable of being substantiated by arguments that would amount almost to the certainty of mathematical demonstration, that the faculties of women, and their capacities for all attainments, were well known among those nations, and under those governments, where women were scarcely allowed a political existence; and, being considered as little better than slaves, were treated with all the ignominy with which overbearing pride delights to treat those who are subject to its

power: It naturally follows, that this degrading conduct towards that part of the creation whose superior beauty was acknowledged even by those who treated them with such criminal, because it was unsocial injustice, and whom the divine MILTON, in the better days of more enlightened reason and a pure religion, as well as under an almost inspired influence, has described as "Heaven's last, best work." This degrading conduct, I say, must have arisen from a secret, well concealed, and even political envy of that superiority which they possess from nature, and requires nothing but an unshackled liberty for its perfect manifestation.

The Romans, for example, with all their heroism in war, their consummate policy in peace, their public magnificence, and the love of their country, treated the mothers of their heroes, their statesmen, their orators, philosophers, and poets, as little more than a higher class of menial servants. But though I shall not expose myself to the ridicule of combating the doctrine of Locke, and write nonsense, which I am sure I should do if I attempted to philosophize on hereditary claims to parental qualities, whether of mind or body, I may be allowed to suspect the motives of those men who withheld respect from the women who gave such men to the state as Cæsar and Pompey; as Cicero, Brutus, and Trajan; as Virgil and Horace. This unequal distribution of rank, office, and political consequence between the male and female branches of human nature, could not arise in a civilized state, but from the ap-

prehension entertained by the former of the intellectual faculties and probable attainments of the latter, if called into exertion, and to a proportionable share of public duty.

The Romans well knew what Semiramis had been, who succeeded her husband Ninus in the government of the Assyrian empire, which he had founded, and who had herself built the magnificent city of Babylon, whose walls alone held a place among the acknowledged wonders of the world. Other distinguished women might be mentioned, who were then celebrated by earlier history for wisdom in government; but the fear of having the affectation of pedantry imputed to me, prevents the present display of such an illustrious catalogue as might be offered. I have not the least doubt, that to the political envy or foreboding apprehensions of the different statesmen who established the Roman government, in all its changes and successions, may be attributed the humiliating condition of the women in every class, from the wife of a consul down to the wife of a licitor.

There was a time, as appears from the more ancient historians, when it was universally believed, that a female nation existed, known by the name of *Amazons*, who possessed a large country, which neighbouring kings feared to invade, from the prowess of those who defended it. But not the power of their arms alone, but the peculiar nature of their government, as well as their character and customs, are still on record. They certainly exist no more: they were, in the course of time, at length conquer-

ed ; and being once subdued, were necessarily extinguished, from the extraordinary and unsocial character of their political institution.

It has, however, been attempted by subsequent writers to prove, that no such kingdom ever existed ; that its history was a mere romance of the early ages ; and that no people so constructed could possibly be formed according to the principles of our social nature. As to the doctrine of possibility or impossibility, I have no reliance upon it whatever. We who have lived during the last twenty-five years, have witnessed a succession of events which our grandfathers, nay, as coming nearer to the period, which our fathers would, if such things had been contemplated by any frantic imagination, or wild, gloomy invention, have angrily rejected, as not within the pale of mortal circumstance. This nation has been represented by the writers to whom I have alluded, as living on the banks of a mighty river ; and a river which still bears the name of its ancient female inhabitants is well known as among the most stupendous features of the South American world ; and it has never varied in its denomination from its being first mentioned by the early geographers to the present day. I am also told by the clergyman of the parish in which I reside, who is an eminent scholar, and to whom I apply when my pursuits require such assistance as he can give me, that the title of this female nation is derivative (a circumstance which the critics consider as favourable to the positive existence of anything), and implies that they had but one breast, it being their custom to cut

off that on the right side, in order that they might be at liberty to draw their bow with an uninterrupted energy. I might multiply arguments on the occasion, but shall content myself with mentioning the circumstance, recorded in the sacred writings, of a visit which was paid by a princess to King Solomon ; and, from the manner in which that wise and potent monarch received her, she must have held a distinguished rank among the sovereigns of that distant period. My friend the clergyman was rather displeased with me, when I asked whether I might, with all due reverence, suggest that Queen Sheba held the sceptre of the Amazons. I therefore wave hinting at an opinion, which, if I could clothe with any degree of authority as a mere historical fact, there would be an end of the question, and my opinion would be irresistibly established.

It is some time, I must own, since my ears have tingled with an imaginary exclamation, which, I fear, may have well been a real one, of what is this good lady of a Tattler about with her Amazons ; and what, in the name of wonder, is it to us, whether such a strange, unnatural set of cap-a-pie Billingsgates as she describes them, had existence or not ! Fair lady, for I shall suppose it, with her leave, to be one of my own sex who makes the objection, I have a very sufficient reason for what I have argued, or at least for what I have written, on the subject. And it is this : To give an additional proof of what I have asserted respecting the envy which the men feel, and the jealousy they entertain of the faculties and at-

tainments of our sex, in whatever way they may be displayed: and it is from these illiberal principles alone that this remarkable, distinguished, and courageous nation of women, who set the neighbouring monarchs at defiance, and, according to most ancient authorities, discomfited their armies, and frequently led them in triumph, are now denied to have any other but a fabulous existence; and for no other reason, but because they, in their way, got the better of the men; an example which it becomes the duty of women to follow.

I am not an Amazon, for I do not love disputing, much less fighting; but I never will cease to contend—and I recommend my sex in

general, according to their various capacities and situations, to do the same, by all legitimate means and decorous exertions, for that equality which they were formed to possess and are capable of maintaining, and from which the greater part of the men, I will not say all, employ so many of their arts and so much of their time to exclude us.

In my next I shall bring this subject home to our own time, and the circumstances which offer themselves to our daily observation and experience.

\*.\*The letter from Felicia on the *Bazaar* in Soho-square, will appear in the *Repository* of the ensuing month.

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## MUSICAL REVIEW.

*SWISS MELODIES*, arranged for one, two, and three Voices, and likewise with Variations for the Piano-Forte, by J. von Durwollt. Vol. I. Pr. 15s.

THE plan of this publication is rather uncommon. It contains six different airs, each of which is successively given in a threefold manner, viz. 1st, as a single song; 2dly, as a glee for three voices; and 3dly, as a theme with six variations. Thus the book contains eighteen distinct pieces (six songs, six glees, and six themes with variations); which we observe are also sold single, at the reasonable price of 1s. 6d. each.

We take it that these tunes are really national Swiss airs, to which an English text has been adapted, and that the harmonic arrangement alone is by Mr. Durwollt. They certainly possess that interesting

simplicity and naïveté of expression, which afford intrinsic evidence of their authenticity. The titles are as follow:—*The ambitious Rose*, *The Concert*, *The Orphan of Brittany*, *The Dawn of Day*, *The Savoyards*, and *Rosalie*. Of these, *The Concert*, *The Orphan of Brittany*, and *The Savoyards*, appear to us to be superior to the rest. The melody of *The Concert* is well known under the name of Copenhagen Walz, but the application of a text under it has quite a novel and extremely pleasing effect. *The Orphan of Brittany* is a very short, but, according to our taste, exquisitely beautiful air; and in *The Savoyards* we distinguish a high degree of spirit, and a gaiety of style absolutely original. The glees are arranged in a satisfactory and easy manner, and the variations throughout the book deserve unqualified

approbation: the diversity of style among so great a number, shews Mr. D.'s talent in that species of composition in a very advantageous light.—In more than one instance we have observed errors in the musical accentuation of the poetical text; a circumstance which we are the more induced to point out to the author, as it seems that this work is to be continued, in which case we would recommend particular attention to this essential point.

*Beauty and the Lily, Ballad sung by Miss Burrell in the revised dramatic Romance of Cymon, at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden, composed by H. R. Bishop. Pr. 1s. 6d.*

Short as this air is, it ingratiates itself by the pathetic and impressive character of its melody, and by the truth with which the composer has adhered to the import of his text.

*Tyrolese and Bavarian Air, with Variations, for two Performers, composed by J. Mazzinghi. Pr. 3s.*

The truly national Tyrolese song "*Wenn ich morgen's früh aufsteh,*" forms the theme of these variations, to which purpose its beautiful simplicity and melodiousness eminently adapt it. In the representation before us, however, some slight deviations from the authentic melody are perceptible. On this subject Mr. M. has devised no less than twelve variations, in every one of which a matured experience in productions of this kind, elegant taste, and an inexhaustible facility of invention, are obvious at first sight. The labour is fairly divided between the first and second

parts; and as executive difficulties seem to have been carefully avoided, players of moderate proficiency are enabled to enjoy, and impart to others, a treat of no common attraction.

"*Oh! share my Cottage, gentle Maid,*" a Song, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte; the Melody composed by Edward Peele, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Pr. 1s. 6d.

In the short compass of a very few lines, Mr. P. has succeeded in introducing several select thoughts, which, with the support of the instrumental accompaniment, combine to render this song highly attractive. The B's, with which the 3d bar of page 2 sets out, throughout the three staves, produce the effect of consecutive octaves after the A in the preceding bar. Another harmonic arrangement, founded on the chord of E 5 6, would have been more appropriate. The introductory symphony, with its imitations between bass and treble, merits distinct and favourable notice.

*Buonaparte's Dream, Air with Variations for the Piano-Forte, composed by B. T. Kotwyk. Pr. 3s.*

As we cannot discover any point of similitude between this title and the composition itself, we suppose the former to have suggested itself to the author by mere hazard. It covers an introductory movement, an *aria*, as theme, and eight variations reared upon it, all of which tend to give a high opinion of Mr. K.'s compositorial qualifications. The introduction consists of an impressive adagio, in which some scientific modulations attract considerable attention: the *aria* boasts of an agreeable melody, in proper rhythmical regularity, and ably



harmonized. In the variations we perceive a fertile vein of invention, guided by good taste; and, as they proceed, they appear to us to gain in interest. The 4th is conspicuous by the effective employment of the left-hand, which is called into equally advantageous action in the crossed-hand leaps of var. 5, but requires attentive care on the part of the performer. The 7th variation is conceived in a bold and rather novel style; and the transitions through which it modulates, are entitled to much commendation. Var. 8 is cast with spirit, and thus serves to conduct the whole to a striking and satisfactory termination.

*The Musical Paragon, containing a Series, most of which are newly arranged for the Piano-Forte, from the Compositions of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, &c.* Nos. V. VI. VII. VIII. and IX. Pr. 1s. 6d. each.

Having on a former occasion stated the nature of the above-mentioned selection, we shall confine ourselves, in the present instance, to a mere notice of the pieces contained in the numbers before us, especially as the respective authors of the same constitute a sufficient passport of recommendation. No. V. contains an agreeable theme, with variations, by Pleyel; No. VI. a beautiful and well-known quick movement from one of Haydn's symphonies. In No. VII. we find Steibelt's celebrated Turkish rondo, from his Op. 57, with a tambourine accompaniment. No. VIII. is a theme, with variations, from Kozeluch's Op. 41; and No. IX. has an allegretto, with variations, from Maz-

zinghi's Op. 16, founded on the popular tune of "Maggie Lawder."

*My SPOUSE AND I, an operatical Farce, performed with the greatest applause at the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, written by Mr. C. Dibdin, jun.; composed, and most respectfully inscribed to the Noblemen and Gentlemen forming the Sub-Committee of the above Theatre, by John Whitaker.* Pr. 8s.

The overture consists of a short andante, followed by a rondo in C, which is lively and respectable, and gains in attraction as it advances towards the conclusion. The introductory chorus, *a 4*, contains a good deal of repetition; but its ideas, although simple, are pleasing, and proceed with spirit. Mrs. Bland's first song, "Love, little blind urchin," is a smart and pretty trifle in the ballad style: the melody is interesting throughout, but especially in the latter half, where the burthen comes in with the best effect. "The boy and the butterfly," sung by Miss Kelly, is also an air of an agreeable lightsome cast. It is followed by a hunting song of Mr. Bellamy's, called "Dido and I," replete with characteristic ideas, full of spirit and variety of expression, which towards the end shews itself with peculiar force and brilliancy. Of the trio between Mrs. Bland, Miss Kelly, and Mr. Barnard, "Pray don't quarrel for me," we cannot but speak with marked approbation: there is perhaps too great an uniformity of motion produced by the six quavers which fill the majority of the bars, but the style of the trio is select, and the parts are arranged with taste and discrimination. Among seven-

ral more pieces, we shall content ourselves with briefly noticing another neat little air of Mrs. Bland's, "Ah! welladay," the musical diction of which is simple and ingenuous; but we do not approve of the omission of any bass in bar 4, line 2, p. 32. A sailor's song, by Mr. Smith, p. 36, reminds us forcibly of the late Mr. Dibdin's vocal Muse.

In this work Mr. W. has evinced almost as great a partiality for the  $\frac{6}{8}$  time as the late Mr. Reeve. By far the greater number of pieces in the opera proceeds in that measure, the gallop-like motion of which has, for a length of time, been the vehicle of so much vulgar musical stuff, that it requires very decisive merits to subdue our prepossession against it.

"*The Indian Maid*," sung by Miss Matthews at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, in the favourite Farce "*A Chip of the Old Block*," written by Mr. Knight, composed by John Whitaker. Pr. 1s. 6d.

This song, although short, presents some striking, and by no means ordinary passages. The whole is conceived in rather an original style of expression, is regular in construction, and full of well marked energy. In producing this effect, the bassoon and violoncello accompaniment cannot fail to prove of great avail, when rendered by a complete orchestra.

*The celebrated Irish Melodies arranged for the Piano-Forte, or Harp; with original introductory, intermediate, and concluding Symphonies, composed by John Whitaker. No. I. Pr. 5s.*

Messrs Button and Whitaker, the publishers of this collection,

state, in an advertisement prefixed thereto, that, in consequence of the daily demands for the Irish melodies *without words*, they determined on the publication of the present work. The number before us contains the whole of the airs comprised in the first part of the "Irish Melodies," arranged by Sir John Stevenson, with words by Thomas Moore, Esq. viz. *Carolan's Concerto, The pleasant Rocks, Planxty Drury, The Maid of the Valley, Molly Macalpin, Aileen Aroon, The brown Maid, The Fox's Sleep, Gramachree, Planxty Kelly, John O'Reilly, Coulin, The Summer is coming, The young Man's Dream, and The old Head of Denis*; and every succeeding number is to consist of the corresponding pieces of the above-mentioned vocal work. The harmonic arrangement of the airs before us, in regard to which alone our opinion is called for, does Mr. Whitaker great credit. Judgment, taste, skill, and a full-knowledge of the character and peculiarities of Irish vocal music, are conspicuous in every page.

*Six National Airs, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, viz. two Scots, two Irish, and two Welsh, with characteristic Preludes, composed, and respectfully dedicated to the Hon. Miss Eleanor Fraser, of Saltoun, by Mr. Ross, Organist, of Aberdeen. Op. 45. Pr. 5s.*

To write and publish variations in this wholesale way, requires a greater confidence and consciousness of adequate qualifications than the mere publication of one theme with variations; and it is not dealing fairly by such a collection, to examine, as we have done, the whole from beginning to end at

one sitting, instead of rehearsing but one set of variations at a time. Notwithstanding, however, this rather disadvantageous mode of trial, we are bound to declare, and we feel the greater pleasure in so doing, that Mr. Ross's labour before us deserves, in a high degree, the attention and favour of every accomplished piano-forte player. The six airs selected for themes are, *The Maid of Barra*, Scots—*The Vale of Caloun*, Irish—*The blue-eyed Maid of Beaumaris*, Welsh—*The Lily that droops in Dumbarton*, Scots—*The Rose of Carmarthen*, Welsh—*The pretty green Banks of Cavan*, Irish.—It would lead us to a detail infinitely beyond our limits to enter into a critical analysis of the numerous variations which Mr. R. has deduced from these subjects: we shall therefore generally state, that their diversity of character and style evinces the author's ready and fertile imagination; that, in point of taste and selectness of expression, these variations may claim a place among the works of our classic masters; and, as to harmonic arrangement, that the skill and judgment displayed in every page, are such as we were warranted to expect from other anterior productions of the same author, which have been noticed in former numbers. In the preludes we think there would have been room for greater comparative diversity, and less individual plainness of expression. In saying thus much, we are far from slighting this part of Mr. R.'s labour; on the contrary, his preludes are devised in an agreeable and workmanlike style.

“*Robin Adair*,” and “*Bid me not forget*,” two favourite Scotch Airs, Vol. I. No. III.

and the “*Sicilian Walzer*,” with new Variations, composed, and dedicated to Miss Ploverman, by John Bap. Mayer. Pr. 6s.

The author has omitted to add, that this music is intended for the harp, to the performers on which instrument it holds out a rich treat of variety. The variations on the two above-mentioned airs are beautiful, and display not only the author's mastery of his instrument, but also his knowledge of composition, in the most favourable light. What he calls the “*Sicilian Walzer*,” is, we believe, more generally known under the title of “*Copenhagen Walz*.” Be this as it may, Mr. Mayer's treatment of this elegant tune commands unqualified applause. In proof of this assertion, we need only refer to the 11th page, and to the ingenious manner in which (*p. 12.*) both hands responsively play with the subject of the trio. In short, every part of this publication shows the real composer.

*A Second Sonata for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Violin, composed, and inscribed to Miss Reeves, by W. Beale. Op. 8. Pr. 4s.*

Mr. Beale's sonata is entitled to our warmest approbation. It does not aim at those intricate and abstruse harmonic combinations which begin to usurp an ascendancy in modern music, but it contains a large portion of genuine melody, tastefully conducted through a regular and well connected exposition of intelligible and pleasing ideas, whether exhibited in the shape of running passages or in slow action; so that his style may, with propriety, be compared to that

of Pleyel or Kozeluch. This is particularly the case in the allegro and adagio, both of which may in every respect be pronounced chaste and well digested movements. The last piece, an allegro in  $\frac{6}{8}$  time, sets out with a subject somewhat singular, and, perhaps intentionally, rather irregular as to the rhythm of its periods: considerable ingenuity has been exerted in the digressive matter, and especially in the responsive alternations between the bass, treble, and violin; but, as far as our opinion goes, we think the latter kind of passages are too much repeated, and exhibited in too bare a form.

Upon the whole, this sonata does Mr. B. great credit, and we wish to recommend it strongly to the attention of the student, whose advancement in execution and taste cannot fail being benefited by the practicethereof. The violin is *obligato*.

*Lord St. Orville, a popular Air, arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-Forte, and dedicated to his Pupil, Miss Smith, by W. H. Cutler.* Pr. 2s.

Mr. C. has given to this air the form of a rondo in G major, in a neat and respectable manner, and in an easy and familiar style, so as to be accessible to a large class of performers. The introduction is tasty and select. In the first part of the subject of the rondo (*p.* 1.) the bass of the last bar concludes improperly with the three last quavers B, G, D. We have seen this form of termination before, but must observe, that it does not even effect its supposed object, that of connection with the sequel. In like manner do we own, that the

harmony between bars 6 and 7, page 2, is not unusual in English dances, but it leaves fifths in the ear. In page 3, bar 9, the sign of the violin cleff is omitted in the bass, where it ought to operate for four bars. Some good passages occur in that page, especially where a running bass supports an imitation of the subject assigned to the right hand.

*To the memory of a Caledonian Hero who fell in the Battle of Waterloo, written by a Companion in Arms who saw his deeds and glorious end, composed, with a Piano-Forte Accompaniment, and most humbly dedicated to the brave Highlanders of the Royal 42d Regiment, by William Grosse.* Pr. 3s.

Mr. G. has cast the several stanzas of the text before us into the shape of a cantata, consisting of five or six successive movements, in which much diversity of musical colouring and character is perceptible. The first, a *maestoso*, in military style, exhibits a regular and agreeable melody; but the words, "triumph of thy hand," at their second occurrence, are not happily expressed, and mis-scanned: "thy," for instance, ought to have fallen into the unaccentuated part of the bar. The second movement is, upon the whole, tasteful, and the *harpeggio* accompaniment very appropriate: although we cannot approve the progress of the first bar of the melody, by the two successive fourths, E b, B b, F; nor the rest in the middle of the phrase, "how sweet it then would sound;" and the allotting *three* quavers, instead of two, to the words, "many a," which the poet has syncopated into two syllables. The

daring leap into the chord of C flat (p. 3), we cannot help considering too great a liberty in itself, however designedly it may have been done, independently of the difficulty of seizing the interval, for any but an experienced singer. The recitativo (p. 4) deserves strong commendation: it is select in its ideas, impressive and solemn, and some of the transitions are skilfully contrived. The movement which follows next (*Coraggioso*) is plain, and no wise original, but it is neat and sprightly, and set off by a pretty accompaniment. The succeeding grave is creditable to Mr. G.'s taste and judgment. It is a solemn dirge, conceived in the manner of a dead march, first in the leading key of E b, and then in its minor of six flats. The composition concludes with the maestoso with which it began.

*The Triumph of Temper, written by William Hayley, Esq. composed, and respectfully dedicated to Miss Witherston, by James Henry Leffler. Pr. 1s. 6d.*

This is an elaborate performance, however small in compass; and it is evident, that the composer's aim was to produce something select and original. He certainly has succeeded better than his bard, the poetical value of whose text is as doubtful as its meaning is obscure. To return to the song: we have great reason to be satisfied with Mr. L.'s effort, although we think, that, for an air of four lines, there is rather an overplus of harmonic and scientific seasoning. The symphony, above all, partakes, and that plentifully, of this feature of distinction. It not only enters too soon into quick passages, drops too

suddenly from E b into its relative C minor, but immediately afterwards, by the bold leap of an enharmonic transition, goes from the three flats to four sharps, and as quickly back again. This evolution is cleverly enough contrived, but, for a song of four lines, so much of the *récherché* is objectionable. The song itself possesses much pathetic melody, and, in point of studied harmony, its quantum is, as we have already hinted, rather that of excess than of deficiency. The word "delicate" is wrongly accented thus, "dêlicâte." Upon the whole, Mr. L. has, in this production, shewn a considerable knowledge of composition and harmonic science, united to a cultivated taste and real musical feeling.

*Marianne, an introductory Movement, and Air with Variations, composed, and arranged for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment, ad libitum, for the keyed Harmonica or Flute, and dedicated to J. Harding, Esq. by J. Hunter. Pr. 3s.*

As this is the first time we have to notice a composition adapted for the *keyed harmonica*, an instrument of late invention, unknown perhaps to many of our readers, it may be proper to state, that the keyed harmonica resembles a piano-forte, on a reduced scale, being not above thirty inches long, and proportionally broad. It has a similar keyboard, to the extent, however, of only three octaves; and the hammers, instead of acting upon wires, beat against thin glass cylinders, decreasing in size according to the acuteness of the corresponding note. Thus any person that can play the piano-forte, is equally able

to perform on this instrument, the price of which is about 15 guineas. The higher sounds are particularly agreeable; and, for an accompaniment to dances, rondos, and other sprightly pieces, we consider this kind of harmonica as very effective and pleasing. It is less applicable to slow music, because the sounds do not admit of being lengthened, as is the case with the harmonica proper.

Hr. Hunter's composition before us consists of an introductory andantino, followed by an air with variations. The andantino is replete with tasteful ideas, which are arranged in a skilful and elegant

manner, especially the imitations between the piano-forte and the harmonica. The theme of the succeeding air is as simple as it is engaging, and the several variations into which the subject has been modelled, evince fertile fancy, guided by chasteness of conception, and experience considerably matured. This observation applies, in a peculiar degree, to the pretty waltz-movement which forms the concluding variation, especially the first half of it; the subsequent portion (p. 11) being rather overcharged with a series of common chords broken into semiquavered triplets.

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## THE SELECTOR :

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### THE LION AND THE FATHER.

(From LICHTENSTEIN'S *Travels in Southern Africa*, vol. II.)

NOT far from hence the river breaks itself a way through the mountains, forming a pass of about three quarters of an hour in length. This is called the Riet River's Gate. The road lies along the banks of the river; the high reeds preventing the bed of the river itself, which does not very often contain water, from being used as a road. On the other side of the pass, where again is a large plain, in the deeper parts of the river's bed was some water, but it was strongly impregnated with salt; and about the banks the ground was covered with a thick rind of natron. At no time of the year are these *kuiten*, as they are called, wholly destitute of water; but the quantity increases in win-

ter, even without rain, and the water loses its salt flavour very much.

Near one of these pits was the proper habitation of Van Dyk. On account of the weakness of our horses, he had lent us some of his oxen to assist in conveying us on to the next place, where we were to stop: While our oxen were grazing awhile, and we sought the shade within the door of his house, he related to us the following story:—"It is now," he said, "more than two years since, in the very place where we stand, I ventured to take one of the most daring shots that ever was hazarded. My wife was sitting within the house, near the door; the children were playing about her, and I was without, near

the house, busied in doing something to a waggon ; when suddenly, though it was mid-day, an enormous lion appeared, came up, and laid himself quietly down in the shade, upon the very threshold of the door. My wife, either frozen with fear, or aware of the danger attending any attempt to fly, remained motionless in her place, while the children took refuge in her lap. The cry they uttered attracted my attention, and I hastened towards the door ; but my astonishment may well be conceived when I found the entrance to it barred in such a way. Although the animal had not seen me, unarmed as I was, escape seemed impossible ; yet I glided gently, scarcely knowing what I meant to do, to the side of the house up to the window of my chamber, where I knew my loaded gun was standing. By a most happy chance I had set it into the corner close by the window, so that I could reach it with my hand ; for, as you may perceive, the opening is too small to admit of my having got in ; and, still more fortunately, the door of the room was open, so that I could

see the whole danger of the scene. The lion was beginning to move, perhaps with the intention of making a spring. There was no longer any time to think : I called softly to the mother not to be alarmed ; and, invoking the name of the Lord, fired my piece. The ball passed directly over the hair of my boy's head, and lodged in the forehead of the lion, immediately above the eyes, which shot forth, as it were, sparks of fire, and stretched him on the ground, so that he never stirred more." Indeed we all shuddered as we listened to this relation. Never, as he himself observed, was a more daring attempt hazarded. Had he failed in his aim, mother and children were all inevitably lost. If the boy had moved he had been struck ; the least turn in the lion, and the shot had not been mortal to him. To have taken an aim at him from without was impossible, for the shadow of any one advancing in the bright sun would have betrayed him ; while, to consummate the whole, the head of the creature was, in some sort, protected by the door-post.

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### FRENCH MANNERS.

(From *Travels in France, during the Years 1814-15.*)

IN no country in the world is there found so great a number of beggars as in France ; and yet there are not wanting in every town establishments for the maintenance of the poor. These beggars are chiefly from among the manufacturing classes, the families of soldiers and labourers. The peasants are seldom reduced to this state, or when reduced, they are succoured by their fellow-peasants, and do not

beg publicly. The national poverty has had the worst effects on the French character.—What can be more disgusting, than to see people of fashion and family reduced to the necessity of letting to strangers their own rooms, and retiring into garrets and other dirty holes ; demanding exorbitant prices, and, with perfect indifference, taking half or a third ; higgling for every article they pur-

chase; standing in dirty wrappers at their doors, seeing the wood weighed in the street, on terms of familiarity with tradesmen and their own servants!

The towns throughout France, as well as the villages, particularly in the south, have an appearance of decay and dilapidation. The proprietors have not the means of repair. It is customary (I suppose from the heat of the climate) to build the houses very large. To repair a French house, therefore, is very expensive; and it will generally be seen, that in most houses only one or two rooms are kept in repair, and furnished, while the rest of the house is crumbling to pieces. This is the case with all the great houses; in those of the common people we should expect more comfort, as they are small, and do not need either expensive repair or gay furniture: but comfort is unknown in France. On entering a small house in one of the villages, we find the people pigging together, as they are said to do in some parts of England and Scotland. Men, women, dogs, cats, pigs, goats, &c.—no glass in the windows—doors shattered—trucklebeds—a few earthen pots; and with all this filth, we find perhaps half a dozen velvet or brocade-covered chairs, a broken mirror, or a marble-slab table; these are the articles plundered in former days of terror and revolution. All *caffés* and hotels in the villages are thus furnished.

Besides the want of pavement to protect us from the carriages, and to keep our feet dry, we have to encounter the mass of filth and dirt,

which the nastiness of the inhabitants deposits, and which the police suffers to remain. The state of Edinburgh in its worst days, as described by our English neighbours, was never any thing equal to what you meet with in France. The danger of walking the streets at night is very great, and the perfumes of Arabia do not prevail in the morning.

The churches in all the villages are falling to ruin; in many instances are converted into granaries, barracks, and hospitals. Manufacturing establishments are also in ruins, scarcely able to maintain their workmen; their owners have no money for the repair of their buildings.

I must not forget, that I noticed the dress and amusements of the French as offering a mark of their poverty. The great meanness of their dress must particularly strike every English traveller, for I believe there is no country in the world where all ranks of people are so well dressed as in England. It is not indeed astonishing to see the nobility, gentry, and those of the liberal professions, well clothed; but to see every tradesman, and every tradesman's apprentice, wearing the same clothes as the higher orders; to see every servant as well, if not better clothed than his master, affords a clear proof of the riches of a country. In the higher ranks among the French, a gentleman has indeed a good suit of clothes, but these are kept for wearing in the evening on the promenade, or at a party. In the morning, clothes of the coarsest texture, and often much worn, or even rag-



ged, are put on. If you pay a lady or a gentleman a morning visit, you find them so metamorphosed as scarcely to be known: the men in dirty coarse cloth great-coats, wide sackcloth trowsers, and slippers; the women in coarse calico wrappers, with a coloured handkerchief tied round their hair. All the little gaudy finery they possess is kept for the evening; but even then there is nothing either costly, or elegant, or neat, as with us. In their amusements, also, is the poverty of the people manifested. A person residing in Paris, and who had travelled no further, would think that this observation was unjust, for in Paris there is no want of amusements; the theatres are numerous, and all other species of entertainment are to be found. But in the smaller towns one little dirty theatre, ill lighted, with ragged scenery, dresses, and a beggarly company of players, is all that is to be found. The price of admittance is also very low. The poverty of the people will not admit of the innumerable descriptions of amusements which we find in every little town in England: amateur concerts are sometimes got up, but for want of funds they seldom last long. My subscription to one of these at the town where we resided was five francs per month, or about a shilling each concert. This may be taken as a specimen of the price of French amusements.

The excessive poverty of the higher orders, more particularly amongst the old nobility, has not only subjected them to this meanness of taking bribes, but has produced also amongst them a species of fawning servility of manner to-

wards their inferiors; and this has, in its turn, in a great degree destroyed that high feeling of superior rank and superior responsibility, and that standard of amiable and noble manners, which are the happiest consequences resulting from the institution of a hereditary nobility. The consequence of this servility among the *noblesse* has inevitably produced a corresponding arrogance and insolence amongst the lower orders. You will see a French servant enter his master's room without taking off, or even touching his hat, engage in the conversation which may be passing whilst he is mending the fire, throw himself upon a chair, and thus deliver the message he has been entrusted with, arrange his neck-cloth at the glass, and dance out of the room humming a tune. To an Englishman this familiarity, from its excessive impudence, creates at first more amusement than irritation; but it becomes disgusting when we consider its consequences upon national manners, and that its causes are to be traced to national crime. I have seen a French gentleman take his grocer by the hand, and embracing him, hope for his company at supper. This submissive meanness towards their tradesmen, is of course much increased by their dread of the day of reckoning; and is therefore ultimately the consequence of their poverty.

It happened that an English nobleman, who lately visited France, had shewn much kindness to one of the *ancienne noblesse* during his stay in England. For upwards of a year, he had insisted on his living with him at his country seat. Upon the

eve of leaving England for France, he wrote to his old acquaintance, desiring him to take suitable apartments for him in Paris. The Frenchman returned a most polite answer, saying, how much he felt himself hurt by the idea, that his lordship should dream of his taking apartments, whilst his hotel was at his service. The English nobleman accordingly lived two months at the hotel; but, to his astonishment, upon taking his departure, Monsieur presented him with a regular bill, charging for every article, and including a very high rent for the lodgings. This is hardly to be credited by those unacquainted with the present condition of France; but I am induced to believe the story to be, in every particular, correct, as the authority was unquestionable. This excessive poverty amongst the higher classes, their being often unable, from their narrow circumstances, to support a house and separate establishment, their living in miserable lodgings when they are low in purse, snatching a spare meal at some cheap restaurateur's, and being unaccustomed to the comfort of regular meals in their own house, is the cause that they are all epicures,

devotedly and generally attached to good eating, and that to such an excess, that a stranger, in attending a ball supper in France, or treating a French party to dinner, will be astonished at the perseverance of their palates, and the wonderful expedition with which both sexes contrive to travel through the various dishes on the table. The behaviour of Sancho at Camacho's wedding, when he rolled his delighted eyes over the assembled flesh-pots, is but a prototype of what I have witnessed equally in Frenchmen and Frenchwomen.

At a ball supper, when it is generally impossible in England to prevail upon the ladies to taste a morsel, I have seen these slim and delicate females of France regale themselves with dressed dishes, swallow, with incredible avidity, repeated bowls of strong soup, and wash this down with hot punch, strong enough to admit of being set on fire. Nothing can certainly be more destructive of all ideas of feminine delicacy, than to see a beautiful woman transformed by the flames of these midnight bowls, and looking through this medium like some unknown, voracious inhabitant of another world.

## INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN has in the press, a work containing seventy-one *Views of London*, in colours; with interesting descriptions, selected from his *Repository of Arts*. It will form, when complete, one volume imperial 8vo.

Mr. Ackermann has also in great forwardness, a selection of seventy-

six *Designs of Furniture*, from his *Repository of Arts*; a work which will be of great utility to the upholsterer.

A popular *Description of St. Paul's*; including a brief *History of the old and new Cathedral*, with explanations of the monumental designs by the respective artists,

and other interesting information, will speedily be published. This epitome will be illustrated by a correct ground-plan, and is expressly calculated for the use of strangers visiting the cathedral.

The first number is just published of *Popular Pastimes*; being picturesque representations, beautifully coloured, of the customs and amusements of Great Britain, in ancient and modern times, accompanied with historical descriptions; to be continued monthly, till complete in one volume. This number contains, 1. The Mistletoe on Christmas-eve; 2. Riding the Stang on New Year's-day; 3. Exorcising a House; 4. Game at Foot-ball at Carterhaugh.

The publication of a new periodical work, under the title of *The Recorder, or Judicial and Magistrate's Magazine*, commenced with the first number on the 1st of February.

Mr. J. Ingle, of the Northamptonshire regiment of militia, has in the press, in one volume 8vo. *The Aërial Isles, or the Visions of Malcolm*, a poem, with notes.

*A Treatise on Greyhounds*, with observations on the treatment and disorders of them, is in the press.

Mr. John Varley has commenced the publication of a Series of twenty-four Engravings in aquatinta, by F. C. Lewis, exhibiting many of the most important principles of the art, never before published, and executed on twelve plates, from original drawings, accompanied with letter-press explanations to each plate; two or more of which will be ready for delivery in the course of each month.

The same gentleman will publish *Fol. I. No. III.*

lish in the beginning of March, for the use of children, the first sheet of a Series (similar in size and number to the above) of a variety of subjects, simply and broadly executed, for the most part in flat tints, consisting of plain buildings, bridges, trees, &c. in aquatinta; with useful remarks, &c. engraved on the plate. Each sheet contains two examples.

Mr. Bromley, the engraver, has just produced his etching of a whole-length Portrait of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, from a picture painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence for his Royal Highness the Prince Regent. The etching is now exhibiting by Mr. Bowyer, of Pall-Mall, the proprietor.

Mr. Thomas Wilson, dancing-master from the King's Theatre, has announced for publication by subscription, a *Descriptive Treatise on the Method of Waltzing*. The work will be published in parts, each of which will be embellished with superb engravings of the human figure, illustrative of the manner of performing the different steps, and of the appropriate accompaniments thereto, of the head, arms, and body, so necessary to the graceful effect to be produced in the exercise of so pleasing an amusement.

M. Salmon Mauget, a French gentleman, at present in London, has invented a new method of preserving meat. He makes the joint of meat undergo a certain process, which he conceals. This prevents putrefaction from taking place, after which the piece of meat may be hung up in the kitchen, and gradually dried.

Mr. Longman, of Cheapside, has invented a self-acting harp, in

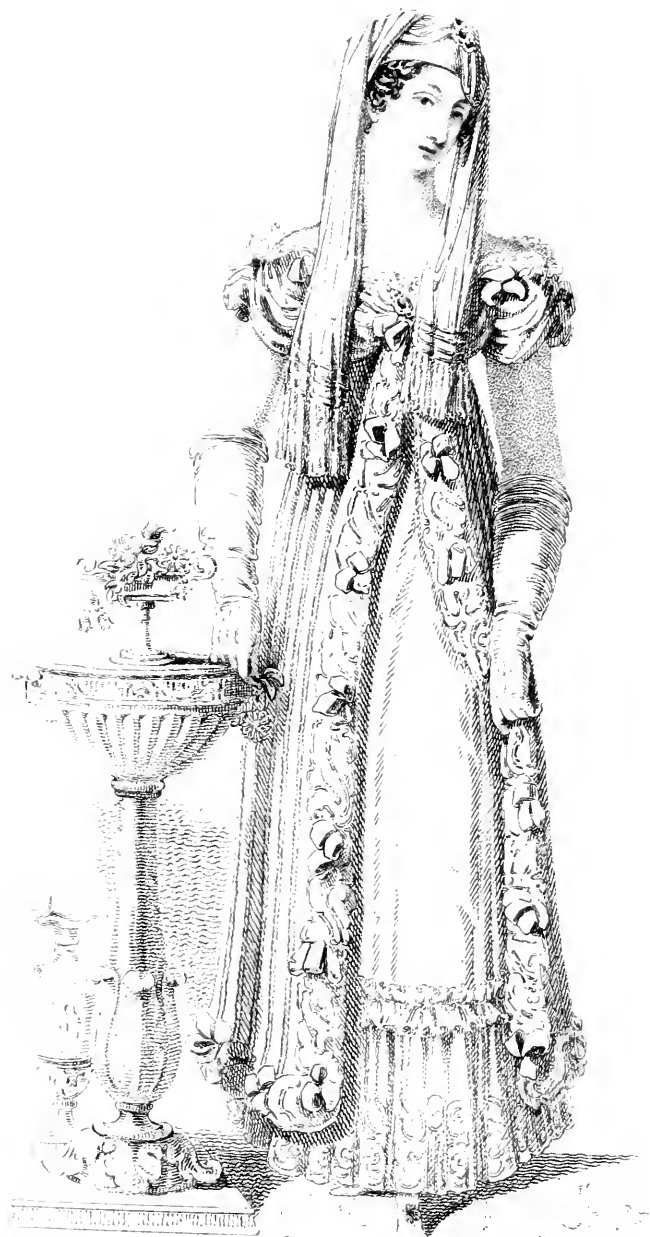
the form and size of a cabinet piano-forte. Its motions are produced solely by weight, which obliges a more regular performance than is attainable by the application of springs. The mechanism includes several accompanying instruments, and the combined effect is sonorous, animating, and particularly calculated for dancing. The winding up, or renovation of its powers, does not occupy more than a minute; and its unwearied performance is sufficiently long for any single dance. The plan upon which this instrument is constructed, admits of its being furnished with keys for the accommodation of those who chuse the amusement of accompanying the dancers; and, by the perpetual admissibility of new barrels, possesses the advantage of multiplying, to any extent, its number and variety of tunes.

In the Court of King's Bench lately, in the case of *Elton versus Jordan*, relative to the warranty of a mare, Lord Ellenborough said, "In order to constitute unsoundness, it is not necessary that a horse should be under an incurable or permanent disease, but such a degree of actual infirmity as interferes with the present use of the animal is sufficient. I think, that if a horse have even a cough at the time of sale, with a warranty of soundness, which cough may be cured in a few days; yet it is an unsoundness, inasmuch as it prevents the purchaser from employing the animal."

A correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine* furnishes the following strong fact in support of the

generally received idea, that the neighbourhood of the barberry-tree is injurious to wheat:—"The late Duke of Bedford, who never omitted an opportunity of bringing any agricultural question to the test of experiment, had a hedge planted in equal proportions with white-thorn, black-thorn, holly, barberry, crab, and possibly some other shrubs which I do not now recollect, with a view to ascertain their comparative advantages and disadvantages in making a good fence. The hedge had not been planted many years before the field, which it assisted to inclose, was sown with wheat. Some time before the harvest the tenant called upon me (then residing at Woburn), desiring I would witness the extraordinary effect which that part of the hedge (about fifteen or twenty yards, more or less,) that was composed of barberry bushes, had upon the wheat. Immediately adjoining to the hedge, and for ten or fifteen yards from it, the wheat was completely blighted, scarcely a single grain to be found in any ear growing within that distance. Beyond it a few solitary grains might be met with, and their number increased exactly in the same proportion as the distance of the wheat from the hedge. Contiguous to the latter the straw was extremely black; and this blackness gradually diminished as the wheat was further removed from the malignant influence of the barberry. The blight extended in a semicircular direction from the hedge nearly across the field, till the discolouration insensibly died away."











## FASHIONS.



## LONDON FASHIONS.

## PLATE 16.—EVENING DRESS.

WHITE satin slip trimmed with a deep flounce of blond lace, set on full and finished by a double heading. The upper dress is a robe composed of striped French gauze, open in front: the waist is very short; and the body, which is made in a perfectly novel style, displays the contour of the shape to the utmost advantage. For the form of the sleeve, which is peculiarly elegant, we refer our readers to the print; as we are also obliged to do for the beautiful trimming which goes round the robe: it is composed of novel materials, which we are not allowed to describe. Hair dressed much off the forehead, and low at the sides. Head-dress Circassian turban composed of French gauze: the ends, which depend from each side, are so disposed as partly to shade the neck: they are extremely rich and beautiful. The only ornament is a superb aigrette composed of pearls and rubies. This head-dress is well calculated for graceful and majestic *belles*, to whom it gives what the French term *l'air imposant*. Necklace, earrings, and bracelets, rubies intermixed with pearls. White satin slippers, and white kid gloves.

## PLATE 17.—CARRIAGE DRESS.

A high body of jaconot muslin, with a lace frill, over which is a low one, formed of pink silk, and trimmed with the same material; the upper part of the trimming is tastefully ornamented with bows of

pink ribbon. Long loose sleeve, finished down the arm with bands and bows, to correspond with the trimming of the train; it is drawn tight at the wrist, and ornamented with a large pink bow. A superb French shawl is thrown carelessly over the shoulders. The hair is dressed very much off the forehead, and low at each side of the face. Head-dress, the Polish cap, which is uncommonly novel and pretty; it is composed of black velvet, and ornamented with a silk tassel and gold band. Necklace, ear-rings, and cross, composed of gold and pearl. French watch, set with pearls. White kid gloves, and black levantine sandals.

Mrs. Gill, of Cork-street, Burlington Gardens, has favoured us with the original and elegantly fancied dresses given in our prints this month.

## GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Were we to select from the records of Fashion a month in which her lovely votaries are most anxious to outvie each other in the splendour and elegance of their costume, it should be the present. It is to be regretted, that we are too much indebted to our Gallic neighbours for the modes and materials of fashionable attire: the former, however, we are happy to say, are not so generally adopted as heretofore; and we are convinced they would gradually decline in estimation, if our London milliners would copy

the example set them by Mrs. Gill, and, instead of adopting the Parisian fashions, have recourse to their own ingenuity and taste for new ones. It is unnecessary to expatiate on the superior novelty and elegance of those dresses which we present to our readers in our engravings this month. Nor is it in this instance only that that lady bears away the palm of taste, since her fashions always leave the most elegant selections from French costume very far indeed behind.

Promenade dress offers little actual novelty. Pelisses continue very much in favour, and the one we described last month has lost nothing of its attraction. Mantles are, however, though slowly, gaining ground. The Wellington mantle, composed of Spanish brown merino cloth, and lined with white or pink sarsnet, is just introduced. It possesses some claims to novelty, and is a very tasteful and comfortable appendage to the walking costume. In shape it resembles a Spanish mantle, and being cut by as, it hangs very gracefully round the figure: there is no cape, but a piece of satin to correspond, about half a quarter in breadth, which is honeycombed, goes up each side of the back, and across the bosom and shoulders, which forms the shape in a style perfectly novel. Cloth fronts, which are cut like a half-handkerchief, are tacked to each shoulder inside; they wrap across the bosom, and fasten behind. The trimming, which is always of satin, corresponds in general; but we have noticed one composed of dark green cloth, and trimmed with light green satin, which had a very pretty and tasteful effect.

The Cobourg hat, which has just been introduced, is in the first style of elegance for the promenade costume, and is likely to continue long in favour: the crown is in the Parisian style, but not unbecomingly so; the brim is narrow, and being turned off the forehead, is exceedingly becoming. The material of which this hat is composed, possesses a superior delicacy and elegance to any thing at present worn; it is the finest whalebone transparently white: it has no ornament.

The barouche wrap, which in form resembles the French *capote*, only that it has no hood, is very generally adopted for the open carriage: it is composed of sage green merino cloth, and lined with twilled sarsnet to correspond. The trimming is beautiful; it is a wreath of oak-leaves in an embroidery of silk and chenille: this latter material, which has lately been exploded, appears to be again coming into fashion: it is not, however, worn by itself, but mixed with embroidery, ribbon, or satin.

For the close carriage costume the striking and tasteful dress which we have given in our print, is considerably higher in estimation among the *belles* of the *haut ton* than any thing else; and when the shawl is thrown off, and the head-dress exchanged for a simply elegant lace cap, it forms a most becoming half dress.

Next to it in estimation is the Richmond spencer, composed of royal purple velvet, and ornamented with white satin, which is so disposed as to form in one piece a small drapery front, an epaulette, and an ornament for the back: it

is worn over a white dress, and a rich white French silk handkerchief, with a beautiful border of fancy flowers in purple, is tied round the throat. This spencer is pretty, rather novel, and in much favour. The hat generally worn with it, is composed of purple velvet to correspond; it has a round crown, rather low, and the front, which turns up all round, is lined with white satin formed into byas flutings; a very narrow velvet band, edged with white, goes round the crown, and a plume of long and beautiful white ostrich feathers droops a little to the left side. This hat is tasteful, and uncommonly becoming.

French striped silks, slight sarsnets, cambrics, and jaconot muslins, begin to displace cloth and poplin in the morning costume. We have no actual novelty to announce in the form of dresses, but the Solms wrapper, composed of jaconot muslin and trimmed with lace, is so peculiarly elegant, that we cannot help noticing it: the body, which is half high and full, is formed exactly to the shape behind by letting-in lace, a row of which also is let in on the shoulder and round the bosom; it is let in all down the front at regular distances with lace, about half a quarter at each side of the waist, but progressively broader all the way down, so as to be about a quarter of a yard at bottom; a single row of broad lace, which is set on full, goes up each side of the front at the edge of the letting-in till it reaches the shoulder, from which a triple row is placed round the shoulder and the middle of the back. The trimming of the train

is a single flounce of broad lace set on full. The *fichu* and *cornette* (the terms cap and handkerchief are no more to be found in Fashion's vocabulary,) worn with this dress, are in the best style of English taste: instead of the throat being enveloped in an immense ruff, it is partially shaded by a lace collar, drawn in three places by primrose ribbon, and edged with a single row of narrow lace. The *cornette* is a small mob cut out on the forehead, so as to display the hair very much, and ornamented with a small bunch of primroses. Those ladies who wish their morning habiliments to be distinguished for simple elegance, must be delighted with the *tout-ensemble* of this dress.

Plaid and striped sarsnet are both much worn in the morning costume: the former is usually trimmed with two flounces of the same material, the upper one finished with a heading. These flounces are festooned with small silk ornaments, usually of the predominant colour of the dress. The most novel and elegant trimming for striped silk dresses, is the one we have given in our plate.

For dinner dress, we observe that French spotted silks continue as much in favour as last month, as does white kerseymere or merino cloth. Striped silks, though worn in the morning, are also fashionable for dinner; and without presuming to set ourselves up as censors, we must observe, that, in strict propriety, the same materials ought not to be used for both: clear muslin, both sprigged and plain, is also in estimation. Muslin dresses are worn in the form described in our last number, but long

sleeves are more predominant than they were then. We have noticed a new body, which is worn with merino, and also with silk skirts: it is composed of pink satin laid on full over white satin, and laced behind with a white silk cord; it is drawn down at each side of the back, so as to form a point in the middle, which displays the white satin underneath; it is also pointed on each breast, and then goes off in a slope, which displays the white satin stomacher, and forms the shape in a very becoming manner. These points are edged with a narrow white silk trimming, and a broader one goes entirely round the bosom and back of the dress. The sleeve, which is short and full, is composed of white satin, and finished by an epaulette formed by three pink points trimmed to correspond. The trimming of the skirt, if merino, is composed of pink satin, intermixed with white silk cord in a very novel manner. When this body is worn with a silk skirt, the points are always composed of satin, one shade darker or lighter than the skirt, as is also the trimming of the train; but the under body, sleeve, and mixture of cord, are white.

The materials for full dress continue the same as last month: French gauze, however, appears more predominant. The exquisitely fancied robe given in our print, is the only novelty that has been introduced in the circles of fashion, of sufficient consequence to be announced to our fair readers.

Caps continue to be as much worn in half dress as ever; we think the favourite is the small French mob.

In full dress the hair is worn

lighter on the temples than last month, and the hind hair forms a bunch of large coils, which fall a little to one side. Pearl ornaments for the hair are higher in estimation than they were last month; combs, aigrettes, and flowers are now formed of that modest gem, with a very slight intermixture of coloured stones. *Toques* are also high in favour. Turbans are worn by matronly ladies only.

In full dress jewellery, pearl necklaces composed of small clusters, with a ruby or any other coloured gem in the middle, and linked together by three or four short rows of pearl, are high in favour; as are also pearl lockets, of various shapes, with the word *Fidélité*, composed of amethysts or emeralds. French watches, superbly set and of a very small size, are much worn.

We are indebted to the invention of our Gallic neighbours for several ornaments much in favour in half-dress jewellery, which still consists wholly of coral and plain gold. The favourite necklace is composed of raspberries, which we must acknowledge to be a most exquisite imitation of nature, linked together by narrow gold chains about two inches long. Gold earrings, with drops to correspond, and the bracelet a gold chain, with a single raspberry in front of the arm, form altogether an elegant *suite* of half-dress jewellery. There are some other ornaments, which we shall describe in our next.

Half-boots of stout French silk or kid, which corresponds with the dress, if a coloured one, are most fashionable in the carriage costume; if the dress is white, primrose kid,

with fringed and rosettes of Spanish brown, is most prevalent. The upper part of the promenade boot is now generally composed of jean; the lower of leather, with a very stout sole. Dress slippers are usually composed of white satin or stout French silk; the favourite

trimming is an embroidery in gold, silver, or colours.

Fans still continue of a moderate size; carved ivory are highest in estimation.

Fashionable colours for the month are, primrose, violet, grass green, pink, amber, and azure.

## FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Feb. 20, 1816.

AND so, my dear little unconscionable friend, you *modestly* beg of me to be more minute if possible. I wish you had heard the sententious Mrs. Welby, who came in by chance as I was sealing my last packet to you, lecture me for throwing away so much time on a subject below the consideration of a rational being. The fair widow did not, however, "suit the action to the words;" for while she was declaiming against my folly, she employed herself in adjusting her beautiful ringlets in a variety of forms, in order to try which was the most becoming. *A propos* to the widow, she has just sported a pelisse made in the newest style of promenade costume, which would, I think, be infinitely becoming to your slight and graceful figure. It is composed of the finest scarlet merino, very short in the waist, and quite tight to the shape. The sleeve is long, rather loose, and ornamented only with a very deep cuff, which goes up in a point, and is finished with three black silk buttons in front of the arm; it is also edged round with narrow black velvet ribbon. The capes, of which there are only two, are made in the pelerine form, and are also

edged with narrow black velvet. A double row of black silk buttons, put very close together at the waist, but slanting as they approach the bottom of the skirt, and also from the waist to the throat, is the only ornament of this pelisse: it has no collar, but the throat is completely enveloped in a rich lace ruff. The bonnet which our friend wore with this pelisse, has novelty, and only novelty, to recommend it: the form of the crown is similar to a helmet, and the front is cut out so as to display the forehead, but it comes very low on each side of the face; it is ornamented tastefully enough with puffings of white blond, and a handkerchief of the same material ties it under the chin: a plume of beautiful white feathers is placed so as to fall back over the crown. This hat, though much in favour with the most tonish *élégantes*, is, in my opinion, very unbecoming.

A new promenade dress has just been introduced, which has been adopted by *belles* of the best taste: it is composed of white levantine, made of walking length, and trimmed only with a plain velvet ribbon, either blue, rose, or pale ruby. The sleeve is long, plain, and loose; and the body is formed in a style more becoming to the shape than

any I have seen since I came to Paris: it fits closely behind, and the back, which is rather broad, is quite high; but instead of a collar, there is a small cape, which falls over behind, but comes only to the shoulders before. The fronts have lappels in the form of an English riding-habit, which are thrown back so as to display the rich lace *fichu* worn with it. This dress, which is remarkable only for neatness and simplicity, is evidently borrowed from the English costume.

*Capotes* are as much worn as ever, and differ in form from those I have already described to you, only by being made with hoods, which are generally worn large, and lined with fur; a very broad trimming of which also goes round the bottom, and up the front on each side. The fur of the otter is higher in request than any thing else for trimmings; but it is worn so broad, that the effect is heavy. *Pelerines* of the most modish pelisses are also formed entirely of it. Some few *élégantes*, however, give the preference to swansdown; and embroidery in fancy wreaths of chenille, begins to be partially adopted.

In the morning costume chintz is entirely exploded; it has given place to cambrie, English cambrie muslin, and sarsnet. The bodies of dresses are still made *à la chemise*, but they are not so full, and the waists are longer than when I wrote last. Muslin dresses are now trimmed only with a single row of scollops edged with lace, or a piece of muslin laid on very full and broad, and divided in the middle by a single row of gauging. Sarsnet dresses are generally trimmed

with a piece of the same material, about half a quarter in breadth, fluted round the bottom. The sleeves are worn long, loose, and plain, except at the wrist, which is always ornamented to correspond with the bottom of the skirt. The sash has given place to a simple band of ribbon, fastened in front by a gold or coral clasp.

Worked muslin, spotted silk, and white levantine, are the favourite materials for dinner dress. I have just seen a new robe in the latter, which I think singularly pretty: it is made a walking length, trimmed round the bottom with a scarlet embroidery in waves and clusters of berries. The body is laced up each side of the back with scarlet cord; the front, which fits closely to the shape, is higher than they have been lately worn, and is ornamented in a light and tasteful manner with scarlet cord in waves. The sleeve is short and full, but confined to the arm by a narrow band, which corresponds with the trimming of the train: the fulness is divided into three compartments by rows of scarlet cord, put plain down the arm. The *fichu* worn with this dress is composed of plain byas net, which fits so closely to the neck that it may be said to, "what it seems to hide, reveal;" it is finished at the throat by a single fall of the finest blond. I think you would be much pleased with the general effect of this dress, which would be still prettier were it not a little too glaring, a fault which is in fact to be found in almost all the French fashions.

For full dress, white satin and silver gauze or crape over white satin, are universally adopted. The

principal difference between full and dinner dress is, that the former is cut lower in the bosom; and if the dress is crape or gauze over white satin, the sleeve, which is also worn shorter than in dinner dress, is drawn up to the top of the shoulder in front of the arm, so as to display the satin sleeve about half a quarter in length underneath. Some *élégantes* still continue to have their dresses trimmed with bands of plain velvet, others adopt trimmings of painted velvet, and many wear only a double fall of blond.

Dresses composed of silver gauze are usually embroidered in the loom, in a rich large pattern; and the lama work, which is, in my opinion, the most beautiful of the French trimmings, is universally worn with crape dresses.

There has been a complete but very unbecoming revolution in hair-dressing since I wrote last. The Parisian fashionable now wears her hair divided in front, and dressed very low on each side of the face; the hind hair is either disposed in the Chinese style, or fastened up in a full tuft. I speak of the hair in full dress only; in half dress it is put up tightly, caps being so much worn. They differ little in form from those I mentioned in my last letter, but they are worn much lower; and instead of flowers, are ornamented only with bunches, or cockades of ribbon. In full dress, feathers are universally adopted, as are also combs composed of gold, pearl, and coral. The latter is no longer confined to half dress, or social parties, it is now intermixed with the most costly gems; as for in-

stance, a gold comb is ornamented with acorns of coral, placed at regular distances, and the space between is filled up with emeralds, pearls, &c. The necklace and bracelets correspond of course. Others, mounted with coral, are ornamented with pearl bells. In half-dress jewellery, gold chains or strings of coral only are worn.

I had written thus far before I recollected, that when speaking to you of the promenade costume, I mentioned only one head-dress: it is indeed the only one which is strikingly novel. Hats and bonnets are worn much smaller than they were a few weeks back; the most fashionable among the former, have a plain low crown (comparatively low, I mean), and small front, which is turned up before, and ornamented in the middle with a button and loop and a plume of flat feathers, generally white: the latter have diminished in height and size so much that they are now far from unbecoming. Black velvet caps, trimmed with bands of black velvet, ornamented either with jet or polished steel, and finished with a tassel of the same on one side, are also much worn. The materials used for hats and bonnets are various: velvet, though still worn, is on the decline; satin, silk, shag, and white chip, are very general; they are always lined with sarsnet, and finished at the edge with a quilling of blond. The fashion of lining hats with sarsnet striped in different and very glaring colours, is still very prevalent; it has an inelegant and even unbecoming appearance, but it is *outré*, and that is sufficient to render it fashionable here.

Flowers, which were fashionable for so long a period, are at length almost exploded: one sees now and then indeed, but very rarely, an *élégante* whose hat is adorned with a bunch of moss or damask roses, or jonquils; but the most fashionable ornament is a plume of long flat feathers, generally white.

*Toques* are in high estimation with matronly ladies for *grand costume*: the most fashionable are composed of white crape, but I have seen a few in velvet, finished with folds of crape or satin *à la Turque*.

Dress slippers are always made of white satin; they are cut very low all round the foot, and are ornamented either with a rich embroidery or a rosette of silver. Our fashionables sport *brodequins* for the promenade: they are a sandal of a singular form, made high behind and in front, but cut down at the sides; when the walking dress

is trimmed with fur, they have also a broad piece at the instep: they are made either to correspond with the dress, or of white leather. I must not forget to tell you, that the Parisian *belles* have the most beautiful fans in the world: they are in general small and of carved ivory, painted in the most exquisite taste in small bouquets of fancy flowers.

Let me hear from you soon, my dear Sophia; and remember, that if you do not acknowledge me to be the most minute of all the scribblers that ever took pen in hand to expatiate on the delightful subject of dress, you shall receive no more letters from

Your ever affectionate

EUDOCIA.

\* \* \* More last words. The fashionable colours for the month are purple, damask, rose, green of various shades, and jonquil.

## FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

### PLATE 14.—LIT DE REPOS.

IN fashions, as in manners, it sometimes happens, that one extreme immediately usurps the place of the other, without regarding their intervening degrees of approximation. For the *precise*, in dress, the French have adopted the *deshabille*; and it has been applied to their articles of furniture in many instances, giving to them an air which the amateurs term the *négligé*.

In the annexed plate the design of a *lit de repos*, or sofa-bed, has a peculiar character of unaffected ease, and is not without its full claims to elegance. The sofa is of the usual construction, and the draperies are thrown over a sceptre-rod projecting from the wall of the apartment: they are of silk, as is the *courte-pointe* also.

## Poetry.

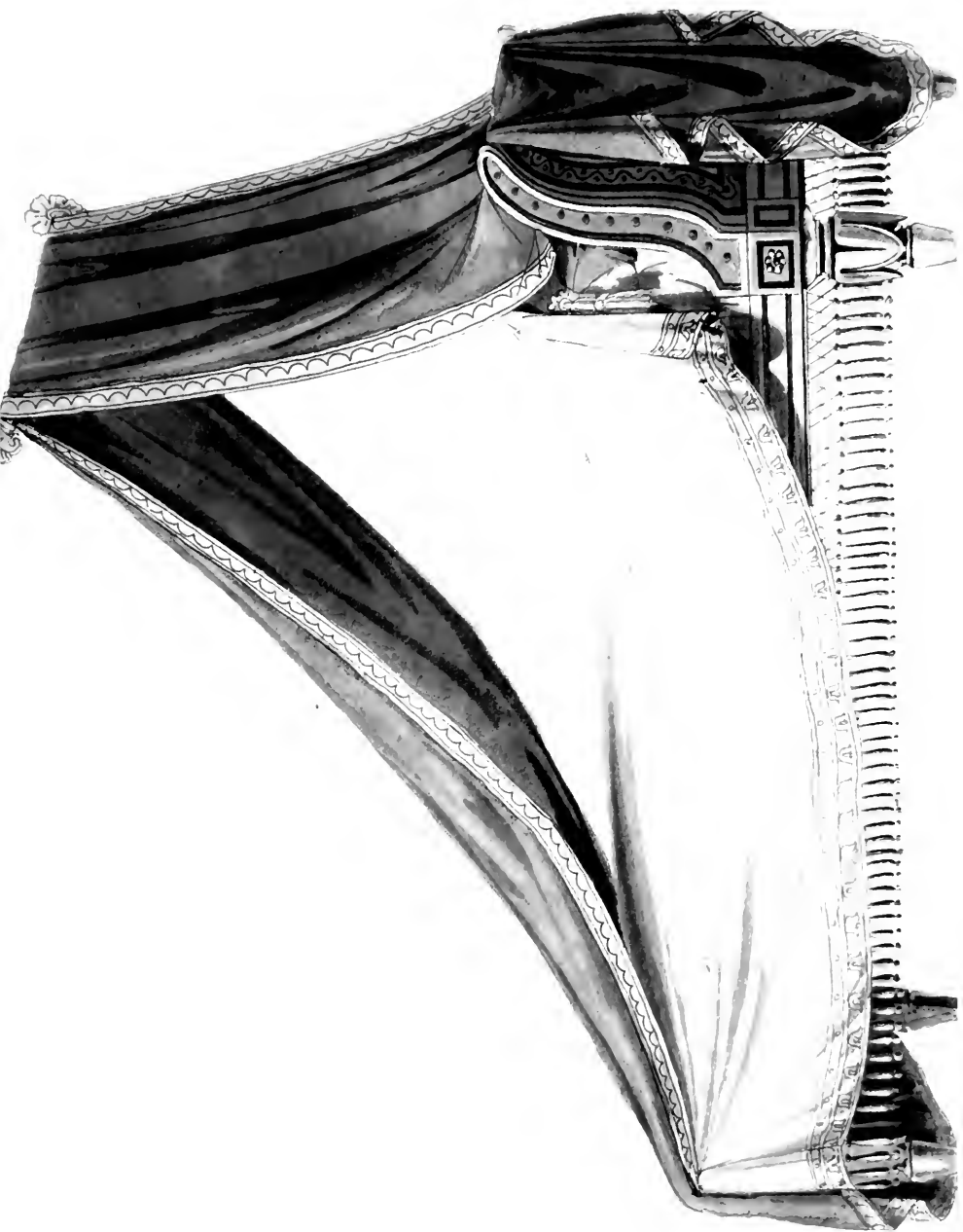
### THE BATTLE OF POICTIERS.

#### A FRAGMENT.

FROM earliest morn till eve came on,  
Had urg'd the fight De Bio herton;  
Nor less bold Courtney's weighty brand  
Had fail'd its master's powerful hand.

Well had keen Clifford won his way,  
With cutting sabre's whirling sway;  
Thy deeds, lord of the biting axe,  
Northumberland, we need not tax;  
The brave Earl Mowbray came from far,  
To lend his aid in Britain's war;







And youthful Glanvil's strength was  
 near,  
 To press the rout with flying spear ;  
 With him Sir Hugh of Bardolph join'd,  
 And Audley of the martial mind.  
 Last in the list, but first in fame,  
 We read Black Edward's noble name.  
 How poor the lay that bard can raise  
 For thee, great prince, excelling praise ;  
 Whose deeds of might, in warlike host,  
 Outvying, are thy smallest boast !  
 Young as thou art, in thee we trace  
 The attributes of ev'ry grace,  
 That e'er adorn'd a son of man,  
 Since our frail lump of earth began.  
 How long the time again to see  
 Half what was realiz'd in thee ?  
 O much lov'd prince, old Albion's guide,  
 Dread of the foe, thy father's pride,  
 Long would the bard that fame re-  
 hearse,  
 Which would ennoble Homer's verse ;  
 But far beyond his narrow ken  
 It soars \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Turn we again to battle-field,  
 To clashing sword and echoing shield,  
 Where helmets, roll'd in gory dust,  
 Declare how well has sped the thrust ;  
 And spears releas'd from masters' hand,  
 Lie carelessly along the sand.  
 Long had each host in conflict stood,  
 Well drunk had each of human blood,  
 Yet still insatiable they fight,  
 Well pois'd in numbers as in might ;  
 Till, Edward, thy pervading star  
 Shone meteor-like amid the war.  
 'Twas then that France began to yield,  
 And England firmer press the field ;  
 Now here, now there, the hero turns,  
 His soul with martial ardour burns,  
 And, fierce from Britain's either flank,  
 Speed death and panic on the Frank :  
 All orderless their legions fly,  
 None stop save those who stop to die.  
 What carnage then had sham'd the night  
 That witness'd red-cross Albion's might,  
 Had not Prince Edward's strong com-  
 mand  
 Restrain'd each high-flush'd heart and  
 hand,

That, goaded on by victory's pride,  
 Had lost themselves in slaughter's tide.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Yet ere we quit these fatal plains,  
 Where death's most hideous aspect  
 reigns,  
 Th' enquiring eye would fain count  
 o'er  
 The brave who sleep to rise no more ;  
 The tongue a sadden'd pleasure feel,  
 In lauding those who fed the steel.  
 Tho' victory crowns Britannia's host,  
 Whole troops she mourns of heroes  
 lost ;  
 On Poitiers one half her strength  
 Lie stretch'd, alas ! in gory length :  
 There rest the whiten'd beard of age,  
 In battle stern, and counsel sage ;  
 Close by his side the youthful cheek,  
 That scarce of manhood doth bespeak ;  
 Both far remote from friends and home,  
 Here prematurely met their doom.  
 Lord Beauchamp press'd that sanguine  
 plain ;  
 His gallant cousin, bold De Vane ;  
 A mother's wish, a mother's tear,  
 Proved less with him than Poitiers.  
 How looks she for his safe return,  
 Swift o'er the flying ocean borne !  
 But blindly looks, for hardy Vane  
 Now rests among the noble slain :  
 Tho' snatch'd away in early prime,  
 And mould'ring in a foreign clime,  
 Ne'er shall forget thy native land  
 Th' endowments of that heart and hand.  
 Lives there who feels not strongest grief  
 For Hugh of Bardolph, valiant chief ?  
 Young Glanvil's fate may claim a tear,  
 Known but too well by Gallia's rear ;  
 The brave Earl Mowbray's joyous shout  
 Shall peal no more in wassail rout ;  
 And haughty Clifford's lofty call  
 Resound no more in Ednam hall.  
 Quench'd is high Audley's soul of fire,  
 Talbot and Scales with him expire ;  
 And thousands more not known to fame  
 But by their patrimonial name.

DONALD.

Melvin-House, Jan 10, 1816.

B B 2

To the Memory of a Caledonian Hero, who fell in the Battle of Waterloo, written by a Companion in Arms, and set to Music by Mr. WILLIAM GROSSE, Organist of the German Reformed Church.

Gallant soldier! once the glory  
Of thine own unconquer'd band,  
Shall not Fame, in living story,  
Tell the triumph of thy hand?

Be her silver trumpet bound  
With the Scottish thistle flowers;  
Ah! how sweet it then would sound  
Thro' his native Highland bowers!

Let her fingers add to all,  
Many a gloomy cypress leaf;  
Emblem of the hero's fall,  
Emblem of his country's grief.

"Mark," she cries, "where eagles soar  
Thro' Iberia's azure sky,  
And the Douro's sullen roar  
Mocks the wolf that hovers nigh!"

"Steady as those eagles' flight,  
Rapid as that river's flood,  
Firm he mingled in the fight,  
Seeking me in fields of blood!

"See the Tagus golden banks,  
Lusitania's vineyards fair,  
Here he led his plaided ranks,  
Check'd the Gallic hydra there!

"Thence mid Pyrennean snows  
Did his charger fiercely prance,  
Bearing him thro' hosts of foes  
To the conquer'd field of France!"

Here the goddess ceased her lay:  
Weak, her wings refused to fly;  
Faint, her voice forbore to say,  
How MACARA dared to die!

Be it then to friendship giv'n,  
Such a warrior's name to save,  
While 'tis borne on breeze of heav'n,  
That he found a soldier's grave,

By unequal hosts opposed,  
Still he prov'd his valour true;  
For his bright career was closed.  
On the plains of Waterloo!

## LINES,

Descriptive of a well-known Incident which happened at the time the English Army, under the command of Lord Wellington, lay encamped on Torres Vedras.

On Vedras' lofty hills, where Frenchmen  
lay,

Whose meagre looks their wretched state  
betray;

From whence in view the British lines  
they ken,

Those troops who've beat them o'er and  
o'er again,

Where Wellington prepares the dreadful  
blow,

Where ev'ry soldier pants to meet the foe,  
The chief renown'd, proclaims the din  
of war,

And mounts Bellona on her thund'ring  
car;

The plund'ring Gauls have now a prize  
obtain'd,

A bullock from the harmless peasant  
gain'd.

The trammel'd victim struggles to be  
freed—

A noble bullock of true Spanish breed—  
With vigour now exerts his utmost  
strength,

And by exertion is releas'd at length:  
Now tow'rd the English camp with frenzy  
flies,

But ere the goal he reach'd, drops down  
and dies.

The air resounds with yells of clam'rous  
joy,

And speed, redoubled speed, the French  
employ.

But, lo! a gallant band the British send,  
Who seize the ox, yet offer to defend

Their claim by equal combat on the spot,  
And which succeeds, the beast shall be  
his lot.

Both sides agree; now man to man op-  
pos'd,

A shout the signal, and the ranks are  
clos'd,

The clashing bay'nets meet, a pause en-  
sues,

While each in dire array his foe now  
views.

So when the gather'd storm the peasant  
 " " eyes,  
 In silence waits th' explosion from the  
 " " skies;  
 Anon the forked lightning darts around,  
 The 'crashing thunder rolls with awful  
 " " sound:  
 Thus on they rush as two contending  
 " " waves,  
 Foe pressing foe, each his opponent  
 " " braves;  
 Here strength 'gainst strength, there skill  
 " " doth skill defy,  
 Doubtful the strife, for both in courage  
 " " vie.  
 The glit'ring steel now reeks with human  
 " " gore,  
 And lifeless heroes fall to rise no more;  
 Some writhe in pain, while in a purple  
 " " flood  
 Life fleets away in copious streams of  
 " " blood.  
 The French at length give way to British  
 " " might,  
 Their ranks are thinn'd, and sent to  
 " " realms of night;  
 The remnant fly, chas'd by a victor  
 " " foe  
 Straight to their camp, ere they pursuit  
 " " forego.  
 The victors now prepare to sound re-  
 " " treat,  
 But with three hearty cheers their foes }  
 " " first greet,  
 A farewell token of their sad defeat. }  
 Now from the Gallic lines a flag appears,  
 Borne by a chief whose looks bespeak  
 " " his years;  
 With martial step he nears the wond'ring  
 " " band,  
 Who silent wait the tend of his com-  
 " " mand.  
 He silence broke:—  
 " Britons! this day most nobly have you  
 " " done,  
 The prize you merit, for 'twas bravely  
 " " won;  
 As you are valiant so you're generous  
 " " too,  
 I'm therefore come to craye a boon of  
 " " you.

Our camp is stress'd, full sore we feel  
 " " the want  
 Of common food, but most of all we're  
 " " scant  
 Of some such victim as by conquest's  
 " " your's;  
 Spare but a part, the gift our thanks en-  
 " " sures."  
 " Take then the whole!" the conquerors  
 " " cry, " take all!  
 We're only griev'd the object is so small."  
 Then three huzzas they give the vet'ran  
 " " chief,  
 Who graceful bow'd his thanks for this  
 " " relief.  
 Now each one measur'd back to camp  
 " " his way,  
 There to recount the fortunes of the day.

---

 EPITAPH

On a beautiful Female, who came, " unknow-  
 ing and unknown," to a village in — shire,  
 and died in a state of despondence, sup-  
 posed to have been occasioned by disap-  
 pointed love.

BY J. M. LACEY.

Where shall the tender tear be shed,  
 If not at beauty's tomb,  
 Who early droop'd her anguish'd head,  
 And met her bitter doom?  
 Grief stole her cheek's bright rose away,  
 And plac'd the lily there;  
 'Twas grief that bore no common sway,  
 But ended in despair.  
 She died, and left no friend to tell  
 Her tale of deepest woe:  
 'Twas thought she lov'd, and lov'd too  
 well,  
 But none the truth can know.  
 A stranger's hand records thy fate,  
 Thy beauty, and thy grief:  
 Regret, alas! is now too late,  
 In heav'n thou find'st relief.  
 Yet o'er this spot, in spring's soft hour,  
 The primrose pale shall bloom;  
 The violet too, that fragrant flower,  
 Shall decorate thy tomb.

## EXTRACTS

From THE LADY OF NORTHCLIFF TOWER.

A Poem, intended to be produced in the course of the season, from the pen of the Author of "The Rival Roses," and "Sir Wilibert de Waverley, or The Bridal Eve."

FITZARTHUR.

Oh! for a Muse this knight to paint!  
 But, ah! description must be faint;  
 For in Fitzarthur's sparkling eye  
 Did wit and pleasure laughing lie:  
 His shining locks, with graceful air,  
 Wav'd lightly o'er his forehead fair;  
 And many a heart of lady gay,  
 His graceful form had won away.  
 Oh! who in hours of revelry,  
 Could vie with him for sportive glee;  
 Or, in the hours of peace, could trill  
 The song with gay Fitzarthur's skill?  
 And who like him the dance could tread,  
 When down its airy maze he sped?  
 Such was the knight, when all aside  
 Was laid the helmet's plumed pride,  
 When armour bright no more was seen,  
 But yielded to the doublet green,  
 The satin cloak, and trim array,  
 Which spoke the warrior's holiday;  
 But when he in the battle-field  
 Grasp'd the keen sword, and wore the  
 shield,  
 A braver than Fitzarthur shone,  
 The lists of glory ne'er could own!

LOVE.

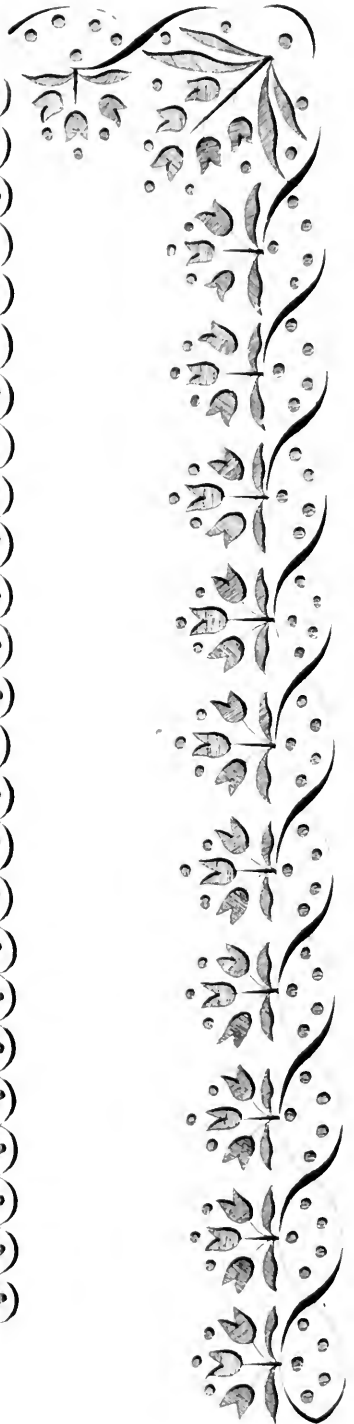
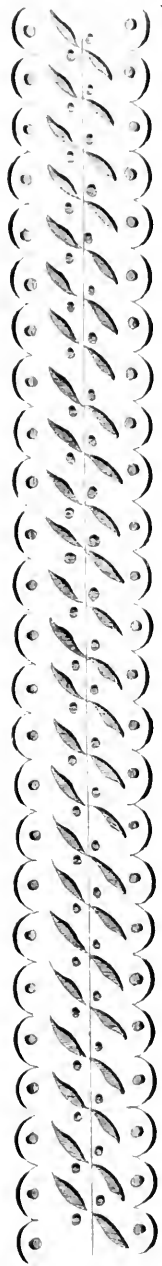
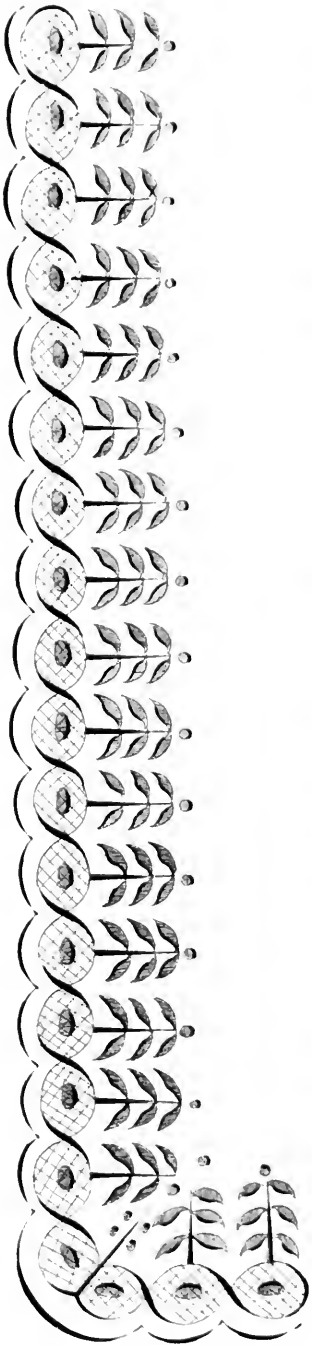
Ethereal flame! whose vivid light  
 Can guide us thro' a maze of woe,  
 Who bid'st the coward arm for fight,  
 And mak'st the cold like Hecla glow;  
 Where is the bard thy powers can tell,  
 Thou regent of the strongest spell?  
 For e'en when absence dims the hour,  
 Thou bid'st us twine in Faucy's bower

A wreath of hopes and vision'd joys,  
 Which waking truth indeed destroys:  
 Yet, oh! when faithful lovers meet,  
 And each with rapturous welcome greet,  
 When the fond youth, whose eye-beams  
 tell

The emotions which his bosom swell,  
 Sees, meretricious art above,  
 The tell-tale blush of bashful love  
 Across the cheek and bosom stray,  
 And brightly in those glances play,  
 Whose beauty his affection stole,  
 Whose radiance fir'd his ardent soul,  
 Then is thy dearest triumph shewn,  
 And *Love* ascends to *Rapture's* throne!

FADING LOVE.

When sinks the sun beneath the main,  
 The lingering radiance gilds the plain,  
 And, thro' the cloud of purple hue,  
 Beams softened lustre on our view;  
 Nor dies at once the parting ray,  
 Still on our sight its glories play,  
 Till sunk in ocean's dusky wave,  
 The orb declin'd, has found its grave:  
 Then, all around how chang'd the scene!  
 The sky may have an air serene,  
 The cloud may boast its purple hue,  
 The concave wear its beauteous blue;  
 But all their lovely glow is fled,  
 And nature seems an image dead!  
 'Tis thus, when from the human heart  
 Love's loitering fantasies depart:  
 By slow degrees *love's* vision flies,  
 With mild decay the image dies;  
 And long will memory's latent power  
 Shed radiance o'er a lover's hour;  
 Till hope, fatigu'd with long delay,  
 Leaves us to dread despair a prey.  
 Fancy no more can deck with gold  
 The visions she would once unfold;  
 At once they fly, the dream is o'er,  
 And gloomy seems our destin'd shore!







# THE Repository

OF

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*Manufactures, &c.*

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. I.

APRIL 1, 1816.

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## TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

*Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expence. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.*

*We were not at all aware of the circumstance mentioned by our friend J. M. Lacey, and thank him for the hint. To be able to detect every plagiarism of the kind to which he refers, would require a much more extensive reading, and a much stronger memory, than we can lay claim to.*

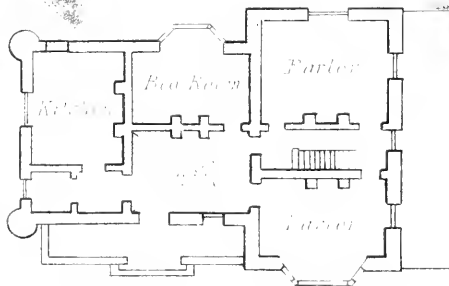
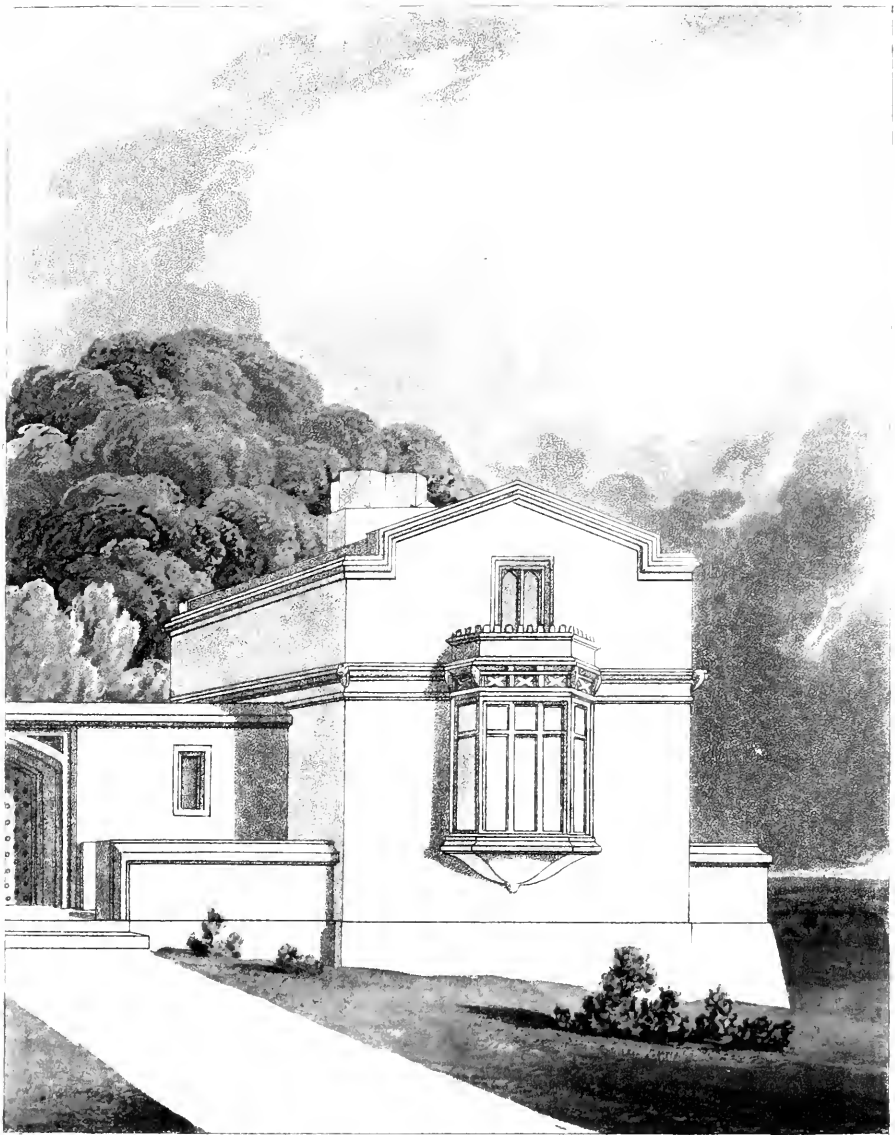
*As the tender scenes of courtship, though infinitely interesting to the parties, are apt to appear the very reverse to indifferent spectators, we have forwarded the letter of Sincera to the quarter from which that of Sincerus was received, with our best wishes for the lady's success.*

*Diana Dreadnought's Letter and The Conflict in our next, without fail.*

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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. I.

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N<sup>o</sup>. IV.

FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 19.—A COTTAGE ORNEE.

THE plate which accompanies these observations exhibits a design proposed for a country uneven in its character, and where stone is to be had suited to the purposes of building: the plan is, however, arranged for the more general construction in brick-work, and consequently the walls would need to be of greater thickness if stone should be adopted. The neighbourhood of the lakes of Cumberland is admirably suited to buildings of this style, which partake of that mixture of parts, which we may conclude sometimes occurred in our domestic architecture, when the security of the sovereign and the subject began to depend less on the strength of fortifications and the force of arms, than on the equitable administration of the laws of the country.

In scenery composed of those characteristics which form a whole, that we term romantic, small buildings in this mixed style are in perfect correspondence, and are indeed desirable; for an awe is inspired

by the grandeur of fine ranges of distant hills, views of extensive woods and lakes, in combination with broken and rock scenery, that impresses the mind with the idea of solitariness and insecurity, and makes agreeable every feature of protection and safety. Perhaps it is this selection from ecclesiastical and castle architecture that ought to be combined and adopted for romantic scenery, instead of either the one or the other only, as is now a very common practice. The cathedral style is not suited to domestic life; the apertures are too large, and the general proportions of its architecture inapplicable to such purposes. The castle style, on the contrary, affords too little light and air, and is cumbrous in its arrangements. When they are allowed to blend their peculiar forms and proportions, and these are modified and appropriated by a skilful hand, a style is produced capable of expressing all the beauties of each, affording at the same time the most convenient arrangements for do-

mestic and polished occupation; and the style is fully authorized by the documents and the remains of those buildings which are the decorated English architecture of the reigns of the three first Edwards. This is, however, a style of architecture merely and best applied to small buildings; for there is a classical refinement native to Grecian architecture, and a power of combining the features of intelligence with beauty and dignity in so extensive a variety of form and grace, that it is always to be deplored when other characters of architecture are substituted for it, unless some imperious circumstance of fitness which the situation demands, makes it necessary.

The interior of the cottage represented in the engraving, admits of a very interesting style of decoration: its little hall of entrance, having a door of oak studded over with nail-heads, may be formed into compartments, and painted in imitation of oak-panneling; Gothic pillars at the corners may support a groined ceiling, ornamented with ribs, and with flowers at the intersections. The window being small, would subdue the light, so as to give it a calm effect, and afford that repose to the eye which is always agreeable after a long exposure to the greater quantity abroad; and this is also desirable, as it prepares it to receive with greater force the cheerfulness or the brilliancy of the upper apartments: and it is also important in buildings of a larger description. Very desirable oppositions are to be obtained by a proper arrangement of light in halls, vestibules, and corridors; for the finest apartments gain

very much of the favourableness of first impressions by the balance in their favour, which in light and colour the former are prepared to yield to them. The principal rooms of this cottage might be decorated in a more finished style, still keeping in view a perfect fitness and simplicity, the walls being coloured in warm or cool tints, according to the fancy of the occupier; and embellished by tracery in Gothic forms, to combine with the windows, which might be enriched by stained or painted glass. The chimney-pieces, the skirtings, the architraves, all should be designed to form a congruous whole; and although the inferior apartments would not be equally embellished, yet the forms and the colours should be such only as naturally belong to its general character; and these may be produced with quite as little expense as is usually bestowed on buildings of a common kind.

This cottage would afford a tolerable number of apartments; namely, two best bed-rooms, one being on the ground-floor; and two servants' rooms, a parlour, a dining-room, a hall, kitchen, and pantry; the larder being below: the cellaring would be made in the declivity of the ground, here assumed to be its natural shape. The real size of the building would be concealed by the screen wall, as it appears, of the entrance front, particularly if the room immediately behind it were covered by a metal flat roof; those of the other part would be protected by a roof of rather a peculiar construction, which the thickness of stone walls readily admits, being formed with panuiet

gutters, which will not admit an overflow, so as to injure the apartments, proceeding either from excessive rains, or accumulated or drifted snows—a form very desirable in greatly exposed situations.

The best material for making permanent gutters that has yet been used for the purpose, is lead: copper and zinc are both objectionable, on reasonable grounds. Compositions of many kinds have been devised, but have failed in perhaps every instance; the hard ones crack with the least settlement of the building, or the springing, swelling, or shrinking of the timbers connected with them; the soft ones soon lose their tenacity by the operation of the sun: and those that have been devised of a medium composition, become hard in winter and dry in summer, and consequently crack in both seasons.

Roofs are unquestionably made in some countries entirely flat, and secured by compositions, as those, for instance, at Malta, where they are used for walking upon, or for the performance of the common business of the day: but here the buildings are chiefly of stone, with very little timber about them; the apartments are narrow, and arched over, and the covering is extraordinarily thick, so that the little water that penetrates the surface is arrested by the substance it has to pass, until evaporated at the surface again. The form and nature of our buildings rarely allow of this construction, and the climate is not favourable to it, if they did. The chief objections to lead for gutters, or rather the difficulties that occur in the proper application of it, are, first, the con-

traction and expansion to which it is subject from cold and heat, and from the sudden changeableness of our climate: the transition from one extreme to the other is very great in the short space of twelve hours, the sun most powerfully acting upon it at mid-day, when the succeeding night may be as intensely cold. Architects are therefore very careful that lead shall be put together in comparatively short pieces, and they never admit the too frequent practice of soldering lengths of it together, that the contraction and expansion may take place on as short surfaces as possible. The pieces of lead are connected with each other at a small step of about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch high, the under sheet of lead rising upon the step and the other folding over it: and here commences the second difficulty; for so soon as the water contained in the gutter (its free escape being prevented by snow, leaves, or other impediment,) is deep enough to cover this step, it finds a way under the covering sheet of lead, and thence into the walls or the apartments. This return of the water has never been wholly prevented, and perhaps it never will; it therefore becomes the duty of the architect to remedy the evil, such as it is, in the best possible manner. A simple and novel contrivance for the purpose is here submitted, that, in the few instances in which it has been applied, has completely succeeded:—Every step, or technically, every lap, should be formed as usual, but the gutter-boards grooved, or hollowed, at the edge of the under lead, and perforated so as to let the overflow water pass readily into a small transverse sub-gutter,

previously prepared immediately under every lap, and discharging itself upon the cornice, or from those masks or heads with which the upper member is frequently enriched. These gutters would be about a foot and a half long, and at intervals of twelve, fourteen, or sixteen feet. The security is ample, and the expense inconsiderable.

## ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

### No. III.

#### AGES OF ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND.

A VERY intelligent antiquary\*, who has greatly contributed to perpetuate the vestiges of British art, has properly distinguished the ages of architecture in England as the Anglo-Saxon, the Anglo-Norman, the English, the Decorated English, the Florid English, and the Anglo-Italian. On very judicious and fair grounds, he has dismissed the term Gothic; and it would facilitate the understanding of the peculiar features and characteristics of the several ages, and would aid the criticism of the art, if the arrangement were generally adopted, in preference to the vague and undefined terms of Saxon and Gothic merely. The objections that hitherto have been made to this are perhaps ingenious, but they are also unworthy of the antiquary and the man of science. A sketch of the dates and peculiarities of the several ages, may be useful to the subject in view.

1. THE ANGLO-SAXON, from the year 597 to 1066, the accession of William I.

2. THE ANGLO-NORMAN, from 1066 to 1189, containing the reigns of William, William Rufus, Henry I. Stephen, and Henry II. A style was then existing which the monks called *Opus Romanum*, which had been introduced by the Saxons

\* Britton.

from materials collected at Rome during their visits to the holy see. Of the most remarkable specimens of what is termed Saxon architecture, still observable in cathedral and conventual churches, the true æra will be found to be subsequent to the Saxons themselves, and to have extended not more than a century and a half anterior to the Norman conquest\*. At this time the extent and dimensions of churches were greatly increased; the ornamental carvings of the arches and the capitals of pillars became more frequent and elaborately finished. The pillars were enormous, circular in their form, and supporting circular arches; above which were rows of open galleries, the roof groining with single cross springers. The windows were narrow, and in lancet form; the towers without pinnacles, but ornamented with small pillars and intersected arches in tiers. Buttresses were not in use, the walls being of an extraordinary substance.

3. THE ENGLISH, from 1184 to 1272, including the reigns of Richard I. John, and Henry III. The pointed arch was now introduced; by some supposed to have been brought from Palestine; by some from the Moors in Spain; whilst others as strenuously

\* Dallaway.



support its claims to a more local origin. Remains of buildings are to be found, says Dr. Clarke, in which the pointed arch forms a part, as at Acre, and other places in the Holy Land, erected anterior to the existence of such arches in England; and others may be referred to the age of Justinian, if not of Constantine. The author of *Munimenta Antiqua* notices pointed arches in the aqueduct of Justinian. The pointed arch is also to be seen in aqueducts built by Trajan\*. There are similar remains of equal antiquity in Cyprus and in Egypt. Dr. Clarke rejects the idea, that buildings with this feature were erected abroad by the English at the time of the crusades: for, says he, foreigners, or the pupils of them, were employed in England for every undertaking of the kind so late as the reign of Henry VIII.; and he enumerates six Oriental cities where this kind of architecture was formerly in use: these are, Nicotia, in Cyprus; Ptolemais, Dio Cæsarea, and Jerusalem, in the Holy Land; Rosetta and Cairo, in Egypt: the remains in all of which relate to a much earlier period than the introduction of the pointed style in England.

Westminster Abbey is a fine example of the architecture of this æra; the pillars were slender, clustered, combined, and sometimes small ones connected to the greater by annulets, the shafts being otherwise independent of them; and others shooting, as it were, beyond the capitals of the principal shaft, and forming the springing to the groin ribs of the roof, which were now multiplied to several ramifi-

\* At Segovia, in Spain.—*KING on Castles.*

cations, and ornamented by large flowers and other devices. The windows were increased, and subdivided by small columns or mullions; the arches were sharply pointed, and buttresses adopted.

4. THE DECORATED ENGLISH, from 1272 to 1461, including Edward I. Edward II. Edward III. Richard II. Henry IV. Henry V. and Henry VI. About the middle of the reign of Edward III. and under the auspices of the justly venerated architect, William of Wykeham, this style of architecture made a near approach to its greatest purity and perfection.—Low sharp arches were introduced in secondary situations. The windows were made of greater dimensions, particularly those of the east and west extremities of the building, the heads of which, ramified into elaborate intersections, were ornamented with quatrefoils and rosettes; the pannels of various parts were now ornamented with similar arches and mullions, and the roof became enriched by tracery. Tabernacle-work, and shrines of exquisite workmanship, now prevailed. In the cathedral of Winchester, built by William of Wykeham, is an unrivalled series of sepulchral sacella from Wykeham to Fox\*. The externals now became more ornamented, the western fronts particularly, by statues and tabernacle-work; the flying buttresses were carried with great lightness on segments of circles, and were completed by finials richly carved.

5. FLORID ENGLISH, from 1461 to 1509, during the reigns of Edward IV. Edward V. Richard

\* Dallaway.

III. and Henry VII. Geometrical construction now supplied the place of material in an almost miraculous manner. The walls of the buildings of this time are thin to an incredible degree, for the parts of really substantial strength are confined to a few points on which the ribs of the arches and groins depend: the ribs are the communicators of support to the spandrels, which now became greatly multiplied both in the upper parts of the walls and the vaultings. The heads of windows and the groins of ceilings are richly embellished with tracery and highly ornamented: the walls also, both within and without, are decorated in a similar manner, all being profusely carved. Armorial ensigns of honour were, towards the close of this æra, very prevalent in the works of Henry VII. who displayed them ostentatiously, mixing the red rose with the portcullis, celebrating by these cognizances his union with Elizabeth, the daughter of Edward IV. by which the rights of the lines of York and Lancaster were blended.

6. THE ANGLO-ITALIAN, from 1509 to 1625; the reigns of Henry VIII. Edward VI. Mary, Elizabeth, and James I. The peculiarities of this time consist in a curious mixture of Italian archi-

itecture and German devices and scroll-work, combined with a full proportion of the forms and arrangements common to a prior age; the larger works seem to be the offspring of the fourteenth century, added to and repaired by bungling Italian architects, and afterwards improved and beautified by a profusion of embellishments in the old German taste. The school of Palladio is not more conspicuous in these edifices than that of Sebastian Serlio, to whom, indeed, in many instances, a decided preference and devotion have been shewn. Towards the close of this æra, Whitehall was designed by Inigo Jones, which perhaps may be taken in extenuation of the many gross absurdities committed in building during the last reign. Nothing can more fully prove, than the buildings of this æra, how unwillingly the mind abandons habits that have long been cherished; nothing can shew more clearly, than the selections that were then made, how dangerous it is to relinquish well-digested principles in art for specious novelties; and nothing can more strongly demonstrate, than the absurdities then committed, how difficult it is to apply the best principles, when we have newly obtained them.

#### CHRONOLOGICAL SURVEY OF THE MOST EMINENT ARTISTS TO THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

(Continued from p. 134.)

PAINTERS AND DESIGNERS; PERIOD IN WHICH THEY FLOURISHED; PRINCIPAL WORKS AND MERITS.

The most ancient and principal schools of painting among the Greeks, were the following:—

1. The school of Corinth, founded by Cleanthes.
2. The school of Athens, founded by Eumarus and Panænus.
3. The school of Thasos, founded by Aristophon and Polygnotus.

4. The school of Heraclea, in *Magna Græcia*, founded by Zenxis.

5. The school of Sicyon, founded by Eupompus and Timanthes.

6. The school of Rhodes, founded by Protogenes.

7. The school of Ephesus, founded by Euenor and Parrhasius.

**PHILOCLEES**, of Egypt. This artist and Cleantes were considered by the ancients as the inventors of the art of drawing the human figure, but merely in outline, in their respective countries.

**CLEANTES**, of Corinth. The birth of Pallas. The taking of Troy, in the temple of Diana Aphionia.

**ARDICES**, of Corinth.—See **TELEPHANES**.

**TELEPHANES**, of Sicyon. This, and the preceding artist, are said to have invented the method of indicating by lines the interior parts of the body, such as the joints, muscles, &c.

**CLEOPHANES**, of Corinth. The inventor of monochromatic painting; that is, with one single colour. This method alone was practised also by the four following artists.

**DIÑIAS**.

**CARMIDAS**.

**EUMARUS**, of Athens. He is said to have been the first that marked the difference of the sexes.

**CIMON**, of Cleone. He is considered as the first that gave the appearance of motion to figures and to drapery.

**BULARCHUS**, Olymp. 18. The battle of the Magnesians, for which Candaules, king of Lydia, gave as many pounds of gold as the picture weighed. He is the first known artist who used various colours.

**PANÆNUS**, of Athens, brother to Phidias. Olymp. 83—93. The battle of Marathon, in the Pœcile at Athens. Hercules and Atlas; Helias and Salamis; Ajax and Cassandra; Hippodamia, with her mother; Hercules and the Nemean lion; Prometheus and Hercules; the dying Penthesilea—all in

the temple of Jupiter Olympius. This artist was the first that gave to his figures the characteristic truth of nature. By him painting was first raised to the elevation of an art, and that at a time when sculpture had attained its highest perfection.

**TIMAGORAS**, of Chalcis. Olymp. 83—93. Two pictures, at Corinth and Delphi, which obtained the prize in preference to those of Panænus.

**PHRYLUS**, of Athens. Olymp. 83—93.

**PYTHEAS**, of Achaia. Olymp. 83—93. Several pieces on fresh plaster; for which reason he is commonly considered as the inventor of fresco-painting.

**AGLAOPHON**, of Thasos. Olymp. 83—93. Two pictures, representing Alcibiades in the character of a hero. Figures of animals, especially horses.

**ARISTOPHON**. Olymp. 83—93. Arcæus wounded by a boar. A large picture with many figures, as Priam, Helen, Credulity, Ulysses, Deiphobus, and Dolon.

**POLYCNOTUS**, of Thasos. Olymp. 83—93. The Lesche, at Delphi. Part of the Pœcile at Athens. The marriage of the daughters of Leucippus, in the temple of the Dioscuri. Orestes and Pylades killing the sons of Nauplius. The sacrifice of Polyxena near the Propylæa, at Athens. Ulysses putting the Suitors to death, at Plataea. This artist was the first who soared above the common truth of nature in the pictorial art, and sought ideal beauty. He gave more freedom of movement and expression to his figures, and used more brilliant colours for the dresses and draperies.

**MYCON** the elder, of Athens. Olymp. 83—93. The battle of the Amazons, in the Pœcile: many other pictures in the temple of Theseus, in Athens.

**MYCON** the younger, of Athens. Olymp. 83—93. Father of Timarete.

**TIMARETE**, of Athens. Olymp. 83—93. This female artist executed a Diana, in the temple of Ephesus.

- DIONYSIUS**, of Colophon. Olymp. 83—93. Many miniature copies of paintings by Polygnotus.
- NESEAS**, of Thasos. Olymp. 83—93.
- EUENOR**, of Ephesus. Olymp. 85—95. The father and instructor of Parrhasius.
- APOLLODORUS**, of Athens. Olymp. 85—95. A priest praying; an Ajax—both at Pergamus. He opened the way to a proper distribution of light and shade.
- PAUSON**, of Athens. A horse. He chiefly devoted himself to the representation of mean subjects.
- ANTORIDES**, of Athens. Olymp. 90—100.
- NICOSTRATUS**. Olymp. 90—100.
- PARRHASIUS**, of Ephesus. Olymp. 90—100. The Athenian people, at Athens. An Archigallus. Two wrestlers. The Dioscuri, Telephus. Achilles. Agamemnon. The Indian Hercules. Ajax. Theseus, at Rome. His excellencies consist in a strict regard to proportion, delicacy in the features, animated expression, and finished execution.
- ZEUXIS**, of Heraclea. Olymp. 90—100. Penelope. Helen, at Croton. Jupiter on a throne. The infant Hercules strangling the serpents. Alcmene, at Agrigentum. His works are distinguished by an anxious study of the ideal, correct delineation, and a close adherence to nature in the colouring.
- TIMANTHES**, of Sicyon. Olymp. 90—100. The sacrifice of Iphigenia. Ajax. Palamedes. A sleeping Polyphemus, surrounded by Satyrs, who measure the length of his thumb with their thyrsi. His merit consisted in extraordinary ingenuity of invention and composition. His Ajax, at Samos, won the prize from that of Parrhasius.
- ANDROCIDES**. Olymp. 90—100.
- EUPOMPUS**, of Sicyon. Olymp. 90—100. A victorious Pancratiast. His works were marked by a studious adherence to nature.
- PAMPHILUS**, of Amphipolis. Olymp. 95—105. The Heraclides praying. The battle of Phlius. Ulysses on the raft. A family picture. He displayed great erudition in the treatment of his subjects.
- THEON**, of Samos. Olymp. 95—105. Orestes killing his mother. A young warrior hastily arming. He excelled in expressing powerful emotions with peculiar energy.
- EUXERIDAS**. Olymp. 95—105. The master of Aristides.
- ARISTIDES**, of Thebes. Olymp. 95—105. A city taken by storm. A battle with the Persians. A man praying. A race of quadrigæ. Biblis and Caunus. Hunters with game. He was the first who produced a just expression of the calm emotions of the mind.
- ECHTON**. Olymp. 100—110. Semiramis. An old woman attending a bride with a torch. Tragedy and Comedy. This artist first brought colouring to perfection.
- APELLES**. Olymp. 100—114. Venus Anadyomene after Campaspe, at Cos, and afterwards at Rome. Slander, at Ephesus. Alexander the Great hurling the lightning. Clitus on horseback. Gorgosthenes, a tragic poet, at Rome. Castor and Pollux. War. Victory and Alexander the Great. Archelaus with his wife. Neoptolemus on horseback. Diana, surrounded by virgins offering sacrifice. Apelles united all the essential qualifications and talents that constitute an accomplished artist—the most decided study of the ideal; ingenious, poetic, and tasteful composition; animated and appropriate expression; extraordinary correctness in the drawing; and equal beauty and truth of colouring.
- PROTOGENES**, of Rhodes. Olymp. 100—114. Jalysus, at Rhodes, afterwards in the temple of Peace at Rome. Nausicaa. A Satyr. The Anapauomenos. Antigonus. Alexander the Great. His mother. Pan. A prize-fighter. Philiscus, a tragic poet. He approached, in most particulars, very near to the excellence of Apelles.

**PAUSTAS**, of Sicyon. Olymp. 160—114. Glycera wreathing garlands, at Rome. The infant Hercules. Cupid. Drunkenness. He restored the pictures painted on walls at Thespia by Polygnotus, and brought encaustic painting to perfection.

**EUPHRANOR**, of Corinth. Olymp. 110—120. The battle of Mantinea, in the Ceramicus, at Athens. Democracy and the people, in a porticus at Athens. Apollo. Theseus. Ulysses, at Ephesus. A general sheathing his sword. He was remarkable for great dignity of expression and admirable delineation.

**CYTHIAS**, of Cynthos. Olymp. 105—115. The Argonauts, a famous picture, for which the Roman orator Hortensius gave 400,000 sesterces, and which he placed in his villa at Tusculum. This artist is said to have been the first who introduced the use of burned ochre in painting.

**ANTIDOTUS**, of Athens. Olymp. 105—115. A wrestler. A prize-fighter, with a shield. A flute-player, at Athens. He excelled in force and brilliancy of colouring.

**NICIAS**, of Athens. Olymp. 105—115. Ulysses exorcising the shades in Hades, for which Attalus offered 60 talents. Bacchus. Hyacinthus, at Rome. Diana. Calypso. Andromeda. Alexander the Great. He particularly excelled in encaustic painting.

**GLAUCON**, of Corinth. Olymp. 105—115.

**OMPHALION**. Olymp. 105—115.

**ASCLEPIODORUS**, of Athens. Olymp. 105—115. The twelve great gods. He was remarkable for great firmness in the attitudes of his figures, and extraordinary facility of execution.

**NICANOR**, of Paros. Olymp. 105—115. Very famous as an enamel-painter.

**AMPHION**, of Athens. Olymp. 105—115. He executed large historical works, and excelled even Apelles himself in composition.

**SOCRATES**. Olymp. 110—120. Æsculapius, with his daughters Hygiæa, *Vol. I. No. IV.*

Ægle, Panace, and Jaso. A very excellent artist.

**MELANTHUS**, of Sicyon. Olymp. 110—120. A Victory on a quadriga. Of superior excellence in many parts of the art.

**NICOMACHUS**, of Athens. Olymp. 110—120. Rape of Proserpine, in the Capitol, at Rome. Apollo and Diana. Bacchantes and Satyrs. Scylla, in the temple of Peace, at Rome. A Victory. The Tyndarides. He was distinguished by extraordinary facility of pencil, and, like Apelles, employed only four colours.

**NICOPHANES**, of Athens. Olymp. 110—120. Many Hetærae (courtesans) of Athens. His colouring was highly beautiful, and he was very happy in the expression of strong affections.

**PERSEUS**, of Athens. Olymp. 110—120. A disciple of Apelles and a very skilful artist.

**ÆTION**. Olymp. 110—120. The nuptials of Alexander and Roxana, exhibited at the Olympic games. A very meritorious artist.

**ARISTOLAUS**, of Athens. Olymp. 110—120. Epaminondas. Pericles. Medea. Theseus. The Athenian people.

**PHILOXENOS**. Olymp. 110—120. The battle between Alexander the Great and Darius.

**ARISTOCLES**. Olymp. 110—120.

**CRESILOCHUS**. Olymp. 110—120. Jupiter, with a female head-dress, bringing forth Bacchus.

**AGATHARCUS**, of Sames. Olymp. 110—120. Many figures of animals. This artist seems to have been the Wouvermans and Henry Roos of the ancients.

**NICERATUS**, of Thebes. Olymp. 110—120.

**ARISTIPPUS**, of Thebes. Olymp. 110—120. A Satyr with a goblet in his hand.

**NEARCHUS**, of Athens. Olymp. 110—120. The father and master of Aristarete.

**ATHENEON**, of Maronea. Olymp. 110—120. Phylarchus, the historian, in

- the temple of Eleusis. Achilles at Scyros, discovered by Ulysses. A family. A man with a horse, at Athens. He was an excellent artist, and remarkable for grandeur of style.
- ARTEMON.** Olymp. 110—120. Danae among the pirates. Stratonice. Hercules and Dejanira. The Apotheosis of Hercules, in the portico of Octavia at Rome. Laomedon, with Hercules and Neptune. He excelled in the representation of vehement emotions.
- PYTHAGORAS,** of Samos. Olymp. 110—120. Several pictures in a temple of Fortune, at Rome.
- NEALCES,** of Athens. Olymp. 110—120. Sea-fight between the Persians and the Egyptians on the Nile.
- DAMOPHILUS.** Olymp. 110—120. Many pictures upon the walls of the temple of Ceres, near the Circus Maximus at Rome.
- GORGASUS.**—See **DAMOPHILUS.**
- ANTIPHILUS** the elder.—See **DAMOPHILUS.**
- EUTYCHIDES.** A Biga driven by Victory.
- HABRON.** Olymp. 110—120. Friendship, Peace, and the Gods.
- ERIGONIUS.** Olymp. 110—120. He was originally a colour-grinder, and afterwards one of the most eminent of the pupils of Nealces.
- LEONTION.** Olymp. 110—120.
- ARISTARETE.** Olymp. 110—120. An Æsculapius.
- IRENE.** Olymp. 110—120. Proserpine, at Eleusis.
- CALYPSO.** Olymp. 110—120. An old man with Theodorus, the enchanter.
- ALCISTHENE.** Olymp. 110—120. A dancer. She was one of the ablest female artists of Greece.
- HELENA.** Olymp. 110—120. A battle-piece, in the temple of Peace at Rome.
- ALCIMACHUS.** Olymp. 110—120. Di-oxyppus.
- CTESIDEMUS.** Olymp. 110—120. The taking of the city of Æchalia. A very eminent artist.
- CALLIPHON,** of Samos. Olymp. 110—120. The combat between Ajax and Hector, and an Eris, in the temple of Diana at Ephesus. A sea-fight.
- EUMELIUS.** Olymp. 110—120. A Helen.
- EUANTHES.** Olymp. 110—120. Andromeda and Prometheus.
- TIMENETUS.** Olymp. 110—120. Many pictures in the Musæum.
- EUDORUS.** Olymp. 110—130. Many decorations for the stage. The most ancient known scene-painter.
- GALATO.** Olymp. 110—130. Homer vomiting, and a number of poets devouring what he has cast up.
- LEONTISCUS.** Olymp. 110—130. The victorious Aratus.
- IPHION.** Olymp. 110—130. Ephyra, a daughter of Oceanus.
- LYSIPPUS,** of Ægina. Olymp. 110—130. A celebrated enamel-painter.
- ANDROBIUS,** of Athens. Olymp. 110—130. A Scylla breaking the cables of the Persian fleet.
- ANTIPHILUS** the younger, of Egypt. Olymp. 110—130. A boy blowing a fire. Females weaving carpets. Ptolemy hunting elephants. A Faun in panther's skin.

(To be continued.)

## THE DOMESTIC COMMONPLACE-BOOK ;

*Containing authentic Receipts and miscellaneous Information in every Branch of Domestic Economy, and of general Utility.*

ON SMOKY CHIMNIES, AND METHODS OF CURING THEM.

(Concluded from p. 138.)

THE only remedy in the cases described in the last number, is,

to supply every chimney with as much air as is necessary for its own consumption, in the manner already pointed out.

The smoke is often driven into a

room by the improper situation of a door: for as the smoke is carried up the funnel by the continual and successive pressure of the air that enters at the fire-place, if this air be diverted or driven away from the chimney, the smoke will be carried away from it into the room: indeed any circumstance that turns the current of air from the under part of the fire, will be an assured cause of producing smoke in the room. The variety of cases that occur under this head, are too many to be enumerated on this occasion. The remedies are, either to place an intervening screen, or to shift the hinges of the door.

Sometimes an apartment is filled with smoke when a fire is kindled in an adjoining chimney, and no fire in the incommoded room, although it does not smoke when it has a fire burning at its own grate. This generally arises, first, from the wind driving the smoke down the funnel of the adjoining chimney along with the cold air, which cold air may be forced down by a gust of wind, or by other causes. This evil may be remedied by a circular partition of about three inches between the funnels at top. Or it may arise from holes in the partition that divides the funnels: for this there is no perfect cure, but pulling down the chimney to the part where the holes are, and rebuilding it in a sound manner.

Sometimes the smoke is drawn down the chimney into the room by a wrong position of the house with respect to external objects; as when tops of chimnies are commanded by higher buildings, or by a hill, &c. &c. which, by interrupting the course of the air, cause it to take various directions, and drive

the smoke down the chimney in a stream, or wheeling about in eddies, prevent its ascent. Hence it is, that low houses, when contiguous to high objects, are in danger of being annoyed by smoke. If the contiguous object be not very high, the disorder may be cured by heightening the chimney; but if it be very high, it will be necessary to place a *turn-cap*, or some such contrivance, on the top of the chimney, as will prevent the wind from entering it, while it leaves a free passage for the smoke.

The smoke will sometimes be driven down by strong winds passing over the top of funnels. This case is most frequent where the funnel is short, and the opening turned from the wind.

When a violent current of air, or a strong wind, passes over the top of a chimney, the particles thereof acquire so much force, and move with so much rapidity in a direction nearly horizontal, as to prevent the rising light air from issuing out at the top of the chimney; and some of the current is also often driven down the chimney. Where this happens, a *turn-cap* will be the best remedy.

Such are the leading causes which prevent the free ascent of smoke in chimnies: in some cases two or more of these causes may operate at the same time; but from whatever quarter the evil arises, it may in general be cured, by discovering the cause, and applying the remedies pointed out.

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#### CHINESE METHOD OF CASTING SHEET-LEAD AND SHEET-TIN.

The Chinese method of casting sheet-lead is extremely simple.—The workman takes two large

smooth slates or tiles, covered on one side with thick paper, which is pasted on the tiles perfectly smooth. He then puts the two surfaces of the slates or tiles thus prepared together, face to face, and opening them a little at the top only, he pours in a small quantity of melted lead, and then quickly presses the slates together with his knees: the melted lead thus being squeezed over the whole surface of the stone, forms a leaf or sheet of an uniform thickness. This process accounts for the chrystalline appearance which the Chinese tea-chest lead exhibits, when closely inspected. Tin is formed into leaves in a similar manner. These processes are chiefly carried on in the vicinity of Canton. To prevent the lead or tin from oxidating, or forming a scum on the surface, the Chinese workman makes use of a resin, called by them *Dummer*; which answers the purpose like the common resin which is employed for the same purpose in this country.

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TO TAKE SPOTS OF GREASE OUT OF BOOKS, PRINTS, WOOD, OR PAPER.

After having gently warmed the paper that is soiled with grease, wax, oil, or any other fatty body, take out as much as possible by covering it with blotting-paper, and passing over it, repeatedly, a heated flat iron, such as is used for ironing linen. Then dip a small brush or camel's-hair pencil into rectified oil of turpentine (not common oil of turpentine, which would leave a stain,) heated, and draw it gently over both sides of the paper; and again apply, after

each application, blotting-paper and a heated flat iron. The grease is dissolved by the oil, and then soaked up in the fibres of the paper. This operation must be repeated as many times as the quantity of greasy matter imbibed by the blotting-paper, or the thickness of the paper, may render necessary. When the grease is entirely removed, recourse may be had to the following method to restore the paper to its former whiteness, when not completely restored by the former process:—Dip another brush, or camel's-hair pencil, into a mixture composed of equal parts of highly rectified spirit of wine and sulphuric ether, and draw it in like manner over the place which was stained, and particularly round the edges, to remove the border which may still present a stain. By employing these means with care and caution, the spot totally disappears, and the paper resumes its original whiteness; and if the process has been employed on a part written on with common ink, or printed with printer's ink, it will not suffer the least alteration.

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METHOD OF MAKING ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.

Take the blay or bleak-fish, which is very common in the river Thames, and scrape off the fine silvery scales from the belly. [These scales may be bought of the fishermen at the Lower Mall, Hammersmith.] Wash and rub them repeatedly in water; suffer the water to settle, and a sediment will be found of an unctuous or oily consistence. A little of this sediment is to be dropped into a hollow glass bead [these glass



beads may be purchased at the glass-blowers and barometer-makers], of a bluish tint, and shaken about so as to cover all the interior surface of the bead. This being done, the bead is to be filled up with melted white wax, to give the pearl solidity and weight.

#### AMELIORATION OF OIL FOR THE USE OF CLOCKS, WATCHES, &c.

Every one who has occasion to use lamps, must be sensible, that the colour of the light, as well as the quantity and kind of disagreeable vapour emitted from the flame, depends greatly on the quality of the oil. When oil is kept in an open vessel, it gradually becomes more tenacious, by virtue of the oxygen which it absorbs from the air: for this reason it is less fit for use; it is less combustible, and less adapted to pass between the fibres of the wick. These observations point out the expediency of keeping oil in well-closed vessels. The liquidity of whale oil, and the facility of its combustion, may be considerably augmented by the admixture of a minute portion of oil of turpentine.

It is well known, that oil may be rendered purer by agitation with water, more particularly with the addition of an acid, particularly with sulphuric acid. Another remedy is, to boil the oil gently with an infusion of oak bark. And again, another method is as follows:—To a gallon of oil put one quart of water, and two ounces of quicklime previously suffered to be slaked by exposure to air; stir the mixture up several times, for the first twenty-four hours; then suffer it to stand undisturbed for three or four

days, and the lime-water will sink below the oil, which then may be separated without trouble, by carefully decanting it.

The effect of these processes is, that the sulphuric acid, as well as the tanning matter of the oak-bark, or the quicklime, coagulate, and carry off a portion of the mucilage of the oil, which is not adapted to answer the purposes to which oil is applied. It may easily be imagined, however, that oil thus treated will retain a portion of aqueous or saline matter, which may render it unfit to be applied to the moving parts of instruments, for the purpose of diminishing friction. Some clock and watchmakers expose olive oil to the atmosphere in frosty weather, and select that portion which they find to continue fluid after a considerable part is frozen. This proceeding is grounded upon the fact, that the oil may be considered as consisting of two different kinds of oil, one of which congeals at a less temperature than the other, and that this congelation is the principal evil which befalls the oil in watches, clocks, and time-pieces. This proposition is well founded, because the quantity of oil which is readily separated by pressure from the substances which afford it, possesses more tenacity, and is specifically lighter, than that which is produced by a powerful pressure, or the action of heat, and which has suffered a chemical change. This, therefore, is one method of ameliorating oil. Another process is, the exposure to light. An ingenious mathematical instrument-maker has found, from experience, that oil of olives and oil of almonds are greatly improved by exposure

to light for at least six months: by this means a portion of mucilage is separated; the oil acquires more fluidity, and is less liable to thicken, or fatten as it is called, when applied to the moving parts of machinery; and time-pieces which have been supplied with oil thus ameliorated, have been found to go much more steadily when this oil was used, instead of the oil commonly applied to such instruments. Mr. Rentsch, a celebrated watch and chronometer-maker, informs the writer of this article, that he finds animal oil preferable to oil obtained from vegetable substances; and that, in the routine of his profession, he gives the preference to the oil vulgarly called *neat's foot oil*.

ECONOMICAL PROCESS OF MAKING PASTE, AS PRACTISED IN CHINA.

*To the Editor.*

SIR,—The following method of making paste, which has lately been transmitted to the President of the Royal Society, the Right Hon. Sir. Joseph Banks, Bart. by a scientific gentleman resident at Canton, deserves to be known, not only on account of its being a cheap process, but likewise, if universally adopted by paper-hangers, trunk-makers, book-binders, grocers, and others in whose business much paste is employed, would produce a considerable saving of flour, which, in time of scarcity, might be of great consequence. The process is as follows:—

Take 1 lb. of quicklime, reduced to a fine powder by previously slaking it with a little water, and incorporate it intimately with 10 lbs. of bullock's blood. The compound forms a stiff homogeneous jelly.

In this state the mass is kept for sale, and when wanted for use, it is tempered with a sufficient quantity of water, to render it fit to be applied by the brush. The correspondent states, that the mass keeps perfectly well at Canton during the hottest weather for six days, and in the winter for twenty days: there is, therefore, reason to believe, that in our climate it would keep much longer.

F. SMITH.

Camberwell, Feb. 20, 1816.

IMPRESSIONS FROM LEAVES OF PLANTS.

The following method of taking impressions from the leaves of vegetables, which has of late gained many admirers on account of the beauty which the subjects present, will, it is presumed, not be unacceptable to the curious. The collections which have been made by different individuals of vegetable impressions of the different parts of plants, are regarded as valuable acquisitions, to facilitate the study both of botany and vegetable physiology; because, not only the true figure of the leaf, but all the veins, fibres, and their minutest ramifications likewise, are thus represented to the eye in a more perfect manner than can be done by the pencil of the most skilful painter. Besides all this, the process is easy, and the impressions may readily be coloured in the same manner as prints. It is as follows:—

Take the green leaves of trees, or flowers, and lay them between the leaves of a thick book till they are dry. Then mix up some lamp-black with drying oil, and make a

small dabber of wool or cotton wrapped up in a piece of untanned sheep-skin (pelt), which has been previously soaked in water. Put the colour upon a tile or marble slab, and take some on the dabber. Laying the dried leaf upon a plate, dab it very gently with the oil-colour, till the veins of the leaf are covered, taking care not to dab it so hard as to force the colour between the veins and fibres. Moisten a piece of paper, or rather have a piece lying between several sheets of damp or wetted paper for several hours, and lay this over the leaf which has been blackened. Press it gently down, and then subject it to the action of a common napkin. Press or lay a heavy weight on it, and press it down very hard, and by this means very beautiful impressions of the leaf may be obtained. The only difficulty, but which may soon be overcome by a little practice, is the proper application of this printing ink; for if too much is laid on the leaf, the impression turns out bad. Common letter-press printer's ink answers the purpose very well, after being tempered with a small portion of oil of turpentine.

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IMPROVED METHOD OF BREAKING UP LOGS OF WOOD AND STUMPS OF OLD TREES.

*To the Editor.*

SIR,—I need not describe to you the usual method of breaking up logs of wood for the purpose of fuel, practised by the axe and wedges, as is done particularly in dividing the roots of trees; but this is very laborious, and the application of gun-powder in the same way as rocks or blocks of

stone are blasted, is hazardous, for the plug is often driven out. I have lately practised a better method of performing this operation (which was shewn to me by my friend Mr. Hughes, of Linwood Park, and who says, that the method has been invented by an ingenious mechanic in London), which is more safe, easy, and expeditious. The process is as follows:—

A hole is bored with an augre, and a charge of powder is introduced. An iron screw with a good thread, having a hole bored through its axis, is then introduced into the hole, and turned till it comes near to the powder. While the screw is putting in, a wire is kept in the hole through its axis, but it is afterwards drawn out, and a piece of twine, dipped in a solution of nitre, or better in a solution of oxy-muriate of potash, is put into its place. This quick-match is set fire to, and by its slow burning affords time for the workman to retire before it sets fire to the gun-powder. By this means, any roots or old stumps of trees may be easily and quickly broken up. The services which this operation has rendered me, is the reason of transmitting it to your notice.

I am, sir,

C. SIMPSON.

Exeter, Feb. 4, 1816.

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FURTHER OBSERVATIONS ON THE UTILITY OF THE TEST FOR READILY DISTINGUISHING IRON FROM STEEL.

SIR,—Permit me to add a few observations on the utility of the test pointed out in your *Repository* for January, p. 12. for distinguishing iron from steel. The utility of

the test with regard to *finished* articles is sufficiently obvious; but as its application to *unfinished* ones has not been hinted at, you will do a material service to the workmen in steel and iron, by pointing out to them the benefits which they may receive from this simple application, which may serve them also as an *easy method of ascertaining the uniformity of texture in iron and steel.*

It very frequently happens, that articles of considerable value, intended to be fabricated in iron or steel, are not known to be defective until much expense has been incurred in manufacturing them. A piece of iron which has a vein of steel running through it, as is too often the case, will require at least three times the labour and care to turn out and fashion in the lathe, which would have been demanded by a piece of greater uniformity. Every workman knows, that steel which abounds with spots or veins, or specks called *pins*, may be fashioned completely, and will not show its defects until the final operation, when the attempt is made to finish and to polish the work. Other articles, such as delicate measuring or micrometer screws, blades of the best kinds of sheers, fine circular cutters, engravers' tools, surgical instruments, &c. either bend and lose their shape in the hardening, from the difference of expansion, or resist the tool when wrought in the tempered state, or exhibit other incurable defects when they come to be tried, which the test by dilute nitric acid would have indicated before any expense had been incurred. In these and in numberless other instances, it would have been incomparably

more advantageous, to have rejected the material upon the first trial, than have proceeded to the very expensive process of manufacturing the article, and then finding it of no value. By this means I have seen bars of steel, which were warranted by the vender as perfect, as full of veins and irregularities as the coarsest wood, and have been enabled to select the best and most uniform pieces for works of the greatest delicacy: whereas, without this process, I have very often had the mortification to fail in the last stage of processes upon which much cost and labour had been bestowed. It is only necessary to clean the rough article with a file, or with emery paper, and then apply the nitric acid in a very dilute state; the parts which contain the greatest portions of carburet of iron immediately show themselves by their dark colour.

Hoping that you will insert this information as an addition to the notice already given in your *Repository*, you will oblige no doubt many of your readers, as well as

THOMAS WHITE.

Rosemary-Buildings, Clerkenwell.

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USE OF A SPECIES OF MOSS FOR STUFFING MATTRESSES.

*To the Editor.*

SIR,—Observing some years ago, in the *Annales de Chimie*, vol. LXV. a species of moss, the *Hypnum crispum* of Linnæus, recommended by M. Parmentier as a substitute for wool or flock, I was induced to make a trial of it. I had a mattress stuffed with this moss, which now has been in use four years, and it is in a good condition. Neither the perspirable matter of the human body, nor

urine, causes the moss to ferment, as happens to flocks; and as it is of a good length, and may be abundantly procured in this country, there is reason to believe it may prove useful, where economy is an

object. The moss, when dried in the shade, has a pleasant aromatic scent, which it retains for many years.

FREDERICK WHITWELL.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.

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### MEMOIR OF THE LIFE OF CHARLES THE TWELFTH, KING OF SWEDEN.

————— “Nature might stand up,  
“And say to all the world, *This was a man.*” ——— JUL. CÆS. act v. sc. 5.

CHARLES XII. King of Sweden, a man the most extraordinary, perhaps, that ever appeared in the world, was born on the 27th of June, 1682. All the great qualities of his ancestors were united in him; nor had he any other fault or misfortune, but that he carried them beyond all bounds.

Impatient to reign, he caused himself, upon the death of his father, to be declared of age at fifteen; and, at his coronation, he snatched the crown from the Archbishop of Upsal, and put it upon his head himself, with an air of grandeur that struck the people with admiration. His first expedition was against the Danes, who, together with Peter the Great of Russia, and Augustus King of Poland, had meditated his downfall; and so successful was he, that in less than six weeks he entered Copenhagen victorious, reduced the power of his enemy, and restored to his brother-in-law, the Duke of Holstein, those rights of which he had been unjustly deprived by the Danes. Charles would accept nothing for himself, being satisfied with having relieved his ally from

oppression, and humbled his enemy: and this signal deliverance he effected when no more than eighteen.

He now proceeded to relieve the town of Narva, which, with Livonia, was at this time subject to the Swedish sceptre, and which Peter the Great had invested with an army of 100,000 men. Charles was the more enraged against the czar, as there were still three Muscovite ambassadors at Stockholm, ready to swear to the renewal of an inviolable peace with him. He, who valued himself upon a severe probity, could not comprehend how a legislator like the czar could make a jest of what ought to be held so sacred; and was thunderstruck when he saw a proclamation from him, alleging, for a reason of the war, that the Swedes had not paid him sufficient honours when he passed *incognito* to Riga, and that they had sold provisions too dear to his ambassadors!

Charles, after having forced the advanced posts of the Russians, arrived before Narva on the 30th of November, 1700, with only 20,000 men. As soon as the cannon of the

Swedes had made a breach in the entrenchments, they advanced with their bayonets at the end of their fuses, well loaded with ball, and furiously discharged them upon their enemies. The Muscovites stood their fire for half an hour, without quitting their posts. Upon the first discharge of the enemy's shot, the king received a ball in his left shoulder; presently after his horse was killed under him; a second had his head carried off by a cannon-ball; and as he was nimbly mounting a third, "These fellows," exclaimed he, "afford me exercise;" and then went on to give orders (notwithstanding his wound, which his activity prevented him from perceiving), and to engage with the same presence of mind as before. Within three hours the entrenchments were carried on all sides; a general surrender took place, and Charles entered victorious at the head of his troops into Narva.

Augustus King of Poland, with reason expected, that his enemy, already the conqueror of the Danes and Muscovites, would come next to vent his fury on him. The event justified his fears. Augustus was, in his own right, only Elector of Saxony: on the death of the heroic John Sobieski, however, he took advantage of the internal dissensions among the Poles to usurp their crown; and, by his troops and money, he succeeded. Charles determined to place the son of Sobieski upon the throne; but that prince being by a stratagem of Augustus carried off as he was one day hunting with his brother, he fixed upon Stanislaus Lecinski, palatine of Posnania, a young no-

bleman universally esteemed, of a most amiable disposition and great talents; and him he induced (after great persuasion) to accept the crown, or at least to hold it for Prince James Sobieski in case of his release. Count Piper, the King of Sweden's prime minister, at this juncture endeavoured to persuade his master to take the crown himself; but his only answer was, "I like better to give away kingdoms than to gain them." The general discontent which began to shew itself among the Poles towards Augustus, favoured the views of the King of Sweden; and he had the satisfaction of seeing, in a very short time, Stanislaus looked up to as a sovereign potentate.

After various reverses, occasioned by the numerous detachments of Muscovite troops, and the wretchedness of the country through which he passed, Charles found himself before Pultowa, on the borders of the Ukraine, towards the end of May, 1709, with only 18,000 Swedes, and as many Cossacks under Mazzeppa. He perceived, from the beginning of the siege, that he had taught his enemies (the Muscovites) the art of war; for Prince Menzikoff, notwithstanding all his precautions, threw fresh troops into the town, by which he increased the garrison to almost 10,000 men. The king continued the siege with still more warmth, carried the advanced works, gave two assaults to the body of the place, and took the curtain. Such was the state of the siege when Charles, having rode into the river to take a nearer view of some of the works, received a shot from a carbine, which pierced through his boot, and shattered

a bone of his heel. Not the least alteration was observed in his countenance, by which it could be suspected that he was wounded; and he continued calmly to give orders, and remained nearly six hours on horseback afterwards. At last one of his domestics, perceiving the sole of his boot bloody, called the surgeons; and his pain began at that moment to be so sharp, that they were forced to take him off his horse and carry him into his tent. The surgeons, looking upon the wound, observed, that a mortification had already commenced, and were of opinion, all but one, that the leg must be amputated. That one, named Newman, signifying his persuasion, that by making deep incisions he could save the leg, "Fall to work boldly and immediately," said Charles; "cut, and fear nothing." He then held the leg himself with both his hands, and looked upon the incisions that were making with all the coolness of one perfectly unconcerned.

Notwithstanding this unfortunate accident; the king was determined to risk a battle; and the very next day ordered his troops to prepare themselves. It was on the 8th July, 1709, that the decisive battle of Pultowa was fought; a day fatal indeed to the glory of the Northern Hercules. At daybreak the Swedes appeared out of their trenches, with four pieces of cannon for their whole artillery; and these, with 25,000 men, were to cope with a Muscovite force of 60,000. The king conducted the march, carried in a litter at the head of his troops; and at the first onset he was victorious. The contest being renewed at nine in the morning, one of the

first discharges of the Muscovite cannon carried off the two horses of the litter; and two others were scarcely harnessed before a second volley broke the litter in pieces, and overturned the king. The regiment nearest to him, thinking him killed, in a sudden panic lost ground, and, their powder entirely failing, they betook themselves to flight. Some grenadiers having by this time recovered the king, who was covered with blood and dreadfully bruised from the fall, "Swedes, Swedes!" exclaimed he, in an agony, "are you Swedes? Remember Narva!" But this remonstrance was, of no effect; the Muscovites pursued them in every direction; and had it not been for General Poniatowski, who carried the king from the field, fighting his way through more than ten regiments of Russians, he must inevitably have been made prisoner.

Nothing now remained for Charles, and those of his troops who had escaped the battle, but to fly towards the Turks; and having gained the opposite shore of the Bogh, they all reached Oczakow, and were well received by the bashaw. The Grand Signior soon after sent a magnificent retinue to Charles, to attend him to whatever part of his dominions he would like to encamp in; and the king fixed upon a spot near Bender, to which he was conducted with great pomp.

Here Charles and his faithful followers remained for the space of three years and a half, the king ever indulging the hope that the Ottoman Porte would be induced to grant him a sufficient force to go against the czar once more. This it was that made him look upon the

favour shewn him by the Turks as nothing, and to consider the grants of money they proffered him as of little value. Matters, at last, came to a very serious conclusion, for the Porte refusing him a fresh supply of 1000 purses, and at the same time commanding him to quit the empire immediately, on pain of being driven out, Charles, who could never brook what he conceived an insult, returned for answer, that if they thought proper to attack him, he would repel force by force. Accordingly, orders were issued by the Grand Signior to seize the person of the King of Sweden, but, if possible, to save his life, lest any suspicions might be entertained in Europe detrimental to the merciful character of the Turks; and a reward of eight ducats was offered to be distributed among

such of the Janissaries as could produce a piece of his clothes, as a proof that they were instrumental in securing him.

Meanwhile, Charles, with all the calmness in the world, appointed his 300 Swedes (all that remained to him since the affair of Pultowa) to make regular fortifications, and worked at them himself. They soon inclosed their little town, and took particular care in the barricading of the king's house, or palace, a building which, together with the habitations of all his officers, had been erected during their stay in Turkey. They had scarcely finished their work when the clarions of the besiegers sounded, the horse-tails waved in the air, and the cries of Alla! Alla! were heard on all sides.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

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## MISCELLANIES.

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### COGITATIONS OF JOANNES SCRIBLERUS.

A GRUMBLER of the present day, on perusing some pages of a book which lay on a table before him, returned it to its place, saying, "I'll read no more. O wicked and adulterous age, thank God I am about to leave you, whose sins every day nearer and nearer precipitate you in the ruin of a Nineveh!"—"What have you been reading to provoke all this?" said the bookseller.—"Only," rejoined the former, "some *worthy* transactions of this Gomorrah of 1815."—"Indeed! I would advise you to look at the date of your book before you draw your inferences."

He did so, and found it a journal of the year 1740.

It is one of the most flagrant faults of the essayists to be constantly railing at the present times, and drawing a comparison between them and those which are fled, to the evident preference of the latter. Century after century has come and gone with the same dull and monotonous complaints of the present; so that if we look backward in regular progression, these grumblers would fain have us believe, that the age, the most remote from the present, has been most propitious to virtue and general improve-



ment. Like the Irishman, who traced his ancestors even further back than the creation of Adam and Eve, these reiterators of complaint would make us believe, that mental capacity and expansion of intellect were virtues of antediluvian existence. The perverseness of human nature, which, discontented with the present, either regards the days of infancy or old age as periods of perfect enjoyment, may have some share in rejecting the pleasures of the present moment. The honest and fair experiment of stimulating a child to the exercise of virtue by the good examples of its ancestors, is a favourable pretext for abusing the time present, and continuing in such a line of error: but how are we to excite our children to excellence, when we inform them, that proficiency is not the growth of the nineteenth century? We look backward to the years of infancy with delight; we dwell on the retrospection of our childish days with pleasure, and exclaim, "Oh! those were happy hours; our dear parents were then living; our companions were then young and lively with ourselves!" We forget all the sorrows of childhood, the tears of bitterness shed in infant days. And as to parents and friends whom we now so much regret the loss of, did we not once think the commands of the former sometimes arbitrary, and the returns of the latter to our sincere regard, often cold and selfish? Yes, all this is very true. But our more mature youth, that surely was a season of joy; and when we entered our teens, what a world of flowery pleasures and enjoyments solicited us! Alas! these pleasures were gayer in anti-

ipation than in possession. The precepts of self-denial were then forgotten; and the thorns of disappointed pleasure, of unrequited or undeserved love, wounded us severely. We have forgotten the briars of adversity, while the recollection of the blossoms of joy alone is impressed on our hearts: yet, unmindful of every painful sensation, we exclaim, "Ah! then we were truly happy!" Miserable, however, as we are at present, we take courage, and exclaim, "We shall be happy by and by!" Are we confined in our circumstances by the augmentation of our family, we exclaim, "Our children in time will get settled. Another argosy will return laden with the gold of India; prosperity and riches will crown our exertions, and we shall then retire to enjoyment, surrounded by luxuries, and fanned by the zephyrs of serenity." And in hoping to procure that serenity, which death may rob us of, we give those moments to discontent which should be employed in the furtherance of our wishes.

Mistaken mortals! shall not age bring sickness, and enjoyment invite repletion? You dwell on things only as pleasures, because they are as yet out of your reach; and you paint that as enjoyment which is ideal or unattainable. Do not thus tempt a beneficent Providence by your discontent, by your deferred thankfulness! The moments for the attainment of happiness are always before you. The days of enjoyment are now; employ them then as such, and rest assured, that you will never be more free from troubles than at this period of your life. Murder these moments of

happiness with regrets for the times that are past, and slight them for those you expect at some distant day, and your life will be what you have made it to be yourself—a life of hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick. A well tutored infancy makes a cheerful youth; a well educated youth brings forth the leaves of a happy manhood; the virtues of manhood procure a joyful and a green old age, and this, borne down by the sickle of Time, shall be laid up in the garners of him who will reward the righteous man according to his righteousness.—I have been somewhat more serious in this lucubration than I intended, but hope I have not been prosing or gloomy; and, in wishing my readers may enjoy a long life of comparative happiness, instead of only a stated period of enjoyment, I trust I have merited their thanks, and not their imprecations. It would appear by the constant invidious comparison which the moralist draws with the time present, that perfection was the gift of some age not our own.

I will only now allude to the pleasures of recreation; and here it is evident, that before our theatrical performers were classically educated, they were better enabled to play classical characters than they are at present; that is, if our theatrical critics do not, which I strongly suspect they do, lie most abominably. Thus Betterton, the son of a cook, and Quin, who read men instead of books, were much superior to Cooke or Kemble. The ladies, too, of these happy past times, who knew only of virtue by the name, the Woffingtons, the Catleys, and the Bellamys, played

Portias and Belvideras—characters in which the sufferings of virtues completely Roman were painted—in a much higher style than they are personated by the immaculate characters of Siddons and O'Neil. In the art of painting, too, before we had a Royal Academy instituted, and before the works of the old masters were thrown open to our contemplation, “*we* painted much better than *we* do now.” In the articles of dress we are shamefully negligent. Shall the once elegantly powdered head, the buckram skirts of our men, compare with the plain and simple adornments of the present day? and shall the costume of a clothed Grace, or the head of a Sappho, which our lovely countrywomen did exhibit before the introduction of the trumpery flounce and furbelow of France, vie with the powdered and pomatumed head and hoop-petticoat of ancient date? “Oh, my poor daughter!” exclaims mamma, “what an indecent figure she cuts! in my time backs and shoulders were only for husbands to see.” Yet if you look over the chimney-piece, you will see mamma flaunting in all the nudity of a Kneller or a Lely, or in the more meretricious, because half-concealed, nakedness of a Coates or a Ramsay. Every thing gets dearer and dearer, and every thing gets worse and worse, with these nowadays gentry.

Ancestors of Queen Anne's reign, how are ye slandered in the annals of your Addisons, your Steeles, your Swifts, and your De Foes! ye who would attempt to tell us, that in those immaculate times murder stalked abroad, and that every crime under the sun was then

perpetrated! And, you unhappy children of the reign of George III. how are ye cheated with false improvement, the jugglery of agriculture, and all the *churlatanerie* of art! whose morals are only more corrupted by the additional number of your religious institutions, and whose progeny are so much more ignorant as ye more abound in scholastic improvement! It has been my task in the prosecution of making collections for a local history, to be obliged to collate the eighty years transactions of our ancestors, as detailed in the volumes of a series of the *Gentleman's Magazine*; and in its domestic occurrences I had the happiness of seeing a gradual unfolding of virtuous propensities. At the commencement of the work, I saw every week detailed the most barbarous murders, exceeding those of a Marr or a Williamson, and accompanied with circumstances which I could almost designate as dreadfully comic; and were I to relate some of them, my paper would deserve to be burnt by the common hangman. I saw also books advertised to be sold in the open day, fit only for a brothel; instances of suicide frequent, and bearing every stamp of atheism. In the infancy of this work, it is true, I did not see the crime of infidelity in the marriage state narrated; but I read the account of worse crimes, which were

then propagated by the higher orders of society, and protected by the lower for the love of gold, which, I am proud to say, would now be refused for the protection of the same crime with contempt. I read of one Swift, a clergyman of the church of England, indulging in expressions and actions disgraceful to a carman. I read of daughters and nieces murdering their fathers and uncles; and just previous to the dawn of better morals, I dropt the curtain of infamy on a reverend divine, whose iniquitous life, under the semblance of religion, was closed by the hands of the executioner.

If, then, we are not to arrogate too much merit for the present age, let us not relinquish our exertions to become better than our ancestors, under the idea that we are less worthy than they were: and let us, spurning the sneers of those who pretend to tell us we are making a retrograde movement in morals and genius, continue to stimulate our offspring to virtue, and to enable them to enjoy, in the pleasing retrospect of a good life, the present moment, growing in happiness as they grow in goodness, until they arrive at the end of their journies: and let it not be said, that all the experience of ages, and the precepts of the wise and good, have failed of being of any avail to the Britons of the nineteenth century.

## THE MISTAKEN FAIR.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It has often, and perhaps with some share of reason, been argued as an objection to works of imagination, that they more frequently add to the violence of the passions by their lavish descrip-

tions, than tend to awaken our reason by the strength of their moral. I have endeavoured, in the following tale, to make the pleasing interest of romance subservient to a striking application; and, having

clothed facts in the guise of fiction, hope that the narrative and its deductions may receive the approbation of the readers of so elegant a work as the *Repository*. I remain, &c.

JOHN —.

THE MISTAKEN FAIR.

The vernal airs which blew across the fevered brain of Don Cæsar de Mora refreshed his pausing senses; the painful throb of his heart seemed for awhile suspended; and though his body was fatigued with mental anguish, yet he still continued to pursue his way, and caught with avidity each passing gale, which for a moment revived his too irritable feelings. He threw the reins on the neck of his mule: he viewed, with aching sight, the extended landscape: he pored over the blue distant hills; and, as he endeavoured to fix his eyes on a whitened speck in the distant horizon, he descried the convent of St. Jago de Compostella. He had now gained the hills of Lerena; and the wide plains which were spread before him, as he emerged from a grove of pines, more fully displayed the evening landscape, half lit by the rays of a descending sun. The grey mists, however, hovered in the distance, and earth, air, and water became at length a sheet of vapour. The breeze, which had been of late so refreshing to Don Cæsar de Mora, now became too keen for his enfeebled frame: he drew his cloak round him, and struck into an embowered vale, intending to retrace his steps homeward; but again a fit of absence seized his faculties, and he paced along scarcely sensible of existence. There was a stillness, a repose in the landscape, that might

have lulled the emotions of frenzy itself. Don Cæsar was not insensible to the power of its fascination: he endeavoured to rouse himself; a deep sigh followed the exertion: he was relapsing into vacuity when the sound of a mandoline struck on his ear. The sounds became louder as he proceeded onwards: he approached the back of a small casino, and, looking through a painted lattice as he passed, saw a signora holding an instrument, which she was tuning. He alighted from his beast, while the fair *incognita* sung and accompanied the following

CANZONETTA.

When Love entwines two youthful hearts,  
He weaves a wreath of joy and gladness;  
He tips with rosy smiles his darts,  
Nor leaves a sigh of woe or sadness.

*Burthen.*

I sing the willow, the waving willow,  
That sips the stream, the margin kissing;  
While maidens sleep upon their pillow,  
But wake to find each true love missing.

Too soon shall parents' keenest eyes,  
With cautious prudence, spoil their woo-  
ing;

Then doubts and fears vent frequent sighs,  
And Love is blamed for their undoing.

I sing, &c.

The rose's stem holds many a thorn,  
When pluck'd, the maiden's finger wound-  
ing;

And blindest smiles may lips adorn,  
The heart with falsest vows abounding.

I sing, &c.

There are moments when the mind yields to the first object which presents itself; and Don Cæsar, as soon as the air was finished, found himself in the presence of the fair performer. It was long after vesper prayer when he presented himself before the signora, who, on his entrance, uttered a shriek of surprise; but on beholding before her a handsome cavalier, who united with the most engaging address an interest-

ing demeanour, she soon recovered her composure. "Be not alarmed, signora," said Don Cæsar, "but rather listen to my apology, and pardon the intrusion of a man, who, presuming on the sweetness of your tones, which tempted him to listen, would offer his thanks to you for robbing him of some moments of misery."—"Signor cavalier," said the maiden, "I accept your excuses: there is an air of frankness in your manner which charms me, and which has gained you my confidence. Sit, I beseech you; you seem fatigued, and I would for once withhold the caution of a Spanish maiden by offering you a repose under this roof, but my father, who is absent, forbids I should thus indulge my wishes, or even long entertain you. I will, however, procure for you a guide to the next venta, whenever you please, and on the morrow you may resume your journey." Such an influence is gained over us by candour of behaviour, that it is not extraordinary that two persons thus circumstanced should soon become intimate. Perhaps there was a little curiosity excited in the breast of the lady, which made her wish to be better acquainted with the cavalier. On the part of Don Cæsar he gave way to this novel introduction, in hopes it might divert his languor: they agreed to meet on the morrow, for an opportunity to communicate their ideas further; and with a most agreeable profusion of *addios*, he departed.

The period at which we take up our narrative found Don Cæsar de Mora under the most complete dominion of that tyrannic passion called love. He had become the

slave of a pair of the blackest eyes in all Spain, and it was in vain he essayed to recover the dominion his mistress had gained over his reason. Don Cæsar would most certainly have become enervated with *ennui*, had it not been for this passion of love, which, though he affirmed it made him wretched, yet in point of fact it served as a something on which he could anchor the hope of employment and thought.

Situated as this noble Spaniard was with regard to Camilla Fernandez, it is more than probable he would never have been sensible of the full strength of his passion, had not the parents of her whom he loved violently opposed his inclinations; but the obstacle thrown in his way increased the value of the opposition, and while he affected to mourn her absence in torpidity and indolence, he was ready, on the first opportunity, to gain possession of her by all the quixotic exertions of a young and sanguine admirer. At the time, however, when he had become an inmate at the casino, no bodily exertions of his could have answered the wished-for purpose. It is true, that Camilla, reposing in the convent of St. John of Compostella, might be torn from its walls, and he might thus possess her; but he was not certain that her heart would be his also, or that she would allow of this violence, in order that she might be put in possession of what she valued at a distance. Camilla, who had ever been a dutiful daughter, because her education had taught her, that it required little resolution to acquiesce in the wishes of her parents while they only required of her common duties, had

no idea that others would at a future time be demanded of her of more difficulty to comply with. She had seen her favourite cavalier at a bull-fight, and he was the only man that her eyes had ever returned to gaze on after the first recognition. She now believed that there was not so handsome a man in the whole world; she had therefore made up her mind as to future consequences. She had admitted, in the most thoughtless way possible, a guest into her bosom, that she would find no little trouble in ejecting; and she now for the first time found the commands of her parents tyrannical and unreason-able. Camilla had committed an action too imprudent to be palliated; she had condescended to receive a billet from Don Cæsar unknown to her parents—she had broken that line of conduct which a female never oversteps with impunity—she had allowed the besieger to parley, and it is ten to one if the castle is not obliged to capitulate on the terms of the enemy.

But it is not of the imprudence of Camilla, or the enervation of Don Cæsar, that we have now to speak. It may, however, be necessary to say, that, during this pause so awful to Don Cæsar, he abandoned himself to that despair, which

could not have been more violent had his mistress altogether rejected him. He had now no way of passing his time, but by indulging in complaints, throwing himself by the side of some purling stream, playing his hymn to the Virgin, to crown his wishes with success, or pouring the story of his romantic passion into the ear of the first love-sick swain who would bear with his rhapsodies.

Don Cæsar had worked himself up into such an agreeable nervous irritation, that he was indeed *almost* ill. A young cavalier, interesting from lassitude, handsome in features, and with the smartest air possible, was rather a dangerous inmate at the cassino; and yet he neither at this moment thought so, nor did his little warbler give a thought as to the consequence of this connection. She began, however, to feel his absences longer than he intended them, and hailed with joy the sight of his mule in the distant landscape, bearing his master with the most melancholy air possible. Don Cæsar arrived at the door of the cassino: words are few which would prevent the gratification of curiosity strongly excited, and Don Cæsar de Mora began his explanation in the following terms.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## A NEW WAY TO GET MARRIED.

A FEW years ago, when there was no Bazaar to encourage and support female industry, as a gentleman was crossing the Park one morning, he perceived a very young girl, who had a small basket in her hand filled with artificial flowers,

accost two young ladies who were tripping along with a footman behind them. He was not near enough to hear what they said, but the timid and supplicating air of the girl, her extreme youth, and some share of beauty, interested him,

and after having observed them for some time in silence, he drew nearer, unperceived by the party.

"And your grandfather is quite helpless, you say?" cried one of the young ladies, in a compassionate accent.—"Quite, madam, and nearly blind."—"Poor man!" rejoined the lady; "your industry, child, is a slender dependence for him: but here," giving her some money, "take this, and if I find you are a good girl, we will be of further service to you."

The girl made a rustic courtesy, and tripped away with the lightness and agility of a fawn. "And the gentleman followed her," cries one of our fair readers. No, he did not, madam. She was unquestionably a pretty girl, and our hero, whom we shall call Dorville, compassionated her apparent distress; but he was convinced she was in good hands, and there was something in the voice and side-face of the *incognita* who had addressed her, which interested him very powerfully. "My dear Julia," said she to her companion, when the girl left them," we must inquire into the truth of this poor child's story."—"And for what purpose?" asked Julia, who now opened her lips for the first time.—"Because, cousin, if her distress is so urgent as she represents it, we must endeavour to do something for her."—"Really, Caroline," returned Julia, "you are an absolute female Quixotte: but I must beg you will leave me out of this benevolent plan; for during the month you have been in town, you have picked my pocket so completely, that I shall have scarcely any of my last quarter's allowance left, when I have bought

my dress for the ball: and it must be a plain robe after all, for I have not money enough to purchase any thing else."

"If I was half as pretty as you," said Caroline, good-humouredly, "I should be satisfied with a plain robe always, since you do not want ornaments to set you off. However, I shall say no more in favour of my *protégée* till I have ascertained that she is really an object worthy of your charity."—"I don't doubt the truth of the girl's story," cried Julia, in a peevish tone, "but it is impossible to give to every body; and besides, I must have a dress for the ball."—"Very well, I will sell you one."—"You!"—"Yes, I. You recollect the gown I have embroidered as a present for my friend Miss Harley on her marriage."—"What, that beautiful dress?"—"Yes, her nuptials are deferred for some months, so that I shall have time to work another; and as I think I owe you some recompence for the contributions I have levied on you since I have been in town, you shall have it, and I know you will do something for my little *protégée*, if she proves a good girl."

"Dear Caroline, you are the oddest of creatures! How many hints has Lady Richland given you of her desire to possess some of your beautiful work, but you never paid any attention to them!"—"Because," cried Caroline, laughing, "I was very well aware that I could never pick her ladyship's pocket for any charitable purpose."—"Perhaps not," said Julia, "but her patronage would have been very useful to you, and you know how fond she is of presenting young people whom she affects to consi-

der as her *protégées* with elegant and expensive ornaments.”—“My dear Julia, that is the very reason I was deaf to her hints; I have no desire to be ranked among the number of her ladyship’s *protégées*, and I am too indifferent about finery to accept of obligations from one who is almost a stranger to me.”

At this moment Caroline perceived Dorville, and she became silent. Not a syllable of what she had said, however, was lost upon him. “What a noble spirit has this girl!” thought he; “how different from the giddy triflers with whom I have hitherto associated!” He quickened his pace, and as he passed the ladies, he turned to get a full view of them. Caroline, however, was by no means handsome; her figure indeed, though *petite*, was well formed and graceful, but her features were far from regular: yet Dorville thought there was something very captivating in the mingled expression of sense, vivacity, and good-nature which her countenance displayed; and becoming on a sudden skilled in physiognomy, a second look assured him, that she would make a good wife, and he now began to think his resolutions against matrimony had been too hasty.

The companion of Caroline was a very fine figure, but the thick veil which she wore entirely concealed her face. He kept them in view till they entered a carriage which waited for them, but from the speed with which the coachman drove, he soon lost sight of them. He walked home vexed at his ill luck, and determined to spare no pains to discover his *incognita*. He fre-

quented for a month the Park, the theatres, every place, in short, where he thought there was a chance of seeing her, but without success; and he discontinued his pursuit with a good deal of chagrin. One morning, while his thoughts were employed upon this provoking subject, an old acquaintance, who was recently returned to England, came to pay him a visit. “Well, George,” cried he, after some conversation on indifferent subjects, “have you yet seen the brilliant and beautiful Miss Beverly, who has turned the heads of half the town, and is allowed to be the finest woman in England?”—“Not I,” returned the other in a splenetic tone, “I have no curiosity about her.”—“What,” said Mr. Meredith, laughing, “have you lost your relish for beauty, or been jilted, and so put out of humour *pro tempore* with the sex?”—“On the contrary,” replied Dorville, “I never was in better humour with the sex; but, unfortunately, the only individual of it who possesses the power to interest me, is, I am afraid, completely out of my reach.”—“Well, since that is the case, I will introduce you tomorrow to Miss Beverly, and my life for it her bright eyes will drive this fair tyrant of yours from her strong hold in your affections in less than a week.”

Curious to see this beautiful Miss Beverly, Dorville accordingly accompanied his friend next day to the general’s, and was presented to a lady whom he would have acknowledged to be superlatively beautiful, had not a glance at a female who stood by her side convinced him, that he had at last discovered his *incognita*.



He was right, the amiable Caroline was indeed the cousin of Miss Beverly, whose voice soon convinced Dorville, that she was the Julia of whose conversation in the Park he did not retain the most favourable recollection.

Need we say that the brilliant eyes of Julia did not seduce our hero from his allegiance to her more interesting though less lovely cousin, whose *protégée*, the flower-girl, he took the earliest opportunity to inquire about? Caroline assured him, that the poor girl had not exaggerated her distress; and he found that although Caroline had done all she could, the poor family were still far from being comfortably provided for; and he immediately and liberally relieved their wants, and then devised a plan for their future comfort. What could be more natural than that he should submit his plan to Caroline, their first benefactress? and is it to be wondered at, that her warm approval of, and participation in, his benevolent schemes, should insensibly lead them to see each other so often, that they soon found it impossible to part without regret?

"My dear Caroline," cried he one morning while they were conversing, "do you know that at this moment I think you are as beautiful as an angel?"

"Do you know," said Caroline, laughing, "that at this moment I think you flatter most abominably?"

"Not at all; if I think you beautiful, it is because I see in your countenance all those benevolent and social virtues which will render you at once the pride and delight of your future husband. I am not yet worthy of you, Caroline, but I dare venture to say, that, blessed with your hand, I might become so: under your gentle influence every good propensity of my nature would be encouraged, and every evil one restrained; and in making your pursuits and pleasures mine, I should render my fortune a blessing to all around me."

The happy Dorville took the soft confusion and blushing silence of his Caroline for a tacit approval, and some weeks afterwards the nuptial knot was tied; nor has either yet repented their choice. The talents of Caroline are incessantly exerted to render her husband's home delightful, and her affection for him is kept alive by the tender and attentive politeness with which he treats her, and the liberal spirit with which he enters into and seconds the benevolent plans which form the chief business and the great pleasure of her life.

## AN EMIGRANT'S VISIT TO FRANCE IN 1815.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

### LETTER IV.

PARIS, Feb. 27.

Dear HOWARD,

YOU have seen the death of the regicide La Primaudiere announced in your papers. May his

penitence be accepted! I have no doubt it was lively and sincere. Notwithstanding the indelible stain which his vote for the death of the martyred Louis must ever leave

upon his memory, La Primaudiere was not naturally cruel; he had from his boyish days been noted for a gloomy and reflecting temper: the perusal of history was his favourite amusement; and, in the outset of his career, he was, I believe, led away by the hope of beholding in France a government purely republican, erected upon the ruins of the monarchy. When time had discovered to him the fallacy of this hope, and the inutilty of the dreadful sacrifice which he had made, grief and repentance seized upon him; the share which he had in the death of his sovereign was a constant canker in his heart; and though the excessive pride of his temper prevented him from openly acknowledging his anguish, he was a prey to remorse for several years before his death.

While he was a member of the Convention, he was sent to the town of ———, with a commission to inquire into the conduct of twelve families, who were pointed out to the Convention as acting inimically to the government. They were rich; and this circumstance certainly did not lessen the desire of their accusers to find them guilty. On the arrival of La Primaudiere, he took up his abode at the house of one of the suspected persons; and he had soon reasons to believe, that they were much attached to the old government, but they possessed no actual means of doing harm to the new; nor could he discover that they had entered into any plot against it. The fervour of his patriotism had by this time subsided; and finding that they were innocent in point of fact, he took no steps against them.

Some time passed, and the Convention, finding nothing done in the business, dispatched another citizen, with directions to inquire into the conduct of La Primaudiere: if reprehensible, he was to be sent back to Paris under a guard; if otherwise, the citizen was directed to remain in his place, and to send him on a similar mission to a town at some distance. As La Primaudiere's conduct was clear of all suspicion, his colleague, soon after his arrival, announced to him the orders he had received, and desired him to prepare for his departure. La Primaudiere, though he trembled for the fate of the suspected persons, put on a satisfied air, and said to his colleague, "We must be careful to discriminate in this affair between prejudice and truth; these people are good citizens, devoted to the republic; and I am convinced they have been falsely accused. You will, however, have an opportunity of judging for yourself: you cannot be better lodged than here; and I have no doubt, on my return to Paris, of finding you well satisfied with their behaviour." The next thing to be done was to put the family upon their guard: the eldest daughter, though very young, appeared to possess much prudence and strength of mind, and to her he revealed the secret. "Every thing," said he, "will depend upon your prudent management; let your father feign illness; this will give him a pretence to keep his chamber: my principal fear arises from him, since I know that he is very unguarded, and one rash word would assuredly cost him his life. Your brothers and yourself must treat my colleague with

cordiality and frankness; seem neither solicitous to discuss nor to avoid political topics; but in the little you may be obliged to say, take care to speak with due respect of the republic. I need not caution you to keep this warning secret, since your lives, as well as mine, would be forfeited, were it known I had confided to you the object of my mission."

Poor Julie, trembling and in tears, promised to obey his directions; and the next morning he took his leave of the family. His colleague was so well satisfied with what he saw, that, on his return to Paris, he informed the Convention, that La Primaudiere deserved their thanks for sparing the blood of good citizens. A friend of mine dined with La Primaudiere at the house of this very family some time ago, and hearing the young people call him father, repeated the word with surprise. "Oh!" cried Julie, "we have two fathers, one who gave, and the other who preserved, our lives." La Primaudiere would have waved the subject, but Julie said she must for once be a disobedient daughter; and she related the anecdote I have given you.

Our political horizon brightens, and will soon, I hope, be quite clear. Sandford, however, cannot forgive Frenchmen for not insisting, when they had the power to do so, upon a constitution modelled exactly after that of England. "It is the best constitution in the world, I grant you, for Englishmen," said the Marquis F. the other day, when he made the observation.—"And why for Englishmen?" asked Sandford, rather surlily.—"Because,"

returned the marquis, "they are a people who know how to use, without abusing, liberty. The lowest among your mechanics will sit down over his bread, cheese, and porter, to appoint a new ministry, remodel the taxes, and reform the various abuses which have, as he says, crept into the constitution; and, after he has expressed his decided opinion that the nation is upon the brink of ruin, and can only be saved by an entire change of men and measures, he goes very quietly about his usual business. But grant Frenchmen a similar licence, and we should have plots and insurrections every day; their naturally restless spirit and love of change require restraints unnecessary to your more temperate and better-judging countrymen."—"You are right, marquis; you are certainly right," cried Sandford; "you place the matter in a very clear point of view; I wonder it never struck me before." He observed to me the next day, that F. was really a devilish clever fellow: "But did I not hear him say something," cried he, "of his relations, the Mowbrays?"—"Yes," answered I, maliciously, for I surmised what he was going to say, "he is nearly allied to that ancient and respectable family."—"Oh!" cried Sandford, "that accounts for the serious and reflecting turn which I perceive in him. I thought he had a little English blood in his veins; an intermarriage, I suppose, mother or grandmother, hey?"—"There has been an intermarriage to be sure," replied I, gravely, "but I believe it has not yet had time to benefit the blood of poor

F. : his sister gave her hand a short time ago to a Mowbray." A pshaw, in Sandford's most fretful tone, was his only answer.

As I have little to interest me here, I mean shortly to pay a visit to Clairon, who has taken possession of his old living ; but you will probably receive one more letter

from me before I quit Paris. I know that you always remember me affectionately to my old friends ; and believe me, dear Howard, that my return to my own country has taught me to value more than ever the social comforts I have enjoyed in yours.

DE GRAMMONT.

### THE MISERIES OF TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

Mr. EDITOR,

AN event happened a few weeks ago, which I fancied would render me the happiest man in the world, but, on the contrary, I have been completely miserable almost ever since. The event I mean, sir, is a legacy of ten thousand a year, which devolved to me by the will of a very distant relation, a person whom I had in fact scarcely ever heard of. As my income was only two hundred per annum, for which, by the bye, I was obliged to attend daily in a public office, you may suppose my joy on the occasion was excessive. When my first transports had a little subsided, I flew to my friend Dick Spinbrain, in order to surprise him and his wife with the news. I found him just sitting down to dinner with his family: as I am a great favourite with the children, they shouted with joy on seeing me ; and Dick, in his usual good-natured way, desired me to take a chair and do as they did. Mrs. Spinbrain told her eldest boy to place a seat for me by her side, and assured me I should find her stewed eels excellent. As I had not dined, I complied with her invitation, and sat down with the intention of keeping my good fortune secret till after dinner. I

was so full of it, however, that I could not refrain from communicating it to them before I had eaten two mouthfuls. Mercy upon me ! what an unpleasant revolution did my news produce ! As they saw I had no appetite, the dinner was hurried over, with many apologies for its homeliness, although it was as good as I had ever partaken of at their table : the two youngest boys, whom I am particularly fond of, were turned out of the room, lest their noise should give Mr. Homely (I was no longer friend Jack with poor Spinbrain) the headache ; and Mrs. Spinbrain, instead of remaining as usual with her husband and me after dinner, quitted the room with much ceremony. As soon as she was gone, Dick began a very grave and edifying harangue on the true use of riches, and the happiness he felt at their falling into such good hands as mine. During the early part of the dissertation I had some difficulty to keep myself from yawning, but as he very hospitably enlivened it by frequent application to some excellent old port which was upon the table, we were beginning to get rid a little of the demon of formality, and enjoy ourselves in our usual way, when we received a sum-

mons to tea; and, on adjourning to the drawing-room, we found the Widow Heartwell and Miss Frankly (the latter, by the way, was an old flirt of mine,) with Mrs. Spinbrain. I soon saw that the ladies had been informed of my good fortune, by the ceremonious politeness with which they received me. I strove in vain to recover my former easy and familiar footing with them: Mrs. Heartwell was shocked to death when I reminded her of the hearty boxes which she had bestowed upon my ears for plundering her custards, when I was a boy of twelve years old; and when I spoke of our evening gambols at Farmer Flail's, the uncle of Miss Frankly, she observed, with a blush and a sigh, that no doubt those recollections would speedily be obliterated by the gay scenes I should now mix in. It was in vain for me to protest, that no change in fortune should ever make me forget my old friends; I saw incredulity lurk in every countenance; and, after several fruitless efforts to give an easy and general turn to the conversation, I took my leave, mortified enough at finding that my good fortune had not a more lively effect upon the feelings of friends, whose joy on the occasion I had imagined would have been equally voluble and sincere.

Early the next morning I received a visit from Mr. Plausible, with whom, in my boyish days, I had been very intimate; but as he had latterly, as the phrase is, got up in the world, he treated me in general with a degree of *nouçhalance* which my pride found it hard to brook. Now, however, he entered with an air of the utmost familiarity and

good humour.—“Ha! Harry, my boy! what, still abed? for shame, you lazy fellow! come get up, and come home to breakfast with me. Mrs. Plausible was asking me yesterday what had become of you, for she says it is an age since you have been to our house.” *Entre nous*, Mr. Editor, she hardly spoke to me when she saw me there, and this recollection came across me so strongly at that moment, that I declined his invitation; but he was determined, he said, not to stir till I promised to take a bit of mutton with him *en famille* that very day. As I had no idea that he was acquainted with my change of fortune, I was much pleased with an attention, which, as I thought, proceeded from regret for his past neglect of me. Accordingly I made my appearance very punctually at six o'clock in my friend's drawing-room; but I had nearly made a sudden exit when I saw that the family party consisted of about twenty persons, all of whom had evidently paid due attention to their toilets; the ladies, in particular, were quite in *grand costume*, in order, as I afterwards found, to do honour to my worship. I felt truly ashamed of my boots and round hat, but the excuses which I began to make to Mrs. Plausible, were declared to be totally unnecessary among friends. At these words I looked round the brilliant circle, but I could not see any body present, my host and family excepted, with whom I had more than a hat acquaintance, and not above four or five even of these. When dinner was announced, Plausible whispered me to hand the Hon. Miss Afterday to the dining-

room; and when I was going to take my usual place at a corner of the table near the bottom, Mrs. Plausible insisted upon my placing myself at her left hand. Not a word had been said about my sudden acquisition of fortune, but from all these manœuvres I was pretty certain that my friends were no strangers to it. If, however, I had entertained any doubts upon the subject, the pains which Mrs. Plausible took to direct my attention to her niece, Miss Priscilla Plausible, would have dispelled them. I had often seen the young lady before, but never was favoured with any greater share of her attention than a cold monosyllable, or a haughty bend of the head, in return for my low bow and civil inquiry after her health. Now, however, things were altered: the aunt took every opportunity that she decently could, during the time the ladies were at table, to expatiate on the good qualities of her niece, in a whispering conversation with the lady who sat on her right hand; and no sooner did I enter the drawing-room after dinner, than the fair Priscilla prepared to rivet the fetters with which she fancied her bright eyes had already loaded me, by warbling some Italian airs in a style extremely affected and theatrical. The company appeared to be in raptures; every body exclaimed, "What taste! what brilliancy of execution!" and I was as loud in my exclamations as any of the rest. I should have been more insensible indeed than the stocks and stones who did homage to the musical talents of Orpheus, if I had not; for the young lady's fine eyes pointed the words of the amatory air, which

she sung in a style that would have been very flattering to me, if I had not been convinced that the song, and the tender glances which accompanied it, were addressed entirely to my ten thousand a year. I took my leave at an early hour, and from that time to this I have steadily resisted all Plausible's intreaties to take another family dinner at his house.

Well, sir, you may say that these are trivial vexations, and perhaps I should deem them so if I had a relish for the enjoyments which my money would produce, but unfortunately I have not. Neither my education, nor my habits of life, qualify me for a man of fashion; my conversation unfits me for a *bon-vivant*; I dislike plays; have no skill in horses or dogs; and not the least ambition to seek the notoriety which is to be gained by the cut of a collar, or the new-modelling of a pocket-hole. I am also, when with strangers, very subject to the weakness which our polite neighbours term *mauvaise honte*: yet to strangers I must resort, since among my acquaintance, those whose society I could enjoy, and whose friendship I am convinced I possess, have lost all that easy and cheerful familiarity which alone can render conversation delightful; while others, on the contrary, who, like my friend Plausible, neglected me in my comparative obscurity, now load me with attentions so obviously the result of my altered circumstances, that I turn from them with disgust. It would be a shame, at least every body says so, for a man of my fortune to do any thing: I have therefore given up my situation, and my days now pass in the most wear-

some and insipid manner. I have, indeed, one means yet left to enliven my existence: you will guess, Mr. Editor, I mean matrimony; but even there again my confounded fortune is a stumbling-block, since I am fearful that the fair one I might select, would probably, in

giving me her hand, be influenced by Plutus rather than Cupid: it is, however, a risk which I believe I must run, since I can no longer support the *ennui* which preys upon the health and spirits of your unfortunate, humble servant,

HARRY HOMELEY.

## THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. IV.

Heaven's last, best work.—MILTON.

THE following letter, which I promised to my readers in my last number, on the subject of the very useful, and as I trust it will prove prosperous, institution, called the *Bazaar*, established by the benevolent policy of Mr. Trotter, is now presented to the attention of my readers.

TO THE FEMALE TATTLER.

*Madam,*

It cannot but have been a frequent subject of reflection, not unattended with regret, which every street of great passage in this metropolis suggests, especially to the female observer, when the occupations particularly suited to women appear to be so frequently engrossed by men. How often do I see half a dozen or more stout fellows, who, as far as figure and manly exterior may be considered, are qualified to serve his majesty by sea or by land, arranged behind a counter of a haberdasher's shop, measuring tape or bobbin, weighing skeins of thread, or reckoning the number of shirt-buttons on a card! Arms that have sufficient strength to poize a musket, or to fell a tree, or saw its trunk, are too often displayed in applying the ribbon to the yard, or winding fringe

round the fingers, before it is delicately wrapped up as an elegant parcel, to answer the demands of some fair, simpering customer. In fact, without multiplying these disgusting pictures of feminine men, it may be said, without the fear of contradiction, that there is not a single profession which, in the middle of the last century, was exclusively occupied by the women, which is not now invaded by the men. Such is not the right and regular order of things; and I think the change in female manners which now prevails (and who will venture to say it is for the better?) may be in some degree attributed to such a deviation from the simple and rational modes of life encouraged and practised by those good people who lived in times which we can only know and admire from traditionary information. For it is not only the injury which it does to those of our sex who are to get their bread by some honest avocation, but it brings women of the independent classes into that familiarity with men, by this eternal communication in all the daily circumstances of life, that the timidity of the female character is often lost, before its life is begun, or its entrance

into the larger society of the world has been obtained. Besides, these amphibious creatures acting as men in the female professions, acquire such an easy sort of chit-chat behaviour, that to look at them from a distance where you could not exactly discover the business between them and their fair customers, they might be supposed to be friendly acquaintance in a little *causette* on the current events of the day: for as gentlemen, and this is also a crying evil, are in the habit of dressing like their inferiors, and as persons of the class to whom I have been alluding, affect a certain degree of smartness in their appearance, the latter are very often the better dressed of the two.

As I am a married woman and the mother of children, I may be allowed to speak on the subject without impropriety: but I have heard my grandmother, who lived to a very advanced period, assert, and her veracity was beyond all challenge, that when she was married to my grandfather, such a profession as that of an *accoucheur* exclusively, was not in existence; now such a thing as a *midwife* would be as rare a discovery. Her present Majesty, who had a degree of delicacy which it would be for the honour of her female subjects if they were found to possess, would have no other assistance in giving to the world one of the finest families of children in it, but such as was afforded by a certain Mrs. Draper (I think that was the lady's name), whom she preferred to Dr. Hunter and all the doctors of the obstetric art; and whose skill and care justified, as is well known, the high confidence which was placed in it.

It is a subject which I cannot continue, nor is it necessary. *Verbum sat* was a common expression of my father's, and which means, as he told me, "a word to the wise."

My doctrines, however, I shall follow with a story, which will very sufficiently illustrate them. I had it from the information of a very worthy man, to whom the circumstances happened which I am about to relate; and if I am qualified to vouch for any thing, I will vouch for the truth of them. He related his *historiette* at first in the genuine simplicity of his heart, and it became a frequent source of mirth, pleasant raillery, and, at times, of very severe remark, in our domestic circle while he remained in town.

I shall personalize the gentleman, for the better telling the story, and say, that Mr. B—— was a country gentleman of independent fortune and good education, who, from studious habits and a tranquil disposition, preferred the seat of his ancestors and the calm pleasures of the country, to a house in a square in London and the hurry of a town life. He had married a very amiable young lady, the daughter of a gentleman in the same county, of a character entirely suited to his own. They were, of course, as happy as sublunary mortals are ever known to be; and during fifteen years of their contented union, they never visited London but once, which, after remaining there for a couple of months, they quitted with a mutual declaration, that nothing but some pressing necessity should ever induce them to see it again. But happiness was not made to last; and it had actually lasted sixteen years with them, when the lady was



summoned to another and a better world, without leaving any offspring to inherit her virtues or console a father's afflictions. His were great; but reason, religion, and time began at length to weaken the poignancy of his regret. The solitariness of his life, the advice of friends, and the want of an heir to a fine estate, which, without one, would go to a very distant relation, whose character he did not approve, and whose behaviour had been very offensive to him, produced a resolution in his mind to make a second approach to the altar of Hymen.

A lady in his own neighbourhood, whom he had known from a child, gave a very fair promise that his course of matrimonial happiness would be renewed, and, to give her the honour due to her, she kept it. He was now forty, and she was younger than he by fifteen years; but this disparity, if it were so, was reconciled by her known good sense and many amiable qualities. They were accordingly married. But the second wife had seen somewhat more of the world than the former: she had received part of her education in London, and had past a winter there as well as at Bath; so that she had a degree of worldly, or to use a better phrase, fashionable knowledge, which her predecessor did not possess. This, and some other family circumstances, produced a proposition from him, to pass two or three months of the first winter after their marriage in town. A handsome house was accordingly taken in Wimpole-street, and there we are to suppose them seated as comfortably as any rational people can be, who want for nothing. He used to observe occa-

sionally on a change, as he thought it for the worse, in public manners; but it did not affect him, and he had too much understanding to make himself uneasy at public evils which he could not remedy.

One day, however, as he was reading in the lower room of his house that looked into the street, he heard a kind of a very gentle dumb knock at the door, which rather awakened his curiosity, and going to the window, he observed a very smart man waiting as it appeared for admittance; and in fact he was not only admitted, but ushered by the servant up stairs to his lady. Mr. B— was not of a jealous disposition, and, of all men in the world, he had the least cause for jealousy; but such a very smart man being conducted into his wife's dressing-room, without any communication to him who the visitor was, roused his curiosity, and though he never did such a thing in his life before, he determined to look through the keyhole; when he saw, to his utter astonishment, a man upon his knees before Mrs. B—, and just as much of her leg as displayed the clock of her silk stocking. He then quietly entered the room, when she displayed a most elegant pair of green morocco boots, and asked him, if he thought that Diana had ever been so shod. The man upon his knees was a shoemaker. Mr. B— did not betray himself, but admired the articles, said he would put the question to Diana the next time he met her, and returned down stairs, with an *O tempora! O mores!* to resume his book. Not many days after, he happened to be standing near the window, when he saw a very smart

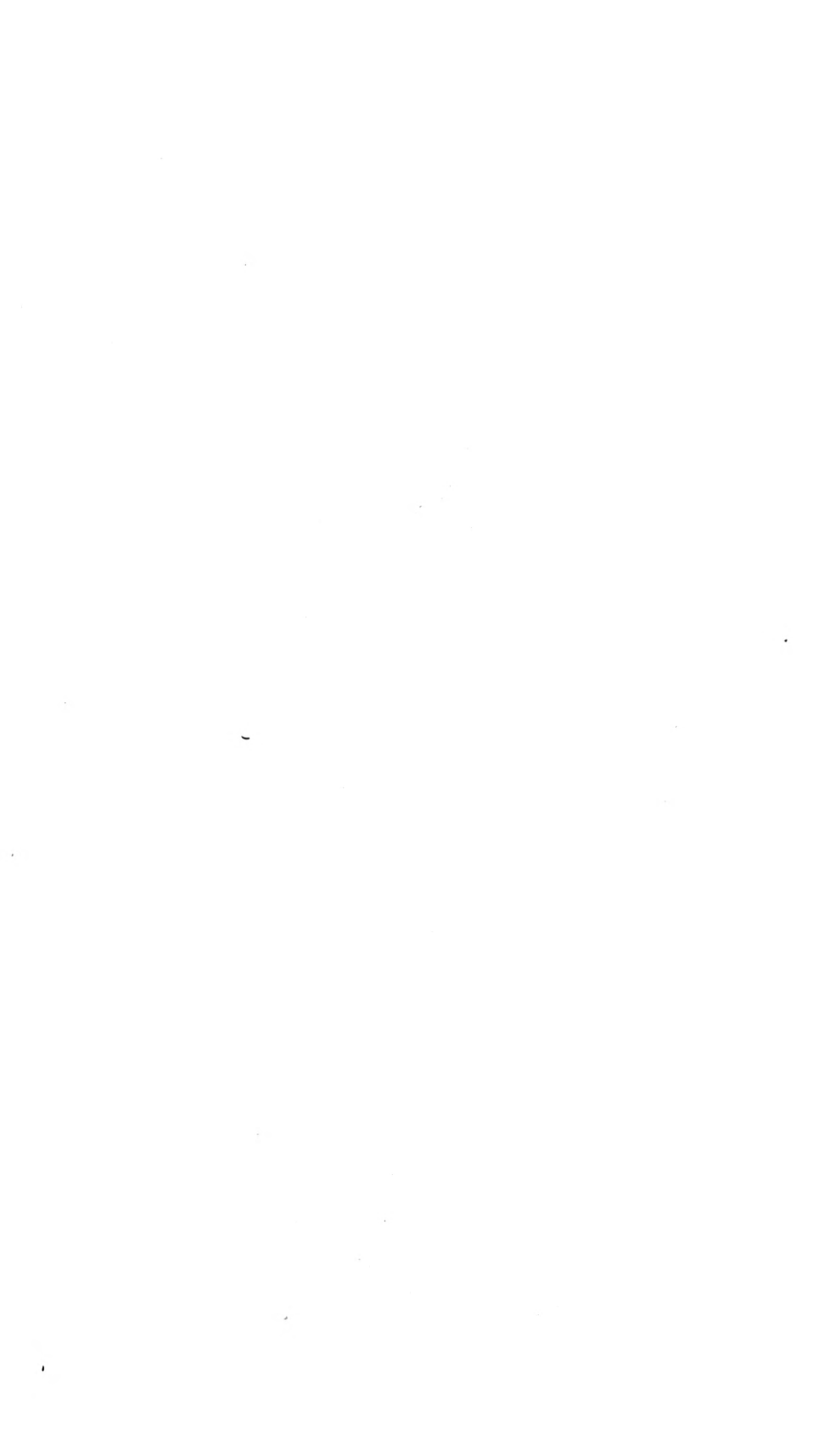
man pass hastily along, and give another of those quiet raps at the door. This gentleman was also ushered up to madame, and monsieur was determined to see whether this was a shoemaker too; and applying his eye once more to the keyhole, he thought, for he could not believe his eyes, that he saw this visitor's arms round Mrs. B—'s waist. He accordingly ventured upon another intrusion, and found that this harmless person was taking measure of the lady for a pair of *corsets*. He accordingly made some excuse for coming up stairs, and then went down again, with a determined resolution never to trouble himself about who came into the house, or who went out of it. Nor did he make any further inquiries on these subjects, till one morning a handsome chariot stopped at the door; a violent rap succeeded, when a very elegant man descended from the carriage, and with a very quiet step, ascended the staircase to the lady's apartment. The figure and appearance were such as to determine him to gratify his curiosity with one more indulgence: he accordingly approached the dressing-room, and the door being ajar, he distinctly saw the beau seated on a sofa with the lady, holding her hand in his, and both of them mutually whispering to each other. He accordingly did not hesitate to enter the room, in order to obtain an explanation of this mysterious state of things; when the gentleman in question rose instantly from his seat, and, with an exulting look, wished Mr. B— joy: "for, sir," said he, "you may take my word for it, your lady is in a state of preg-

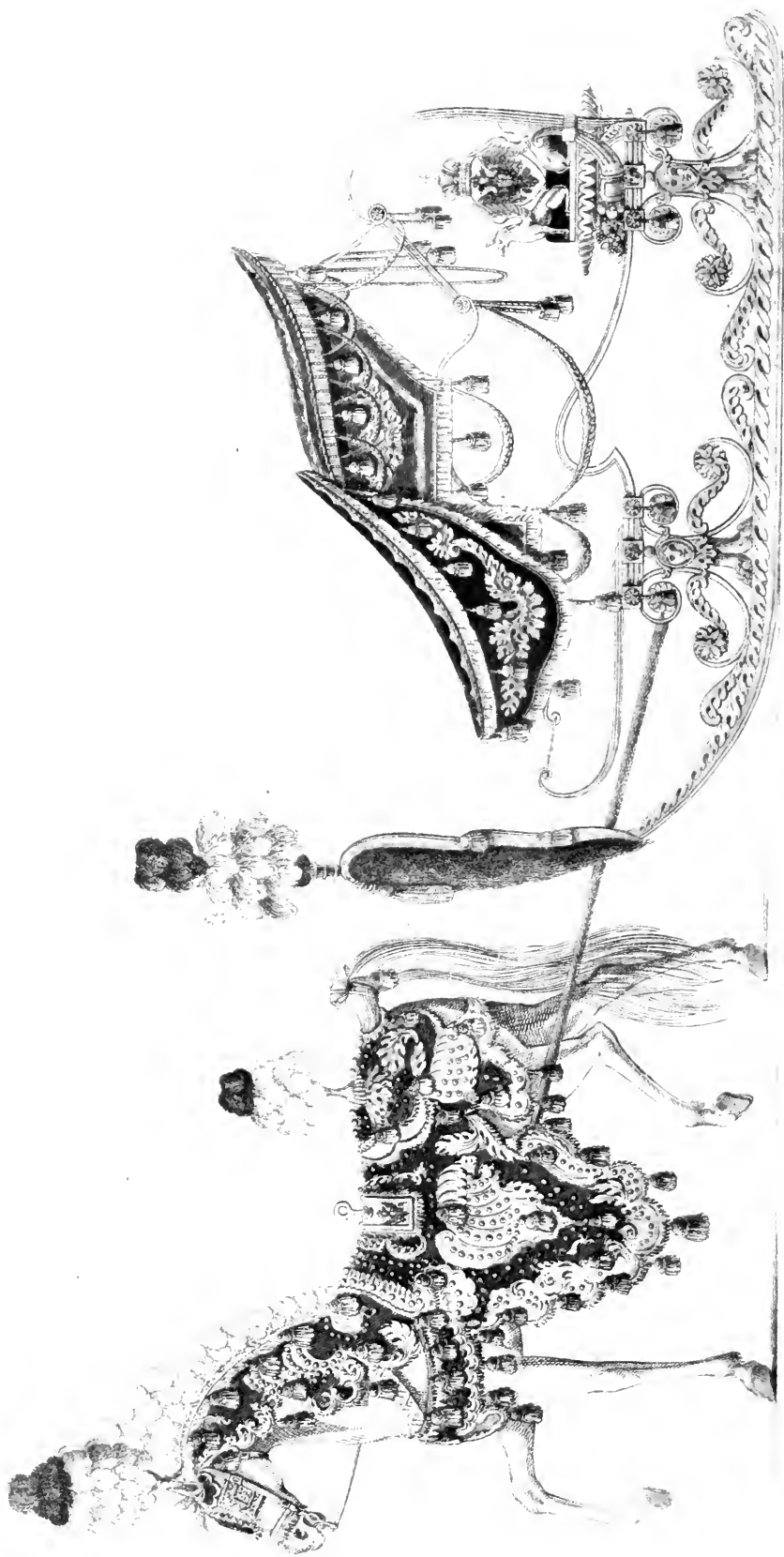
nancy, and I hope, with all my heart, that it will prove a son and heir."—"My love," added Mrs. B—, "this is Dr. Forceps, the celebrated *accoucheur*."—Mr. B— was now so delighted to think that he should be a father and have an heir to his estate, that he almost disjoined the doctor's delicate wrist by shaking his hand, invited him to dine with him the next day, gave him Burgundy, Champagne, and claret, with every delicacy in season.

Such is my story, which all the parties concerned, and their more intimate friends, have laughed at often; and they will laugh at it once more when they read it, as I will take care they shall do, in the *Repository*, wherein you will, I doubt not, cause it to be inserted. Every reflecting person will naturally make his own observations, and I shall not take the liberty of adding mine, as I am very apt to think that I should only forestal them.

I shall therefore proceed to Soho-square, whose admirable institution for enabling industrious and ingenious women to pursue their professions independent of the men, demands the acknowledgment and claims the encouragement of the female world. I most solemnly engage it shall have mine; nor will I hereafter purchase any thing any where else, that I shall be able to find of a due make and quality among the females of the Bazaar.

But there is a writer in your *Repository*, who is for introducing young men among them at once, whether they will or no; and recommends the Bazaar as a place where mechanics and artizans, when they are just quit of their inden-





tures, may maintain a young wife, if they are matrimonially inclined. Now this appears to me to be the precise period when a young man should not think of the altar of Hymen. He should be able to provide for a wife before he thinks of taking one; and not take a wife, and then look out for a place where she may maintain herself. I know not

for my part, what a young married woman could do at the Bazaar with any prospect of success, unless there should be a shop in it for *wet-nurses*; and then, indeed, she might stand a chance of being a saleable article. I am, madam, with great regard, your obliged, humble servant.

FELICIA MOTHERLY.

PLATE 21.—ACCOUNT OF THE GRAND IMPERIAL SLEDGE-PARTY AT VIENNA, IN JANUARY, 1815.

As the short paper in our last number respecting the favourite winteramusement of the Continent has given so much satisfaction to our readers, we trust that we shall render an acceptable service by introducing, in the present, a description of the memorable sledge-party which took place at Vienna on the 22d January, 1815, and which was graced by the presence of many of the sovereigns and princes of Europe.

A detachment of cavalry, several officers of the court, and a large sledge with trumpeters, followed by the richly decorated sledge of Count Trautmannsdorf, master of the horse, opened the cavalcade. Then came the other sledges in the following order:—

The Emperor of Austria with the Empress of Russia.

The Emperor of Russia with the Dowager Princess of Auersperg.

The King of Denmark with the Grand-Duchess Maria of Russia.

The King of Prussia with the Countess Julie Zichy Festitts.

The Grand-Duke of Baden with the Dowager Countess Lazansky.

Prince Charles of Bavaria with the Countess Saurau-Hunyady.

The Archduke Palatine with the Grand-Duchess Catharine, Duchess of Oldenburg.

Prince William of Prussia with the Countess Fuchs-Gallenberg.

The Hereditary Prince of Austria with the Archduchess Clementina.

The Archduke Rainer with Countess Herberstein - Moltke-Kollowrat.

The Archduke Lewis with Countess Cavriani Esterhazy.

The Duke of Holstein-Beck with Countess Fritsch.

The Archduke Anthony with Princess Caroline of Fürstenberg.

The Prince of Trautmannsdorf with his daughter, Countess Maria Anna.

The Archduke Ferdinand with Baroness von Hohenegg.

The Archduke John with Countess Cavriani.

The Hereditary Prince of Würtemberg with the Princess Lichtenstein-Esterhazy.

The Duke of Saxe-Weimar with Countess Odonell-Gaisruck.

Count Wrba with Countess Wallujeff.

The Archduke Charles with the

Dowager Countess Esterhazy-Roisin.

Prince Leopold of Sicily with Countess Mnizek-Lubomirska.

The Hereditary Prince of Bavaria with Countess Keglevits-Zichy.

Duke Albert of Saxe-Teschen with the Princess of Esterhazy-Taxis.

Count Charles Zichy with Countess Zichy-Szeeseny.

Prince Windischgrätz with Countess Verian-Windischgrätz.

Prince Augustus of Prussia with Countess Bathiany-Szeeseny.

Count Nicholas Esterhazy with Countess Esterhazy-Festittis.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg with Countess Wallstein-Rzewuska.

The Prince of Auersberg with Countess Sturzka.

Count Francis Zichy with Lady Castlereagh.

Prince Paul Esterhazy with Lady Radcliff.

Count Charles Zichy with Countess Beust.

The sledges of the emperors and kings were in the form of a phaeton, as represented in the annexed engraving. The body was covered both inside and out with green velvet, bordered with rich gold fringe and tassels. The fore part was adorned by a plume of white and black ostrich feathers. The parts supporting the body were profusely decorated with carving, and gilt all over. The sledges of the two kings resembled these, but were not so highly embellished; and those of the other princes and nobles, most of whom belonged to the court, were all painted light green, lined with

black velvet, enriched with gold fringe.

The sledges of the two emperors, and those of the kings of Denmark and Prussia, were surrounded by pages in very tasteful dresses, Hungarian guards in state uniform, imperial equerries, and other attendants on horseback. Those of the other sovereign princes and archdukes were attended by pages and equerries; and the rest were followed by outriders.

Some spare sledges, and a large one with Turkish music, closed the procession.

Each sledge was drawn by two horses, the first four by dapple-greys of extraordinary beauty. Those of the emperors' sledges had housings of green velvet, richly embroidered and adorned with fringe and tassels. All the harness was covered with gold. Upon the head and back were plumes of white and black ostrich feathers.

The cavalcade set out from the palace about two o'clock in the afternoon, and proceeded through the principal streets of Vienna to the imperial palace of Schönbrunn, about four miles from the capital, where a dinner was provided for the illustrious party, of which also the Empress of Austria, the King and Queen of Bavaria, and the Archduchess Leopoldine of Austria, partook. After dinner the company repaired to the theatre in the palace of Schönbrunn, where an opera, with ballets composed for the occasion, was performed. On leaving the theatre, the party mounted their sledges, and returned by torch-light, in the same order as they had gone, to the im-

perial palace at Vienna. The pleasures of the day were not clouded by any accident; and the spectacle has left an agreeable impression upon the minds of all by whom it was witnessed.

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### THE ELGIN MARBLES.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer rose, in pursuance of his notice, to call the attention of the House to the collection of marbles in the possession of the Earl of Elgin. This collection was too well known to make it necessary for him to refer to the opinions of the most eminent artists; it was beyond all question the most ancient and genuine that had ever appeared: the country would be proud of possessing a mass of models, to which the united collections of Europe could hardly produce a parallel. He moved that a committee be appointed to inquire, whether the collection of the Earl of Elgin ought to be purchased; and if so, what price ought to be offered for it.—*Parliamentary Debates*, Feb. 23, 1816.

It might be supposed, that the emanation of such an idea from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, would not be opposed by a single dissenting voice; that this chance which we have of defending ourselves as a nation against the imputation of want of real taste or patronage of the art, would be hailed as an epoch of dawning hope, and the opprobrium under which we have long laboured relative to our indifference to works of the highest estimation, would be wiped off for ever by the universal support of any plan that would put us in possession of so inestimable a collection as the Elgin marbles. But, alas! mankind differ even on subjects which must be to their general advantage, and fritter away the fairest opportunities in the indulgence of spleen, envy, opposition, and party spirit. In the first instance, the noble possessor has been vilified as a modern Goth, a Vandal, nay, a worse than Vandal, for robbing Greece of treasures which but for him would no longer have existed; and which were not such to the natives, because the people whose country they adorned, destroyed them without mercy, and

for the best of all possible reasons, because the materials, which bore the most sublime compositions of art, were of more value than the compositions themselves to those who were blind to their beauties. Was it robbing Greece, to save for the world what barbarians were destroying in Greece? The Turks demolished these remains of art in order to employ them to mend their own bungling structures; and Lord Elgin, in putting a stop to these ravages, has deserved the thanks of posterity. It was requisite that he should feel all the enthusiasm he did feel, for the arts and for his country, or the relics of Phidias, which had survived the storms of ages, would, ere the nineteenth century of the Christian era, have vanished "like the baseless fabric of a vision, and left not a wreck behind."

It is well known, that the difficulties and expense which Lord Elgin incurred in his favourite object, received no aid from that country which he was about to enrich; for his application to Parliament to purchase what he might have disposed of to France, was of no effect. This proposal was

answered, by the ministers declining to have any thing to do with the business, because it was attended with risk and great loss: and yet there are people unreasonable enough to pretend, that already the Elgin marbles are the property of the country, because, forsooth, the ambassador from our country gained them by his own mental and pecuniary exertions. Another set of persons—for mischief-makers will be doing something—essayed to snatch the laurels from Lord Elgin, by vilifying the works, and libelled Phidias himself, for the purpose of undervaluing the Elgin collection. A person, it is said, whose opinion in matters of taste is highly thought of by those higher classes of society to which merit in art must look for support, quoted Greek, to maintain that Phidias never worked in marble. He was proved to have misconstrued his author, and it was shewn, that Phidias only worked in a baser material with reluctance.—Under this person's sanction it had been said, that the statues and figures in relief of the Battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ on the architrave of the Parthenon, were executed by coarse workmen, "scarcely ranking as artists," employed by Phidias, who was careless of what was placed at such a height. Now any one who looks at them as they lie against the walls at Burlington-House, may see that they are exquisitely finished. That eminent Italian sculptor Canova, warmed as he was from the beauties of the Louvre, on his sojourn in England, addressed a letter to Lord Elgin, teeming with the praises of the godlike artist who executed the work, and the noble in-

dividual who saved it from destruction.

It is not necessary here, in addition to the eulogium of Canova, to subjoin at length the correspondent ideas of a member of the French Institute, Visconti: I shall, however, copy his concluding words:—"We have only to regret, that the noble idea conceived by Lord Elgin, to withdraw them from the daily ravages of a barbarous people, had not occurred to some rich and powerful amateur a century and a half sooner."

Chandler, in his Travels into Greece, observes, "It is to be regretted, that so much admirable sculpture as is still extant about this fabric (the Parthenon), should be likely to perish, as it were immediately, from ignorant contempt and brutal violence. Numerous carved stones have disappeared; and many, lying in ruinous heaps, moved our indignation at the barbarism daily exercised in defacing them."

Yet to all these arguments have been opposed the maudlin lines of poetry and affected sentiment; the insinuations of those who envy his lordship the conscious feeling of having saved such remnants of pure art, aided by the chandler's shop calculation of men who know nothing of art except as it resembles prettiness, and who would prefer the wax-work monarchs in Westminster Abbey to the sublimity of the Apollo of Belvidere, never to be reached by their comprehension. To compare such sublime compositions as the works of Phidias, to degrade them as mere works of ornament\*, may suit that man who has not taste

\* See Brongham's speech, &c.



to relish their transcendent beauties: but such people ought to be told, that the arts, carried to perfection, have a purer quality; and that works of sublimity raise the mind of those who contemplate them, to the imitation of those virtues which the hand of genius clothes with dignity. These are, it is true, times in which economy and frugality must be excited and encouraged; but let us not grudge to expend a small portion of our vast resources

on objects which have a manifest tendency to improve and dignify human nature. Possessing the cartoons of Raphael, the Elgin marbles, and the minor works of the great and excellent in every department of art, no longer shall the false insinuations of a Winkelmann even reflect on our national taste, but England shall be not less famed in arts than she is in arms.

TORSO.

### MUSICAL REVIEW.

*RUDIMENTS for the single and double Movement HARP, exemplified in a clear and concise Manner, with forty-two Exercises for forming the Hands, and the fingering marked; to which are subjoined forty-two progressive Lessons, constructed on pleasing familiar Airs, arranged in the principal Keys: the whole planned, composed, and dedicated to the Miss Sandys, by Henry Horn, professor of the harp at the King's Theatre. Pr. 15s.*

THE contents of this comprehensive work of instruction may be divided into four distinct heads or chapters. In the first, the author enters on the rudiments of music in general; treating, in succession, of notes, their value, rests, clefs, scales, and other elementary matter, with conciseness and perspicuity. The second part applies more particularly to the harp itself; and here the nature of the single-movement harp, and of the double-movement harp, is clearly described and explained by graphic delineation. In a former number of the *Repository* we have given a

brief account of this important and admirable invention of a double movement in the pedals by Mr. Sebastian Erard, through which the harp has been rendered one of the most perfect musical instruments in existence; and we are pleased to find the praises which Mr. Horn bestows on this valuable improvement, to confirm the opinion we then had expressed of its great advantages. This instrument, as Mr. H. very properly observes, admits of being played on in *twenty-seven* different major and minor keys, with an uniform mode of fingering, and, we would add, with equal purity of intervals. After having described his instrument, Mr. H. illustrates at large its manual exercise, and the position of the performer, as well as of the right and left hands. Copious and clear rules direct the student in the practice of arpeggios, the scales, shakes, apoggiaturas, *sous étouffés*, *sous harmoniques*, &c.; and this portion of the work concludes with an explanation of the Italian words used to describe or qualify the degree of time, or expression,

to be given to a movement. The third part contains forty-two exercises for both hands. These are progressively arranged; they exemplify all the peculiar and most essential varieties of digital practice on the instrument; the leading fingers are indicated throughout, and numerous directions assist the student in the proper performance of particular passages. The last, and most voluminous, division of the book is devoted to forty-two lessons in the most usual keys. These lessons are likewise progressive, and consist of a great number of favourite airs, marches, rondos, dances, themes with variations, &c. which are generally introduced by appropriate and, not unfrequently, elegant preludes. To this cursory sketch of the contents of Mr. Horn's Rudiments, we have only to add our unqualified approbation of his meritorious labour. Every page bespeaks the attention and the judgment he has exerted to produce a guide adequate to the advanced stage of perfection at which this instrument has arrived; and we make no doubt his performance will long remain a standard work of instruction.

*A Selection of German National Melodies, with the Words, both in the Original and translated into English (Verse); the whole accompanied by a Treatise on National Music, and the Airs selected by Charles Baron Arnim. Vol. I.*

According to a notice from the publishers, Messrs. Goulding and Co. this work is to be completed in three volumes, each volume consisting of two numbers, and each number containing ten songs. A number is to appear every two

months: the price to subscribers for the three volumes is fixed at 20s. per volume; to subscribers for one volume, one guinea per volume; non-subscribers to pay 13s. a number.

The first number, now under consideration, certainly affords a very favourable earnest of the remainder of the work. The translations from the German into English verse are from the several pens of Viscount Strangford, Messrs. Impey, Sotheby, Tighe, and Tolfrey, who seem to have vied with each other in the difficult task of infusing the sense and spirit of the originals into their labour. As far as we can judge, these translations are upon the whole satisfactory; and in numerous instances their poetical language does not betray their being imitations from a foreign idiom. Some exceptions, it is true, might be quoted, as for instance, "The grave is deep and *stilly* (?)" Here and there, too, we observe an occasional neglect of the original metre.

As to the melodies, we have reason to applaud the taste exercised in their selection. Next to the compositions of Himmel, of whom there are several airs in the present number, we find the names of Hurka, Beneken, and Reichard, lyric composers of the first eminence in Germany. Himmel's song "To Hebe" is a beautiful composition, and Mr. Impey's able translation does full justice to the original. Hurka's "Remembrance;" the song "To Laura," by Beneken; "Use of Time," by an author not named, and "The Grave," by Beneken, are equally excellent: indeed the choice of all is so

good, that preference is probably more a matter of taste than the result of comparative superiority. New symphonies have been added; they are in general appropriate enough, although in one or two instances they fall short of the spirit and feeling of the compositions to which they serve as introductions. We likewise regret, that in some of the pieces the original key has (for what reason we know not) been transposed into another, less adapted to the import of the text.

Of Baron Arnim's *Treatise on National Music*, we have to observe, that he seems to have taken considerable pains to present his readers with a very laboured and philosophical essay on the subject. This essay has not gained by the translation from the German, which it evidently has undergone; and we doubt whether its contents will appear sufficiently interesting, or even intelligible, to the generality of that class of persons for whom the publication is calculated. One curious observation of the author's we cannot withhold from our readers. In expressing his doubts, whether harmony, or music in parts, has been invented, or instinctively produced, Baron A. informs us, that "the only beings which by instinct produce a music wherein there is harmony, are the frogs, having their treble, counter-tenor, tenor, and bass."—Whatever harmonious sounds may proceed from an evening concert of German frogs (and Bar. A.'s story of the Berlin frog would warrant such a belief), we can assure him, that those whose croakings *in parts* we have occasionally been

doomed to hear in England, appeared to us any thing but *musical* beings.

*Exercises for the Voice, consisting of various Solféggi, collected from Manuscripts of the late Venanzio Rauzzini; to which are added Specimens of several modern Songs.*  
Pr. 6s.

We agree with the assertion of the publishers of these exercises, that the treatises we possess on the subject of vocal tuition, rendered the present publication neither superfluous nor useless; and we know of none which offers so much that is essential, and at the same time attractive, to the learner, at so moderate a price, as the book before us. The few directions, or rather hints, which are prefixed to the exercises, are so valuable, and bear so evidently the stamp of matured experience and judgment, that we have to regret nothing but their brevity. The solféggi, by progressive intervals, major, minor, and chromatic scales, &c. are equally brief, but sufficient to serve as bases for ulterior practice; and the accompaniments under them are well devised. These are followed by several lessons without words, supported also by proper accompaniments; and the concluding, as also the most voluminous portion of the book, consists of a collection of about two dozen specimens of English songs from the works of Arnold, Bishop, Braham, Gretry, Handel, Haydn, Marcello, Mazzinghi, Rauzzini, Stevenson, &c. The amateur will no doubt regret, that, instead of specimens, the songs are not inserted in their complete state, at least with all the stanzas respectively belonging to

each; but the reason the publishers assign, viz. the limits of the price, appear to us unanswerable, for, in our opinion, the purchaser has ample value for his money. The order of the songs, however, was susceptible of a more progressive insertion: the first, for instance, *Holy, holy, Lord God Almighty*, by Handel, is far from being the easiest in the collection.

*Rondo for the Piano-Forte, composed and dedicated to Miss Sophia D'Anthing, by A. A. Klengel.* Pr. 3s.

This is the first time we introduce the above author to the acquaintance of our readers, and we can vouch we shall not be found fault with for having done so. The rondo before us is absolutely a first-rate composition; the subject is novel, soft, and extremely melodious, in the pastoral style; and from its simple strains, an exuberance of the most select and classic ideas has been deduced, in all of which good melody, originality, exquisite taste, and sterling science, are at once united. We do not often meet with compositions in which all these requisites of good music are so happily blended; indeed the bias of our individual taste is so analogous to Mr. K.'s style, that, were we to express all the pleasure we derived from this performance, we fear we should be suspected of undue partiality or exaggeration. We recommend it strenuously to that class of players, whose taste and advanced proficiency enable them to seize the author's spirit and meaning, and to give to his thoughts the proper effect. Not that there are any wanton intricacies in the work, but its manner, and the ori-

ginality of the passages, will afford employment for a quick eye and well-practised fingers.

*A German Song, with Variations, for the Piano-Forte, composed by Fred. Ries.* Pr. 2s.

A very original little German tune forms the theme of these variations, which, besides their musical worth, have the merit of being accessible to performers of moderate proficiency, an advantage not a little to be valued in Mr. Ries's compositions. The most striking of the variations are, No. 2. in which the regular rests between the hands have a novel effect. In var. 3. we observe the left hand employed with great freedom. No. 4. in C minor, is very interesting: with every deference, however, to the author's better judgment, we think the B b in the third bar of the treble produces the effect of consecutive octaves. Var. 6. is playfully spirited. A fine and original adagio constitutes var. 8. but the theme is not easily recognised here. Var. 9. has the subject in the form of an agreeable quick movement, in  $\frac{6}{8}$  time, which is followed by a clever coda, entirely and most happily deduced from the subject.

This is the first musical publication we have seen, in which the quickness of the movements is indicated according to Mr. MAELZEL'S METRONOME, or CHRONOMETER. As this is not the place for entering upon a description of Mr. Maelzel's invention, which, in point of correctness and practical utility, claims decidedly a preference over all the numerous attempts at chronometers that have been made for this century past, we will only briefly state at present, that the

METRONOME of Mr. Maelzel is a neat portable little instrument, which *beats loudly* the vibrations to which it is set; and the scale of which, being deduced from the division of time into minutes, is universally applicable and intelligible in every country.

*A Collection of Songs, Waltzes, Polonaises, Marches, Rondos, &c. for the Piano-Forte, composed by C. L. Lithander.* Pr. 5s.

Whoever should, from the very diminutive form of this musical pocket-book, draw a conclusion as to the quantity and quality of its contents, would find himself totally mistaken. It comprises no less than three slow movements, two themes with variations, one rondo, five waltzes, three country dances, two marches, three polonaises, and four songs. Of this olio, we can affirm in two words, not one piece is indifferent, the majority good, and five or six are truly excellent. To mention some of those pieces which principally attracted our attention, we shall begin with the *andante*, p. 2, the regular construction of which, together with its agreeable flow of unaffected melody, especially in the part in C, p. 3, cannot fail to please. The *andantino*, p. 29, merits still higher applause: it is a chaste and pathetic composition; the subject is one of the most attractive simplicity, and its characteristic features are skilfully interwoven in the whole of the movement. After the three clever first bars in p. 22, the introduction of a running bass of triplets infuses spirit and rich harmonious action into that page, as well as the ensuing, which is highly elegant: the conclusion is very im-

pressive, and evinces refined musical feeling. A third *andante*, p. 56, the subject of which reminds us strongly of Mozart's *Komm' lieber May*, deserves also our favourable notice; and the same is the case with the succeeding rondo, especially the *minore* parts. The allegretto, p. 15, affords a sweet and most interesting theme for a few variations. Of the latter, No. 2. is masterly; and No. 4. together with its fine coda, claims our unqualified commendation. Of the waltzes, the one in p. 42 is extremely tasteful; and another, p. 30, demands our decided favour, especially the subject and whole first part. A march, of a very original and spirited cast, presents itself p. 46: its trio, however, although engaging by itself, seems to us to partake too little of the style of the march. The three *polonaises*, one of which is stated to be a national Swedish tune, possess considerable originality, and shew the author's familiarity with the peculiar character of this dance. The polonaise, p. 9, is particularly conspicuous, owing to the neat and novel cast of its general melody, and to the agreeable trio in E b, in which the crossing of hands produces the best effect. In regard to the four songs, probably the first lyric essays of Mr. L. in the English language, we are free to own, that the attention he has paid to the metrical quantity, and (especially in the two last) to the sense of his text, would put many an indigenous production to the blush. The first song, *Pluck not from me the mountain Rose*, may be considered as a short musical trifle, not affording scope for much observation, excepting an imperfection of

rhythm in the concluding period, to which an overplus of half a bar has been assigned. In the second song, *The kiss, dear Maid, thy lip has left* (Lord Byron), the erotic text was, we think, susceptible of warmer and more impressive musical colouring. Upon the whole, however, this melody is far from being unsatisfactory. In the harmony, we wish the octave, G, g, in the extreme parts of the first quaver in *p. 27*, had been avoided. The third song, *Dear object of defeated care* (Lord Byron), is a production of very superior merit, in which Mr. L. has not only at every step done full justice to the import of these beautiful lines, but evinced altogether talents of the higher order for lyric composition. The air abounds with original pathetic expression, and a tender feeling of melancholy pervades the whole, precisely as called for by the text; all the ideas are select, and in the accompaniment skill and science are employed to the best effect. From this excellent specimen of Mr. L.'s qualifications as a vocal composer, we proceed to one equally, if not more, deserving of our warmest approbation. It is the last song in the book, and is entitled *Timid Love*. Had we not known its composer, we should have ascribed this air to Haydn without hesitation, so much is not only the melody, but also the style of accompaniment, in the manner of Haydn's celebrated canzonets. The simple pastoral melody is extremely beautiful, and suits the words admirably; but what imparts to it an uncommon degree of interest, is the masterly and novel accompaniment by which it is so strongly

supported. If the bent of individual taste do not deceive us, this song will become a favourite with every lover of good vocal music, and establish Mr. L.'s name as a vocal composer.

*National Airs, selected and arranged for the Flute, and respectfully dedicated to Lord Deerhurst*, by C. Nicholson. No. 1. Pr. 3s.

The contents of this neat little volume are as follows:—*See the conquering Hero comes, English; Rule Britannia, English; Lewie Gordon, Scottish; Oh, where's the Slave! Irish; a Walz called Spanish; a Polonaise and an Aria by the author; a German Air; Tyrolese Air; an Italian Air; a German Walz; and Sweet Richard, Welsh.* The arrangement of these pieces is as satisfactory as might be expected from a professor of Mr. N.'s eminence. The air is generally given in its original shape first, relieved, where applicable, by figurative embellishments; after which a variation or two are introduced. These, as well as the numerous graces, are devised with much taste. In the Tyrolese air, the third part of the theme is to us unintelligible. Mr. N.'s aria, *p. 9*, is a sweet little movement. We are likewise well satisfied with his *polonaise*, but must observe that the mode of conclusion peculiar to this sort of dance has been neglected. The resolving discord should not have fallen to the third and unaccented crotchet of the last bar but one, but to the first and accented crotchet of the last bar in every part.

*The Irish Duel, or the Loves of Paddy Whack-Mack-Crack and Mr. Mackirkincroft for Katty*

*O'Donohoo, sung by Mr. Johnstone in the new Comedy "Where to find a Friend," at the Theatre Royal Drury-lane, written by T. Dibdin; the Music by the late Mr. Reeve. Pr. 1s. 6d.*

In songs of this description, the applause of the elevated part of the house is rather sought from the text than from the music, which merely serves as a sort of neutral vehicle to convey the words more suitably to the audience than would be the case by mere recitation. The more simple the melody, therefore, the less the attention is diverted from the humorous poetical tale. In this respect, the present melody, like many others of the late Mr. R. is suitable enough, and, as a musical production, hardly belongs to the tribunal of criticism.

*The Fairy Dance, arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-Forte, by J. H. Leffler. Pr. 2s.*

In the slow movement which is prefixed to the dance, we observe some select and striking harmonic combinations; and the whole complexion of it, taken by itself, is creditable to the taste of the author. But, with every allowance for desire of contrast, we cannot help thinking this *lento maestoso* conceived in too awfully sombre a style to serve as an introduction for a sprightly dance; it is as if a man, who wished to tell us a merry story, began by making a few grim and tragic faces first. The rondo is a pleasing bagatelle; the subject recurs seasonably; the digressive

matter is proper; the harmony throughout is satisfactory, and in some instances above the common run; and the termination, founded as it is on the subject, shews thought and judgment. This piece is very fit for the desk of the learner.

*The lonely Glen, a Song, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte; the Words by the Rev. J. Mitford, composed, and dedicated to Miss Deane, by J. F. Danneley. Pr. 1s. 6d.*

In point of ideas, as well as treatment, this song causes much the same remarks as those which we had occasion to make on some previous productions of the same author. Mr. D.'s compositions evince musical knowledge and skill, but they do not sufficiently approximate to the mellowness, in melody and harmony, of modern taste. In the present instance we conceive the musical metre of the  $\frac{4}{4}$  parts too lengthened for the spirit and import of the text, which thereby drags more or less throughout, but particularly in those bars where the minims occur (e. g. "pleasure," p. 3). The left hand proceeds with plainly measured steps through the mere crotchets and minims of a simple thorough-bass; and the accompaniment follows the voice in general too closely, and frequently passes through chords, which, without being abstractedly objectionable, form too austere a progress of harmony in a song of *this* kind (e. g. p. 1, at "trees;" p. 2, b. 4, and b. 7 and 8).

## THE SELECTOR :

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS from NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

## CONSTANTINOPLE.

(From Dr. CLARKE'S *Travels*, part II. section 3.)

CONSTANTINOPLE is by no means a healthy place of residence for persons who have not lived long enough there to become inured to the vicissitudes of its climate. The sudden changes of temperature, owing to the draught of wind through the straits, either of the Black Sea or of the Sea of Marmora, render such persons liable to the most fatal effects of obstructed perspiration; and what these effects are, few of the inhabitants of other countries can have formed any adequate ideas. A single example, to which the author was an eye-witness, may serve to afford some conception of the disorders occasioned by the climate. Soon after our arrival, upon the anniversary of our queen's birth-day, the liberation of the Maltese slaves took place. It had been acceded to by the Turkish government, owing principally, as it was believed, to a forlorn hope of the Capudan Pasha, that he should thereby be able to obliterate the evil impression caused by the atrocious murder of the boys in Egypt, whereof all Europe then rang from side to side. At all events, it was said to be a business concerted between him and our ambassador; and, if due to the exertions of the latter, nothing can be more worthy of praise. We were at the palace where the ambassador resided when these poor men came to offer their

thanks to the British nation. It was an affecting sight. Some of them had been nearly half a century in chains; and many were to return to their relations after being thought dead for several years. One of these men, washing his linen in the open air, and being stripped, as somewhat heated by the work, felt a most agreeable and cooling breeze beginning from the north, the wind, which had been southerly, then changing. In a short time he was seized with a stiffness in all his limbs, attended with fever, and followed by delirium; his jaw locked; and, notwithstanding the skill and constant attendance of Dr. Scott, before twenty-four hours had elapsed he was no more. Such are the blessings of what is often described as a delightful and luxurious climate. There can scarcely be found a spot upon earth more detestable than *Péra*, particularly in the most crowded parts of it. We might be said to live in *cemeteries*; the only water used for drinking, passing through sepulchres to the feverish lips of the inhabitants, filled with all sorts of revolting impurities, and with living animalculæ. The owner of the hotel where we resided, wishing to make some repairs in his dwelling, dug near the foundation, and found that his house stood upon graves, yet containing the mouldering relics of the dead. This may per-



haps account for the swarms of rats, not only in the buildings, but in the streets, whither they resort in such numbers at night, that a person passing through them finds these animals running against his legs. The prodigious multitude, however, of rats is not owing to any want of cats, for the latter constitute the greater nuisance of the two. They enter through the crazy roofs, which consist only of a few thin planks, and render the smell of the bed-chambers much more offensive than that of a dunghill. Some of these cats are of a very uncommon breed, and they are remarkable for their great beauty. One evening, as the author was adding these notes, there descended from the trap-door of the roof, and came prowling into his room, a cat of such astonishing size and beauty, that he at first mistook it for some fiercer animal. It had long hairs like the Augora breed; and the colour of its fur was white, tipped with a golden yellow; its tail standing erect, like that of a squirrel, was flattened by the position of its hairs, which stuck out on either side, so as to make it a span wide; its ears were high and pointed, covered with long hairs, and it had a bushy ruff about its neck; its large eyes shone like two topazes. An endeavour was made to detain it by shutting the door, but it effected its escape by the way that it came, and never appeared afterwards. This curious and beautiful example of the feline tribe was equal in size to a large fox. A species more common frequented our apartments, which comes from Persia, and is of a blue colour. We visited the menagerie belonging to

the Grand Signior, where we saw but few rare animals, and all of them are wretchedly kept. The only thing worth seeing was a lion of superior size, that had belonged to Hassan Pasha, and used to follow him like a dog; but, at last, having slain one of his keepers, it was chained within the menagerie for life.

Upon the queen's birth-day another ceremony took place, the laying of the first stone of the new palace for the British ministers at the Porte; at this we also attended, in company with all the English then resident. The former building had been consumed by fire. The gaieties of the Carnival were greatly increased this year in Péra, in consequence of the expulsion of the French from Egypt; and the Turks were rather more tolerant than usual in their behaviour towards the English. Masquerades were frequent in all the houses of the foreign ministers; and there were also public masquerades in taverns, open to all comers: the latter, of course, formed of the lowest company, and being for the most part nothing better than the most public exhibition of disgusting sensuality. The only circle that can be called by the name of society in Péra, is formed by the families, secretaries, chaplains, interpreters, and agents of the different envoys; and this may be considered as naturally exhibiting an entertaining masquerade, without any licence from the season of Carnival. It is the same in all seasons, a mixed and motley assembly of nations and languages. The chief amusement at their evening parties consists in card-playing.

The French government, always famous for the skill with which it conducts political intrigue, when it wishes to employ a *spy* who may collect the state secrets of the ministerial *hive* at Péra, takes care to send one who is an adroit gambler, and who, by his address among the women, becomes a popular man at their card-tables; the generality of the young men being engaged in dancing. One or two such *spies* had at this time obtained situations in our army; and they have since proved themselves to be the traitors we at that time suspected they were. Yet it was amazing to observe with what eagerness the company of these men was courted, and with what incredible facility the unsuspecting ministers of the different nations became their dupes. At last arrived General Sebastiani himself, said to have been originally a postillion, and whose intellectual attainments certainly did not belie the report. This man, the avowed ambassador of the French government, dressed like the trumpeter of a puppet-show, soon acquired such influence, by his affectation of gallantry, and by his unequivocal language, even with those young women who had the greatest reputation for chastity, that, according to his own vulgar expression, he might be said "to have had the whole diplomatic body under his thumb\*." Yet there is no place

\* This is the very same General Sebastiani, who, according to the reports in our public prints, was received with such distinction a few days since in the same university to which Dr. Clarke belongs; and, after having been introduced into the Senate-House while the Caput was conferring degrees, dined in the hall

where so much fuss is made in point of etiquette as at Péra; and this sometimes gives rise to a very amusing exhibition. At a ball, before dancing begins, the gentlemen stand up first, without their partners, and a general scramble, with altercation, ensues for precedence. A stranger would suppose that at least half a dozen duels were to be fought the next morning; but, like all blustering, it generally ended in words only. It is impossible, however, to hear the cause of so much agitation without laughter. "Sir, this is my place! I am to dance with Prussia!"—"You'll pardon me, sir! Russia goes down another set."—"Gentlemen, I must beg you will give way; England is my partner." Admitted to the supper-table, he sees with surprise some of the ladies wrapping up roasted woodcocks, and other edible animals, whole, and putting them into their pockets. If attracted towards the corner of a room, where the number of *calpae* and whiskered faces announce a party of the *drogomans*, he finds them bartering some antique medal or gem, or settling the price of a shawl, or offering for sale an embroidered handkerchief; or perhaps two Greek physicians disputing their mode of practice. Upon the sofas, round the room, the elder Greek women, with heads

of Trinity College!!! We are then gravely told, that "he is said to be a good Greek and Latin scholar." Are we to infer from this, that nothing more than a proficiency in the languages of Greece and Rome is necessary to induce the learned *Coutabs* to fraternize with men of the most flagitious moral and political character?—EDITOR.

and hands in constant motion, displaying their long ringlets of false or dyed hair, are bawling to each other in Romanic, and in a tone of voice the most shrill and inharmonious. This description of one evening assembly in the apartments of an ambassador at Péra applies equally to all, for there is not the smallest variety to be observed in going from one house to another; the same amusement, the same conversation, and the same company are found in every other palace.

*From the Supplement to* NORTHCOTE'S LIFE OF REYNOLDS.

MISS MORRIS.

MISS MORRIS, I must observe, was a beautiful young lady, who, from the unexpected misfortunes of her family, was reduced to the necessity of seeking some employment for a livelihood; and being supposed to have requisite talents for the stage, she was advised by her friends to attempt it as a profession. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, and many other illustrious persons, who were her particular friends and patrons, attended on the first night of her appearance on any stage, when she was to perform the character of Juliet at Covent-Garden theatre; but from the exceeding delicacy of both her mind and body, she was overpowered by her timidity, to such a degree, that she fainted away on the first entrance on the stage, and with much difficulty was prevailed on to go through the part. This very pitiable young lady shortly after fell into a decline, which ended in her death. Her mother was, I think, a native of the West Indies; and on the death of her husband, who had been governor of one of the islands, came over to England with a son and two daughters, and also a negro slave, who afterwards became the servant of Sir Joshua\*.

\* She was the daughter of Valentine Morris, Esq. the original possessor and

MISS REYNOLDS.

At the time Miss Reynolds was in Paris (as she informed me), she attended a sale of pictures. It was a most capital collection, yet the sale was so private that the catalogue was not printed, but handed about the room on a written paper. The collection contained many fine portraits by Titian and Vandyke, besides various other subjects by the most eminent masters, particularly one by Rembrandt, historical, with figures the full size of life. On her describing the picture afterwards to Sir Joshua Reynolds, he said it must, by her account of it, have been worth three thousand pounds at least. All those she saw went for next to nothing, for there were but few bidders in the room; and being without money herself to make purchases, she saw, with inward torture, those precious articles knocked down for the most trifling sum. Indeed, the regret she felt at not being able to possess herself of such bargains, had so great an effect on her, that she improver of the romantic and much-admired domain of Piercefield, in Monmouthshire; in the adornment of which he had expended much money, and deranged his private fortune. Miss Morris made her first appearance at Covent-Garden theatre on November 29, 1768; and died May 1, 1769.

feared she should have fainted away in the auction-room. Some few she did buy, and at a very small price, which were very fine; these she sent to England to her brother Sir Joshua, who, unluckily, not having a sufficient reliance on her judgment in pictures, had not previously commissioned her to make any purchases for him.

Miss Frances Reynolds had long lived in the house of Sir Joshua, her brother, which she superintended in its domestic economy; but conceived, on some occasion, that she had not been treated as she deserved. This occasioned a small degree of coolness between them, and it was her intention to compose a letter, in order to explain to him her supposed grievances, but the composition of this letter was an affair of great difficulty: she therefore consulted with her sage friend Dr. Johnson, who participated with her in her troubles, and voluntarily offered to write a letter himself, which, when copied, should pass as her own. This, accordingly, he performed; but when this letter was produced by him for her approval, she felt herself obliged to reject it, as the whole contents of it were so unlike her own dictation, and so decidedly like his, that the intended deception would no more have passed with Sir Joshua, than if Johnson had attired himself in her

cap and gown, and endeavoured to impose his identical person upon Sir Joshua as his sister.

GARRICK.

Garrick one day dining with a large company, soon after dinner left the room, and it was supposed had left the house; but one of the party, on going into the area to seek him, found Mr. Garrick, who had been there for some time, fully occupied in amusing a negro boy, who was a servant in the family, by mimicking the manner and noise of a turkey-cock, which diverted the boy to such a degree, that he was convulsed with laughter, and only able now and then to mutter, "Oh, Masser Garrick! you kill me, Masser Garrick!"

LORD MANSFIELD.

Lord Mansfield sat to Sir Joshua for that excellent portrait which has since been engraved by Bartolozzi. In the progress of painting this picture, Sir Joshua one day asked him his opinion of it, and if he thought it was a likeness. When his lordship replied, that it was totally out of his power to judge of its degree of resemblance, as he had not seen his own face in any looking-glass during the last thirty years of his life; for his servant always dressed him and put on his wig, which therefore rendered it quite unnecessary for him to look at himself in a mirror.

## FASHIONS.

### LONDON FASHIONS.

#### PLATE 22.—MORNING DRESS.

A ROUND dress composed of cambric, and finished at the bottom with a number of small tucks, and

a very richly worked flounce with a heading. The back has just fullness enough to give the dress an air of ease, without disguising the











contour of the shape. We refer our readers to the print for the front. Long and very loose sleeve, with a very elegant half sleeve and cuff. A shirt richly trimmed round the collar with lace, and thrown open at the throat, where it fastens with a gold and coral broach. Hair parted on the forehead and dressed low at the sides. Head-dress an exquisitely fancied lace cap, of a form extremely simple, but uncommonly becoming: it is ornamented with bows of lilac ribbon. Plain gold ear-rings, and white kid slippers and gloves.

PLATE 23.—OPERA DRESS.

White satin slip, over which is a white lace skirt, finished with satin tucks, and a rich flounce of deep blond at the bottom. The body is composed of white satin and white lace; it is uncommonly novel and elegant. The sleeve, which is long, is also composed of satin and lace; its form is original, and the manner in which it is finished at the wrist is singularly tasteful and elegant. The hair is disposed so as to display the forehead, and falls in soft loose curls at each side. Head-dress the Berlin cap composed of white satin, lower part ornamented with a rich gold band, and the crown with a profusion of beautiful short ostrich feathers, disposed with much taste and novelty. The Berlin cap is, in our opinion, the most generally becoming head-dress which has been introduced for some seasons. Necklace and cross composed of pearl and amethyst. Pearl ear-rings. White kid gloves, and white satin slippers.

We are indebted to the good taste and exquisite invention of Mrs. Gill, of Cork-street, Burling-

ton Gardens, for both our dresses this month.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

We shall not be in danger this month of exceeding the limits prescribed to our *Observations* in this REPOSITORY, as the fashions have changed less since our last number than they do in general at this season of the year. The approaching nuptials of her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales will, we have no doubt, quicken the invention of our fashionable dress-makers, and afford us ample materials for our next number.

We shall now proceed to lay before our readers the few changes which have fallen under our observation. Pelisses are higher than ever in estimation for the promenade; the most elegant are composed of the palest fawn-colour merino cloth, and trimmed either with emerald green or pink satin. We have seen one uncommonly tasteful and pretty, and more novel than we should have supposed any thing in the form of a pelisse could be: the back was full and drawn at the bottom to a point, which is ornamented with a satin bow and pointed ends. A double piece of byas satin went up each side of the back and across the shoulder, so as to form a pretty half sleeve; this satin is draperied at rather more than half a quarter distance by very small tassels, a shade lighter than the satin: there is no collar, but a double piece of byas satin, to correspond in width with the trimming, is sewed on very full, and stands up round the throat. The bottom and fronts are very tastefully or-

namented with satin, draped to correspond, which falls over a plain piece of the same shade as the tassels which ornament the drapery. The sleeve, which is very loose, is confined at the wrist by byas satin. This pelisse is very much in favour; it is worn in white merino, in which it is, we think, more elegant than in any colour, in pale fawn, French grey, and Turquoise blue: in the two former it is trimmed with green or purple, in French grey with pale pink, and in Turquoise with white satin.

The bonnet usually worn with this pelisse, is an intermixture of velvet and satin; the crown is a moderate size, but the front is very large: it is put on so as to display a lace cap which is worn under it, and ornamented either with a flower, or with three small rosettes of lace. The bonnet is trimmed with white satin, disposed in bows intermixed with points, and finished with a rich plume of white feathers: it ties at one side with a large bow of white satin ribbon.

The Cobourg hat is even higher in estimation than last month, which we expected would be the case, as the lightness of its appearance, as well as the uncommon delicacy of the material it is composed of, renders it peculiarly appropriate to the present season.

Velvet and white merino cloths are still in estimation in the carriage costume, but pelisses are higher in favour; the most fashionable are composed either of Levantine or double-sided silk, lined with white sarsnet, and trimmed with swansdown or satin, which, long as it has been worn, is still the favourite material for trim-

ings: it has, however, an appearance of novelty, from the manner in which it is intermixed with chenille silk trimming and swansdown. We observed the other day on the pelisse of a lady of high rank, one of the prettiest trimmings we have seen for some time; the pelisse was a light slate colour, and the trimming pink satin disposed in acorns, and edged with swansdown. We have also to observe, that swansdown muffs are in much favour, but tippetts are only partially worn.

Small white satin half gipsy hats, some of which are covered with a coloured net-work of chenille, are much in request in the carriage costume; they are ornamented with low plumes of feathers: we have noticed some made of intermingled ribbon and lace, which are ornamented with spring flowers, and worn over a lace *cornette*. Small coloured velvet hats, turned up all round, and lined with white satin, are also much worn; they have in general a band of intermixed white satin and velvet, and are always ornamented with feathers.

Thanks to the correct taste of the lady to whom we are indebted for our dresses this month, we are enabled to present our fair readers with a morning dress made in that style of simple elegance which ought always to characterize the morning costume. A very novel and elegant material for dishabille has just been introduced, which is considered a very tasteful article for spring wear: it is called *satinet*, and is composed of silk and worsted, with a rich satin stripe; although very durable, its appearance is light and delicate, and it

is much in request with *belles* of rank and taste. Irish satin is also much worn in the morning costume, though we think it is still more generally adopted for dinner dress. — We do not know how to describe this beautiful article, as it is totally different from any thing we have ever seen: it is made in all shades and colours, but the one most in request, we think, is emerald, in which it is peculiarly striking. As there has been nothing new in our own manufacture introduced for some time, these two elegant novelties are in considerable estimation with those ladies of rank who wish to encourage the productions of our own looms, in preference to French goods.

We must not omit to mention, that French cambric, cambric muslin, and jaconot muslin, are very high in favour: slight silks are also worn; but cloth is entirely exploded.

With respect to the form of morning dress, we have nothing novel to observe. Some change has taken place in trimmings; work is less worn than last month, the flounces being generally composed either of the same material as the dress, or of lace. Bodies, sleeves, and flounces drawn with coloured ribbon, are still in much estimation. There has been, for the second time, an attempt made to introduce the antiquated fashion of fulness in the front breadth of the dress; the apron and front were made of one piece, and drawn with ribbon, and the fulness thrown nearly as much before as behind: this attempt, however, has completely failed, which is not surprising, because

no mode of dress can be more calculated to disfigure the shape.

Slight silks continue to be trimmed as described in our last number. We have also seen one or two very pretty trimmings composed of floss silk and chenille, in the form of leaves and shells; but these trimmings are only revived, as we remember similar ones last year.

Irish satin is still more than any thing in favour for dinner dress; shot and plain sarsonets and India muslin are also in estimation. We have noticed with much pleasure, the introduction of a half high lace body, which we consider very elegant, and extremely appropriate to dinner dress: the form is that of a chemiset, which comes about half way to the throat, and is finished at top with a frill of lace to fall over. The sleeve, which is long, is slashed at the top with letting-in lace in two places, and the slashes meet at bottom; it is plain to the wrist, where it is finished by a triple fall of narrow lace. The sarsonet skirt worn with this body, is in general finished round the bottom with a rich embroidery, but sometimes trimmed with a single fall of blond set on in waves and very full. Irish satin is always worn with a white satin body, and the skirt finished at bottom with an intermixture of white satin and chenille, the latter the colour of the skirt: the effect is uncommonly beautiful.

In full dress we observe that white lace and white gauze predominate for youthful *élégantes*; white crape is also much in estimation; but coloured crapes are partially worn, and black lace seems confined to

matronly ladies. We see with pleasure, that bodices and skirts of different colours are evidently on the decline; they had certainly a most inelegant effect. White and coloured satin bodies, richly embroidered either in gold, silver, or silk, and worn over a crape or lace skirt, and trimmed to correspond, are very general, and we think extremely elegant; but in point of actual novelty, the dress given in our print possesses the strongest claim of any we have seen.

Caps continue so attractive in half dress, that we scarcely see a well-dressed *belle*, unless a mere child, without one: they are invariably composed of white lace, and always of a simple form. French caps are entirely exploded, doubtless to the great satisfaction of *belles* of good taste. British beauty has been too long obscured by the glaring and unbecoming fashions of our neighbours; which, however, are now declining very fast in public estimation.

In full dress the hair continues to be worn, as described in our last, on the forehead; but we observe that it begins to be turned up behind *à la Grecque*, and the under part of the hind hair forms a few curls on

each side of the throat. The hair continues to be ornamented in the manner described in our last number.

In full-dress jewellery we have nothing new to announce. In half-dress gold and coral are still worn. The ornaments we mentioned in our last, were a prettily fancied locket and chain: the locket, composed of gold, is tastefully set with coral, in the form of small wild berries; the chain is composed alternately of a little cluster of light chains two inches long, and a coral berry placed between. Variegated cornelian, it is said, will be the favourite article for half-dress summer jewellery.

We have no alteration to notice in boots or shoes for promenade or carriage costume; but we cannot help observing, that dress slippers, which still continue to be made in the same form, are worn much too high on the instep: fashion, however, is always in extremes; some time ago they were cut down almost to the toes.

Fashionable colours for the month continue the same as last; but light drab and lilac are also, we perceive, coming much into favour.

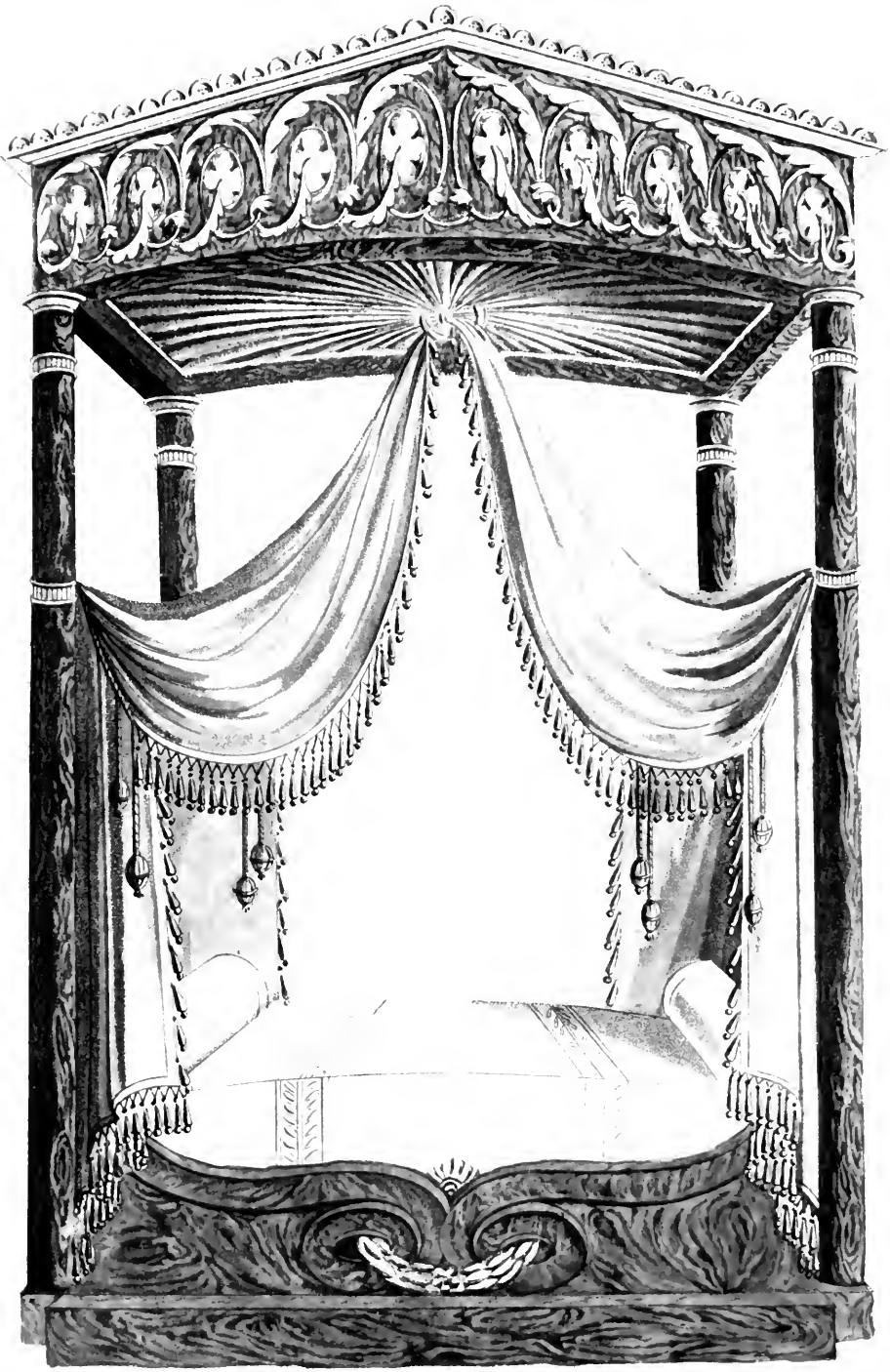
## FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

### PLATE 20.—A FRENCH BED.

THE annexed plate is a design lately imported from Paris, and represents one of those pieces of furniture which are consequent on the reciprocal exchanges of British and French taste: it is an English bed with corner posts, decorated agreeably to Parisian fancy. The frame-work is made of rose-wood,

ornamented with carved foliage, gilt in matt and burnished gold.

The drapery is of rose-coloured silk, lined with azure blue, and consists of one curtain, gathered up at the ring in the centre of the canopy, being full enough to form the festoons and curtains both of the head and foot. The elegance of





this bed greatly depends on the choice, arrangement, and modifications of the three primitive colours, blue, yellow, and red; and

in the combination of these, its chasteness or gaiety may be augmented or abridged.

## INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

Mr. William Williams, teacher of mathematics, &c. at High Beech Collegiate School, has in the press, *A New Method of teaching Perspective*; containing a course of practical lessons, exemplifying the theory by easy and concise rules for drawing all objects with accuracy. This work, which will be handsomely printed in 8vo. will be adapted to the use of schools and artists, although not having any knowledge of mathematics. It will be accompanied by an elegant illustrative model, invented by the author, a specimen of which may be seen at Mr. R. Ackermann's, Strand.

Dr. Pinckard has just published a new edition of his *Notes on the West Indies*, in two volumes, with additional letters from Martinique, Jamaica, and St. Domingo, including a proposal for the emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies.

The Rev. Dr. Whitaker, well known for his *History of Craven*, and his republication of Thoresby's *Ducatus Leodiensis*, is engaged upon *A General History of the County of York*, which is expected to form seven folio volumes, of 500 pages each. It will be embellished with numerous engravings from designs by Turner, Buckler, and other eminent artists. The printing of the work will commence as soon as 500

copies, or as many as will cover the expenses, are subscribed for.

Mr. Congdon, of Plymouth, has announced for early publication, by subscription, in two volumes, royal quarto, with superb embellishments, *An Historical Survey of the County of Cornwall*, by C. S. Gilbert. The first volume will exhibit a comprehensive display of the ancient and modern state of the county, in regard to the character of its inhabitants, and a general history of its transactions from the remotest known periods, down to the present era. The second volume contains the topography, and embraces every requisite of a parochial history. The drawings for the embellishment of this part of the work are altogether original, by an excellent artist, H. Parker, jun. of Plymouth, who has not only been accurate in finishing them, but singularly fortunate in the choice of the spots from whence he formed his outlines. The names of subscribers to this work are received in London by Mr. Ackermann.

The seventh and eighth volumes of Campbell's *Lives of the Admirals*, commenced by the late Mr. Henry Redhead Yorke; the publication of which, from a variety of unforeseen circumstances, has been delayed so long, are now at the press in a great state of forwardness;

and it is fully expected that both the volumes, which will complete that interesting national work, will be ready for publication early in the ensuing summer.

Mr. Robert Southey has in the press a poem, with notes, entitled *A Pilgrimage to Waterloo*.

Mr. D'Israeli is preparing for publication, *An Inquiry into the Literary and Political Character of James I.*

Mr. Campbell's *Selections of English Poetry*, announced some time since, are not to appear for the present, as it has been judged better that the critical part of that work, containing a View of English Poetry, should be made part of Mr. Campbell's *Lectures on Ancient and Modern Poetry*, which are in preparation upon a very extensive scale.

Mr. W. Mariner is preparing for publication, an *Account of the People of the Tonga Islands, in the South Pacific Ocean*. The author belonged to the Port au Prince privateer, the greater part of whose crew was massacred by the natives of Lefooga, and was for several years afterwards a constant associate of the king and the higher class of chiefs. His work will form two 8vo. vols.

Miss Holford has in the press a new poem, entitled *Margaret of Anjon*.

Mr. W. Wilkins, the eminent architect, will speedily publish, in an 8vo. volume, with plates, *Atheniensis, or Remarks on the Buildings and Topography of Athens*.

Mr. Murray, of Albemarle-street, has announced for publication, a *Narrative of the Adventures and Travels of Robert Adams, a sailor, who was wrecked in 1810 on the*

west coast of Africa, detained three months in slavery among the Arabs of the Great Desert, and resided several months at Tombuctoo. It will be printed in 4to. uniformly with Park's last *Journey and Life*.

Mr. W. Jones, late acting surgeon at Serampore, will soon publish *A Collection of Facts and Opinions* relative to widows burning themselves with the dead bodies of their husbands, and to other destructive customs prevalent in British India.

Mr. Boothroyd, who is on the point of completing his *Biblia Hebraica*, has in forwardness, *Reflections on the authorised Version of the Scriptures*, reasons for attempting its improvement, and a specimen of such an attempt.

In the press, a new work, entitled *The Elements and Genius of the French Language*, being a natural and rational method of teaching a language, with sciences, deduced from the analysis of the human mind.

*Memoirs of the Ionian Isles, and of their Relations with European Turkey*, translated from the original MS. of M. de Vaudoncourt, late general in the Italian service, with a very accurate and comprehensive map, will shortly appear.

M. Puigblanch, the Spanish patriot, is about to publish, *The Inquisition Unmasked, or the Triumph of Humanity and Liberty in Spain*; being a history of the conduct and objects of that tribunal, and a dissertation on the necessity of its suppression.

Miss Griffith's novel, *She would be a Heroine*, will very speedily make its appearance.

The late Marquis de Lavallée,



who died a few days ago at his apartments in Leicester-square, had been engaged for several years past in writing a *History of the different Factions which have agitated France during the Revolution*, and had nearly completed it. He had recently been employed by Mr. Bowyer, of Pall-Mall, in writing a *Biographical Memoir of Buonaparte*, as also of his ministers, generals, &c. which will shortly appear.

Proposals are circulated for pub-

lishing a fine print, after the line manner, from a magnificent original picture of Rubens, of *Meleager and Atalante, or the Hunting of the Wild Boar*, in the collection of the Earl of Milltown, Rusborough-House, county of Wicklow; to be engraved by Francis Lamb, of Edinburgh, who executed the print from the celebrated picture of Daniel in the Den of Lions, by the same master.

## Poetry.

*From the Greek of POSIDIPPUS.*

### DIALOGUE.

THE TRAVELLER AND STATUE OF OPPORTUNITY.

*Tr.* SAY, image, by what sculptor's hand

In breathing marble here you stand?

*Opp.* By his whose art to thousands known,

Bids Jove and Pallas live in stone:

But seldom seen by human eyes,

I claim the kindred of the skies;

By few I'm found, though great my fame,

And Opportunity's my name.

*Tr.* Say, if the cause you may reveal,

Why thus supported on a wheel?

*Opp.* The wheel my rapid course implies,

Like that with constant speed it flies.

*Tr.* Wings on your feet?—*Opp.* I'm apt to soar—

Neglected, I return no more.

*Tr.* But why behind deprived of hair?

*Opp.* Escaped, that none may seize me there.

*Tr.* Your locks unbound conceal your eyes?

*Opp.* Because I chiefly court disguise.

*Tr.* Why coupled with that solemn fair,

Of downcast mien and mournful air?

*Opp.* Repentance she (the stone replies),

My substitute, behind me flies:

Observe, and her you'll ever see

Pursue the wretch deprived of me;

By her corrected, mortals mourn,

For what they've done, and what forborne.

Ask me no more, for while you stay,

I vanish unperceived away.

SOMERSET.

### LINES

Addressed to Mrs. M— E—.

His fickle sov'reignty to prove,

See Time's new calendar displayed;

Which, like the vow of faithless love,

Is changed almost as soon as made.

Yet with old Time I'll wage no strife,

But give him gratefully his due:

For mid the varyings of my life,

He'll never change my love for you!

SOMERSET.

### A VALENTINE

Sent to Miss J—N—s, aged seventeen, lately married to Captain F. BR—WNE, of the H. E. I. C. military establishment.

Think not, dear Anne, 'tis all for sport,

That I to-day am come to court:

I love you much, I love you more

Than any nymph I've seen before,

How blest, how happy should I be,  
 Were all your smiles bestowed on me;  
 On lover's wings I'd quickly bring  
 A myrtle wreath, and golden ring;  
 And crowns and kingdoms I'd resign  
 To be my Anna's *Valentine*.

TO ——— ———.

By J. M. LACEY.

Oh! may thy bosom never know  
 A sadder hour than this is;  
 May innate pleasures unbought glow,  
 Still wait on all thy blisses.

Be thine the happy heart's light throb,  
 Distress through life unknowing;  
 Ne'er may grief's tear, nor sorrow's sob,  
 Disturb thy bosom's glowing.

Fair woman's eye should know no tear,  
 But that which rapture borrows;  
 Her bosom ne'er should heave with fear,  
 Her heart ne'er sink with sorrows.

I dearly love to see the smile  
 Her rosy cheek illuming;  
 To know, that not one thought of guile  
 Is there, to check its blooming.

#### THE VILLAGE SPECTRE.

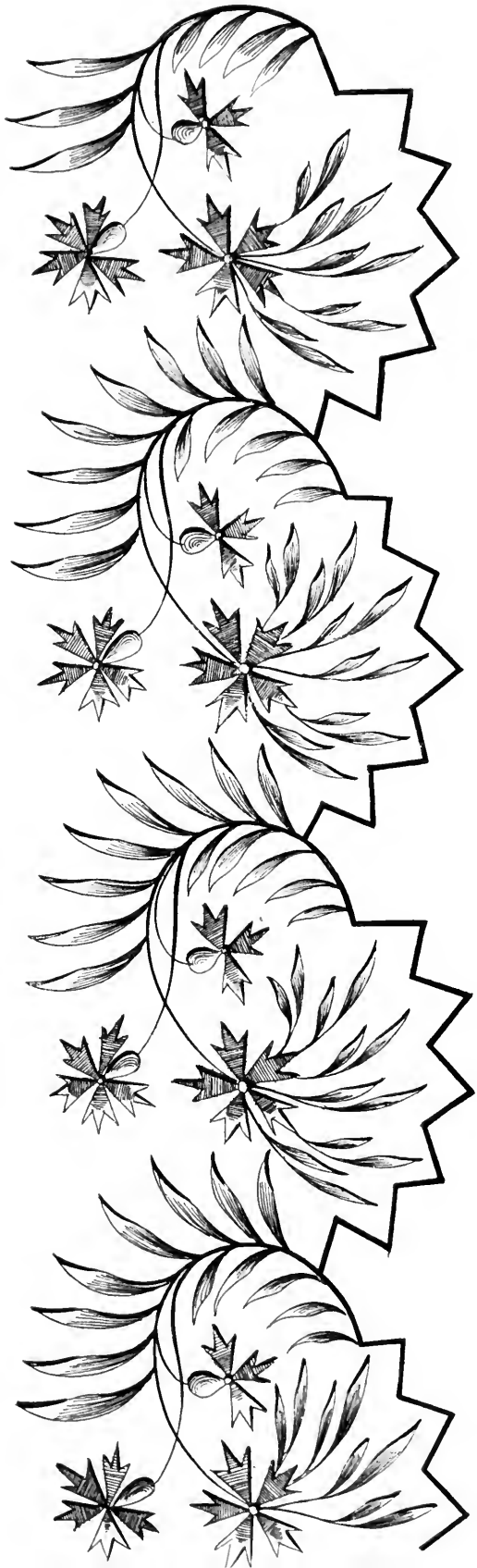
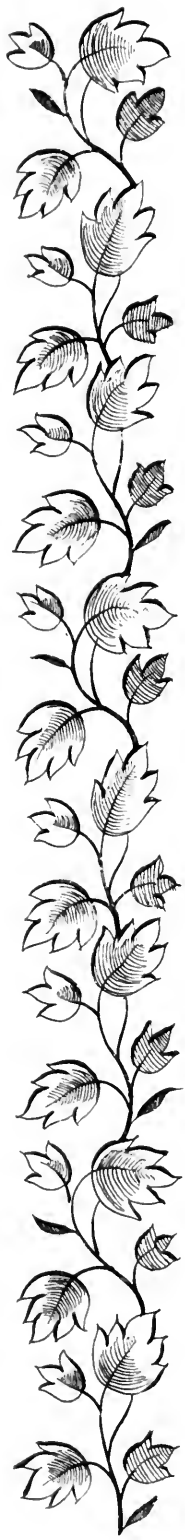
From the RED Cow, whose dear delight  
 Sooth'd Hodge's days and cheer'd this  
 night,

As reeling homeward and alone,  
 He heard, or thought he heard, a groan.  
 He stopp'd, he listen'd—no! the breeze  
 No longer sported with the trees;  
 Nor bat, nor owl, not e'en a mouse  
 But now was silent in its house.  
 The stile was pass'd, and he had reel'd  
 Half o'er the path that cross'd the field;  
 When, lo! a phantom seem'd to fly  
 Across, athwart, before his eye;

Whizzing it went, and whizzing came,  
 'Twas now all smoke, and now all flame!  
 Aloft it flew, then to the ground,  
 And flitted whizzing round and round!  
 It stopp'd, it changed, and now he saw  
 A mighty spectre all of straw!  
 Before his path it took its stand,  
 And straddled o'er three roods of land;  
 Its long bare arms were seen to rise,  
 And hold straw sheaf-bands to his eyes;  
 With two just such a village elf  
 Not long before had hang'd himself.  
 About its head it wore a crown,  
 Of poppies made, and thistle down;  
 Dark was its face, a fearful sight,  
 Black smut and every kind of blight,  
 Made it a very perfect fright. }  
 "Follow," it roar'd—away it flew,  
 And Hodge, in wild dismay, it drew  
 All through the corn about the field,  
 For Hodge to all its freaks must yield;  
 It rais'd him up, it threw him down,  
 It bruise'd his limbs, it broke his crown;  
 Drove him and beat him like a witch,  
 And left him sprawling in a ditch.  
 The next day found him there at noon,  
 Still in a sort of spectre swoon.  
 At home arriv'd, when rest in bed  
 Had sooth'd his limbs and clear'd his  
 head,

He swore, so sure as he was born,  
 He'd seen the DEMON OF THE CORN;  
 Told all the story o'er and o'er,  
 And stoutly to the truth on't swore;  
 And GILES and CLODDIN vow they saw  
 The beaten grain and broken straw,  
 Where it had hurl'd him to the ground,  
 And dragg'd him through and all around.  
 Ev'n at this day, and many years  
 Have pass'd to calm the village fears,  
 Some Hodges, as they pass at night,  
 Think they behold the fearful sprite;  
 And strange!—it seems to love, they say,  
 From the RED Cow the *shortest way*.

J. B. P.





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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. I.

MAY 1, 1816.

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## TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

*Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.*

*The interesting Anecdote of the German Poet, Gleim, shall have a place in our next.*

*In the letter falsely signed A Well-Wisher, we discover nothing but that esprit borné and ignorance, which the writer is so ready to ascribe to others.*

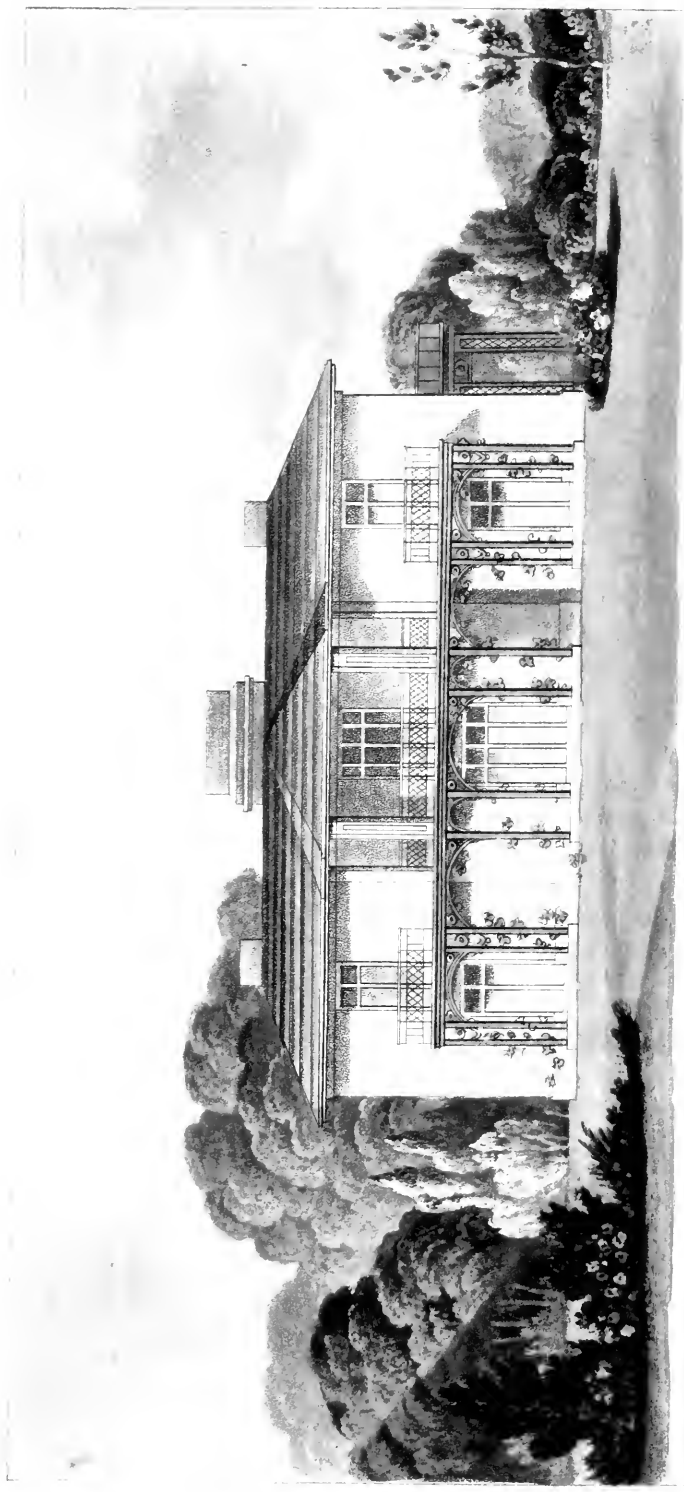
*The History of Lancelot Littlewit—The Conflict—Lines by Mrs. S. Hughes—Absence, a Song, and some other poetical contributions, shall appear in our next Number.*

*We beg leave to remind authors and publishers, that our announcements under the head of Literary Intelligence, are confined to works in hand, and do not embrace such as have already appeared.*

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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. I.

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N<sup>o</sup>. V.

FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 25.—A HUNTING LODGE.

THIS building is designed to harmonize with scenery that is naturally of a level character, and to afford a degree of embellishment by its verandahs and the variety of shadow which they project, that would be greatly desirable where the landscape is not composed of very interesting features. The cottage roof is well fitted to assist in this endeavour, as its overhanging eaves produce a picturesque effect, and afford a considerable shelter to the house: and it is on the variety of shadow resulting from this design, that its pretension to notice would principally depend, for the parts themselves are perfectly simple and unaffected. The objections to this kind of roof, however, are not to be disregarded: the water falling from it is destructive to the plants or herbage that may be beneath the drip; the walls are not only discoloured towards the ground, by the splashing of it, but become damp, and are eventually injured; the windows also suffer from this cir-

cumstance, and they are not always accessible without subjecting the inhabitants to the inconvenience of receiving a portion of the wet that is dismissed by the eaves, even after the gentlest rains. Concealed or invisible gutters, as they are called, have been devised to obviate this unpleasantness. They are formed about a foot and half above the eaves, and are so disposed as to arrest the progress of the water before it arrives at the extremity of the roof, whence it is conveyed to pipes prepared at the end of the building to receive it. These gutters may be made very small, and they would answer the purpose tolerably well, if a material could be applied to form them not so subject to crack by its expansive and contracting nature as lead is found to be, which, from this quality, renders the concealed gutter unadvisable, except to small buildings, or where they can be introduced in very short lengths: in other cases they cannot be considered as affording security from the wet. The

best means of preventing the inconvenience generally, is to form a wood gutter at the edge of the roof, so designed that it may appear to be the finish of the roof, rather than a gutter; and by giving a fall for the water within its substance, the level line of the edge is preserved, and it may be adopted without injury to the lightness of effect that is desirable. The irregular and feeble line which is produced by gutters of copper or zinc, is always to be avoided.

The centre of this design represents a roof projecting over a bow which forms part of the drawing-room, and as the wall also recedes, a spacious verandah is produced, which is well sheltered, and affords a prospect-gallery, or a sort of open conservatory; and balconies are formed on each side by the small verandahs which shelter the windows of the ground-floor: the whole is connected by a trellis roof, as described on the plan which represents the line of connection on the level of the chamber floor.

The ground for which this design was in fact proposed, happened to be of a very peculiar form, although the general line of it was not undulating, and led to a very careful attention of the means for improving the site of a building variously circumstanced in this particular. The very ingenious observations of Mr. Repton cannot but be acceptable, and, in a future paper, other views of the subject will be introduced. There is, he observes, a natural character of country which must influence the site and disposition of every house; and though in the country there is not the same occasion as in towns, for

placing offices under ground, or for setting the principal apartments on a basement story, as it is far more desirable to walk from the house on the same level with the ground, yet there are situations which require to be raised above the natural surface. This is the case at Welbeck, where the park not only abounds with bold and conspicuous inequalities, but in many places there are almost imperceptible swellings in the ground, which art would in vain remedy, from their vast breadth; though they are evident defects whenever they appear to cut across the stems of trees, and hide only half their trunks; for if the whole trunk were perfectly hidden by such a swell, the injury would be less, because the imagination is always ready to sink the valley and raise the hill, if not checked in its efforts by some actual standard of measurement. In such cases, the best expedient is to view the ground from a gentle eminence, that the eye may look over, and of course lose, these trifling inequalities.

All natural shapes of ground must necessarily fall under one of these descriptions, viz. convex, concave, plane, or inclined plane. Suppose it granted, that, except in very romantic situations, all the rooms on the principal floor ought to range on the same level; and that there must be a platform or certain space of ground, with a gentle descent from the house every way. If the ground be naturally convex, or what is generally called a knoll, the crown of the hill must be taken off to form a platform, and the size of the house must be adapted to the size of the knoll;

for if it be too large, it will not have sufficient platform, but rather stand on the edge of a steep bank. It therefore follows, that if the house must stand on a natural hillock, the building should not be larger than its situation will admit; and where such hillocks do not exist in places proper for a house in every other respect, it is sometimes possible for art to supply what nature seems to have denied; a circumstance that proves the absurdity of those who design and plan a house without any previous knowledge of the situation or shape of the ground on which it is to be built. When the shape is naturally either concave or perfectly flat, the house would not be habitable, unless the ground sloped sufficiently to throw off the water from it: this is often effected, in a slight degree, merely by the earth that is dug from the cellars and foundations; but if, instead of sinking the cellars, they were to be built upon the level of the ground, they may afterwards be so covered with earth as to give all the appearance of a natural knoll; the ground falling from the house to any distance where it may best unite with the natural shape: or, as it frequently happens that

there may be small hillocks near the house, one of them may be removed to effect this purpose. This expedient can also be used in an inclined plane, falling towards the house, where the inclination is not very great: but it may be observed of the inclined plane, that the size of the house must be governed in some measure by the fall of the ground; since it is evident, that, although a house of a hundred feet deep might stand conveniently upon it, yet it would require an artificial terrace on one side; and where the ground cannot be made to look natural, it is better at all times to avow the interference of art, than to attempt an ineffectual concealment of it.

The plate annexed would not conveniently contain a plan of the design: it is intended, however, to consist of a small hall and staircase, communicating with a breakfast-room, dining-room, and drawing-room, each having a window to the principal front, as represented in the elevation: behind these would be a kitchen, servants' hall, pantry, and other offices of domestic use. The stables, kennels, &c. would be removed a short distance.

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## ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

### No. IV.

#### HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND

UNTIL the ordinary wants of man are supplied, his mind is engaged in effecting the business which results from the mere necessities of his nature, and in its performance all that belongs to common sense is employed, so far as relates to the

object immediately before him: but when industry has produced leisure, and riches abundance, his mind reverts on itself for further employment, and giving vigour to the imagination, it becomes observant and compares ideas; it seeks

for and examines principles, collects images of ideal perfection, and thence establishes the basis of the arts. The many interruptions which art has received, and the retrograde movements it has occasionally made, in times quite open to our researches, enable us to mark the progress of architecture particularly, and to trace it through its several stages, from the ingenious to the possible and the surprising, thence again to the probable, and onward to simplicity and truth. Its criterion is nature, and on its laws only art should be established; for it is the business of art to follow the examples which nature has supplied, to effect operations agreeably to those laws, and to aim at supreme excellence by judiciously associating her relative perfections.

In architecture the documents of antiquity are to us what the works of the old masters in painting are to painters, and it is equally the duty of both to gather into their store as much as possible of the truth that pre-existing talent has provided; and not then to be content with merely following those works, but to carry their beauties forward to a higher state of excellence: for we have a right to assume, that even the noblest and best works of art are yet short of that perfection of which they are capable.

The works of the Italian architects rapidly improved, because the means of study were amply supplied to them by the remains of ancient Roman splendour; and soon after the establishment of the Florence academy in the early part of the fifteenth century, Brunelleschi began to ascertain the principles of

the Roman orders. Alberti followed him, and pursued the art with great success, which is not only evident from his writings on the principles of his art, but from the noble palace of Pitti at Florence, which was of his design and executed immediately under his direction. Michael Angelo and Palladio greatly advanced the improvement of architecture, and introduced some peculiarities unknown to the early Roman school. Countries removed from the great emporium of art, were content for a time to adopt the fashions of the Italian style, and receive the principles of art at second hand as they found them promulgated in the writings of the architects of that day; and when from England our native artists visited Rome, the modern buildings were too frequently the objects of their study, rather than the venerable remains of antiquity: and our own works have thence the characteristics of Italian art, instead of the pure forms, proportions, and detail of the early model. Unfortunately for architecture in this country, our artists found greater deviations from the Roman originals in their return through France, and as the human mind is not always prepared to resist the allurements and influences of fashion, some of our greatest works are disgraced by foreign absurdities. Inigo Jones, in his last works, studiously avoided them, and made in his designs a transition from those follies to an elegant simplicity: he flourished in the reigns of Elizabeth, James I. Charles I. and during the commonwealth. He was born 1572; and died 1651. Sir Christopher

Wren was born 1632, and died 1723: he flourished in the reigns of Charles II. James II. William III. Anne, and George I. His works are evidently the result of much study of the Italian school, and from books he probably formed his style prior to his visits to Rome. He was greatly influenced by the practice of the French artists, but excelled in the mathematics, which enabled him to execute works in which a superiority of construction was manifested. His St. Paul's is perhaps unequalled in this respect, if we except the magnificent work of Michael Angelo, St. Peter's at Rome. Sir John Vanbrugh, his contemporary, died in 1726: his works are less refined than those of Wren, but there is a dignified greatness of character in many of them, produced by a proportion and arrangement that are highly commendable; his aim constantly was to obtain this effect, and when he failed, his works became uncouthly massive and heavy. Mr. Burke has judiciously observed, that "the true artist should put a generous deceit on the spectators, and effect the noblest designs by easy methods. Designs that are vast only by their dimension, are always the sign of a common and low imagination. No work of art can be great but as it deceives; to be otherwise is the prerogative of nature only." The censure, however, as far as relates to Vanbrugh, is not so tenable as was formerly supposed. The sarcastic wit of Swift, the censure of Pope, and the criticism of Walpole, lost much of their influence with the public in consequence of the commendations of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gil-

pin, and Price; and Blenheim, the greatest work of this architect, has risen in esteem in proportion to the general diffusion of true taste. In this work is blended a highly poetic and painter-like feeling: the lights and shadows are broad, the oppositions are striking and grand, the incidents are arranged with great variety and with almost a dramatic effect; in fact, even in architecture Vanbrugh was theatrical.

Kent and Gibbs were also contemporaries; the former died in 1746, the latter in 1754: and with them lived a very ingenious architect, not so generally known, Mr. Colin Campbell, except indeed as the compiler of the *Vitruvius Britannicus*, and the designer of Wanstead-House, in Essex. They were all disciples of the Italian school, taking the works of Palladio and Scamozzi as their authorities. Kent, at that day, as a painter was respectable, and distinguished himself as a landscape-gardener; but at the present moment the works of his pallet would not be esteemed beyond the scenery of our theatres. Gibbs and himself were both deficient as architects in the detail of their works; the architraves, imposts, and the dressings of their doors and windows, were very defective in point of proportion and beauty of parts, in general even to slovenly negligence. St. Martin's church, by Gibbs, is however a very fine and interesting building. Sir William Chambers and Sir Robert Taylor, both pursuing the practice and studying the models of the Italian school, differed greatly in feeling. In fancy, Taylor had the advantage; but in design, and

the arrangement of the subordinate parts, Sir William was his superior both as an architect and sculptor. Neither of them was eminent for the formation of a dignified whole, yet Somerset-House is a monument highly creditable to Sir William's sound judgment; and, however unsuitable to the purpose of its application, Sir Robert's addition to the Bank of England will evince the elegance of his taste.

About the middle of the last century, Messrs. Adam, Stuart, and Rivett, visited the remains of Grecian art. Adam, by the publication of his discoveries at Palmyra and Balbec, effected at least an improvement of ornamental designs, though the style of them was eventually superseded by the introduction of purer documents of antiquity; but his own works were generally injured by an exuberant display of feeble devices.

On the publication of Mr. Stuart's discoveries at Athens, an extraordinary change took place in architectural design; indeed the effect was discernible in the works of all the sister arts, even before they were benefited by the labours of a living artist, whose sculptural

designs are perhaps not exceeded in grace and simplicity by those of Grecian art. The Italian school now became deserted, and those remains were visited, which, in earlier ages, had been authorities for the study of Roman artists.

The dogmas of art, which had long fettered the minds of architects, were now disregarded, and in their stead a careful recurrence to first principles took place, which should ever enter into the very essence of design. It would be improper to pass unnoticed two architects lately deceased, both of whom, by all lovers of this art, are lamented and revered, whose sound and judicious minds, whose tasteful fancy, and whose works of superior excellence, would be honourable to any country. They were not greatly influenced by this change of taste; but the works of Mr. James Wyatt and Mr. Bonomi, nevertheless, partook of Grecian simplicity and truth.

As the difference between the characters of Roman and Grecian architecture is not generally understood, an attempted illustration of it will form a portion of the next number of this review.

## CHRONOLOGICAL SURVEY OF THE MOST EMINENT ARTISTS TO THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

(Continued from p. 196.)

PAINTERS AND DESIGNERS; PERIOD  
IN WHICH THEY FLOURISHED;  
PRINCIPAL WORKS AND MERITS.

THEODORUS, of Samos. Olymp. 120—150. Cassandra, in the temple of Concord, at Rome. Many scenes from the Trojan war, in the Porticus Philippe, at Rome.

PYREICUS, of Athens. Olymp. 120—150. Barbers' and shoemakers' shops,

eatables, &c. This artist was highly celebrated for his delineations of still life.

SIMONIDES. Olymp. 120—150. Agatharchus and the nymph Mnemosyne.

ARISTOCLIDES. Olymp. 120—150. Many pictures in the temple of Apollo, at Delphi.

CALACES. Olymp. 120—150. Many small pictures of a comic and satiri-

cal nature. He was the inventor of satire in painting, which subsequently degenerated into caricature.

**APATURUS ALABANDÆUS**, of Tralles. Olymp. 120—150. Many decorations for the stage. He was the most celebrated artist for perspective among the ancients. He, his predecessor, Eudorus, and Serapion, may be considered as the authors of landscape-painting, which, according to the ancients, originated in the painting of scenery for the comic theatre, in which Fauns, Satyrs, and Nymphs are represented in woods and rural situations.

**SERAPION**, of Egypt. Olymp. 120—150. He painted many decorations for the theatre.

**NICEARCHUS**, Olymp. 100—130. Venus surrounded by the Loves and Graces.

**PHILISCUS**. Olymp. 110—150. A painter's work-room, with a boy blowing the fire. This artist worked in a better style than Pyreicus.

**PHILOCHARES**. Olymp. 100—150. An old man, with his son—a picture extremely admired at Rome. His excellencies consisted in dignity of style, combined with intelligent expression.

**PHALERION**. Olymp. 110—150. Scylla. He displayed great energy of imagination in the delineation of the terrible.

**HERACLIDES**. Olymp. 120—150. Many marine pieces. With him originated the painting of ships and sea subjects.

**ONASIAS**, of Platæa. Olymp. 120—150. Eryganea viewing her sons going forth to the war.

**NICON**. Olymp. 110—150. Many battles and horses.

**SAURIAS**, of Samos. Olymp. 110—150. To this artist is ascribed the invention of taking profiles.

**SCYMNUS**. Olymp. 110—150. A beautiful female slave.

**METRODORUS**, of Athens and Rome. Many pictures for the embellishment of the triumphal entry of Paulus Æmilius into Rome.

**FABIVS PICTOR**, of Rome. Olymp. 150. Many pictures on the walls of the temple of the goddess Salus, at Rome.

**PACCVIVS**, of Rome. Olymp. 150—170. Many works at Rome and at Tarentum.

**LALA**, of Cyzicum and Rome. Olymp. 170—180. Many portraits on ivory.

**SOPYLUS**, of Rome. Olymp. 170—180. Many portraits of celebrated men and women.

**DIONYSIUS**, of Rome. Olymp. 170—180. Many portraits of celebrated men and women.

**TIMOMACHUS**, of Byzantium and Rome. Olymp. 170—185. Medea and Jason, in the temple of Venus Genitrix, at Rome. Orestes. Iphigenia, in Tauris. A Gorgon.

**AMULIUS**, of Rome. Olymp. 180—195. Minerva.

**LUDIUS**, of Rome. Olymp. 190—200. Many land-scapes.

**PEDIUS**, of Rome. Olymp. 190—200.

**ATERIUS LABIO**, of Rome. Olymp. 190—200. A great number of small pieces, which were highly praised.

**DOROTHEUS**, of Rome. Olymp. 200—210. He copied the Venus Anadyomene of Apelles, by Nero's command.

**TAURISCUS**, of Rome. Olymp. 200—210. Many portraits.

**ACTIVS PRISCUS**, of Rome. Olymp. 200—215. Many paintings in the temple of Peace, at Rome.

#### GEM-ENGRAVERS.

**PYRGOTELES**. Olymp. 110—120. Head of Alexander the Great. Head of Phocion.

**AGATHEMERUS**. Head of Socrates, in cornelian.

**TRYPHON**. The marriage of Cupid and Psyche, consisting of five figures, in sardonyx.

**ASPASIUS**. Pallas and Jupiter, two busts, in red jasper.

**AULUS**. A Greek horseman. The heads of Diana, Æsculapius, and Ptolemy Philopater, in sardonyx, together with a quadriga.

**ALEXANDER**. A Cupid taming a lion; together with two Nymphs, on a sardonyx.

**AXEOCHUS**. A bacchic Faun,

TAMYRIS. A sphynx, in cornelian.  
 SOSTRATUS. A Cupid driving two harnessed lionesses, in agate of two colours. A Meleager. An Atalanta.  
 SOPHOCLES. A winged Medusa's head, in chalcedony.  
 POLYCLETUS. Diomed with the palladium in his hand, on a sardonyx.  
 PLOTARCHUS. Cupid on a lion, in sardonyx.  
 ONESAS. A Muse. A head of Hercules, with the olive crown.  
 NICOMARCHUS. A Faun, in black agate.  
 LAEJUS. Head of Charon.  
 ANTEROS. Hercules with a bull on his shoulders, on a chalcedony.  
 PHILEMON. Theseus, in sardonyx. Head of a Faun.  
 APOLLONIDES. Diana, in amethyst. A bull couchant, in sardonyx.  
 SELEUCUS.  
 CARPUS. Bacchus and Ariadne, on a panther, in red jasper.  
 MYRTON. Leda on a swan.  
 CRONIUS.  
 DIOSCORIDES. Olymp. 190—200. Heads of the Emperor Augustus, Mæcenas, Hermes, Diomed, Perseus, &c.  
 LUCIUS. Victory on a biga, in sardonyx.  
 HYLUS. Cleopatra. A bull.  
 FELIX. Ulysses and Diomed, in sardonyx.  
 SOLON. Mæcenas. Cupid. A Medusa's head. Diomed with the palladium.  
 EPITYNCHANUS. Germanicus, in sardonyx.  
 EVODUS. Julia, daughter of Vespasian, in beryl.  
 AEPOLION. Head of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius.  
 QUINTILLUS. Neptune on a biga, in beryl.

## REMARKS.

From the preceding notices of the most eminent ancient artists and their works, by means of which the Greeks and Romans have acquired so distinguished a place in the history of mankind, result the following general observations:—

1. That the imitative arts origi-

nated in the religious sentiments of the age in which they arose or were practised.

2. That the arts were in their perfection when religious pomp had attained its greatest height.

3. That, with the decline both of the feeling and the pomp of religion, the arts also declined.

The evidences afforded by the history of artists and works of art, in confirmation of these remarks, are briefly these:—

1. Architecture, considered as a real art, originated in the construction of temples in Egypt, Greece, and Italy, as well as in the other civilized countries of antiquity. Its highest perfection was cotemporary with the highest degree of religious pomp that prevailed among each of these nations. It invariably began to decline when it was chiefly employed in the embellishment of human habitations. At the time when grand and magnificent abodes were erected for the gods, and men were satisfied with mean and simple dwellings, it was still an *art*; but when the reverse of this took place, it became degraded into a *servant*.

2. Sculpture commenced with the representation of the gods in the temples, or at least before the altars. It was not men, but the figures of the gods that were the first subjects of plastic art. Setting out with the representation of the ideal, it at length followed solely the truth of nature. The era of its supreme perfection, in which it has appeared but once in this world with the Jupiter and Pallas of Phidias, the Juno of Polycletus, and the Venus of Scopas, falls in the age of Pericles, in which religious



magnificence had arrived at its highest pitch in Greece. To the subsequent artists, even to Praxitiles and Lysippus, that era continued to be a model and prototype. Nay, the ideal in art, and in so far also its excellence, declined, particularly since the time of those two artists, the more rapidly the more they confined themselves to the representation of men only, the more they copied them as portraits, and the more a sense of religion began to fall off together with its pomp. At a later period, under Hadrian, this art once more revived, when that emperor strove to introduce magnificence again into religion, and for this purpose caused innumerable temples to be erected in Italy and Greece, and to be provided with priests.

3. When painting emerged from the obscurity in which she was buried till the time of Panæus, she united herself with sculpture in chusing the heroic mythology for the subject of her labours. She sought her ideal among the heroes and heroines. Hence the so frequent representations of Hercules, Jason, Theseus, the Dioscuri, Helen, Medea, and Antiope: hence the great multitude of subjects borrowed from the heroic age, as the Argonautic expedition, the battle of the Amazons, the Trojan war, &c. From these compositions

it gradually descended to the production of mere portraits.

Hence follows the remark, that among the ancients art declined the more, the more it was deficient in the divine, which can alone produce a religious feeling and promote religious pomp. In religion it had found the highest ideal. In proportion as it departed from this, and employed itself in the delineation of what is common, of the mere truth of nature, it became richer indeed in the detail, more ornamental and more correct in the individual parts, but more deficient in intrinsic energy. At length, at the time of the overthrow of the ancient mythology, the arts totally disappeared.

The parallel furnished to the history of ancient art by the progress of the modern, is not unimportant.

Here too architecture first rose again in a new form, in the Gothic Lombard ecclesiastical style. Here too the plastic art, as painting in the time of Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Jacobo della Porta, San Sovino, Raphael, and others, had attained, at the epoch of the greatest religious pomp, its highest elevation. It will thus be easy to determine the degree which ought to be assigned to the arts of the present day.

## THE DOMESTIC COMMONPLACE-BOOK ;

*Containing authentic Receipts and miscellaneous Information in every Branch of Domestic Economy, and of general Utility.*

REMARKS ON THE INEFFECTUAL METHODS OFTEN PRACTISED OF DEFENDING EDIFICES FROM THE INJURY OF LIGHTNING, AND BEST MEANS OF OBTAINING SECURITY AGAINST THUNDER-STORMS, IN HOUSES, CARRIAGES, ON BOARD OF SHIPS, AND IN OTHER SITUATIONS.

EXPERIENCE has sufficiently demonstrated the utility of securing edifices against the effects of lightning by what are called *conducting rods*; and this art of defence is now very generally adopted in situations where the chance of injury from thunder-storms is considerable. Unfortunately, however, most of the conductors of lightning applied to houses near this metropolis, are but ill contrived to guard against the effect which they are to obviate, and many of them might be pointed out which draw danger to the spot where they are placed. Those who are familiar with the science of electricity, must be aware of the truth of this assertion; they cannot but notice, that nine out of ten of the conductors which are to be met with in the vicinity of London, and particularly at Deptford, Greenwich, Hammer-smith, &c. betray so palpably the ignorance of those by whom they were erected, as to leave no doubt that they are the works of the blacksmith or plumber, or others totally unacquainted with the principles of electrical science. The conductors are seldom connected with the leaden gutters, and other metallic matters, of the house, as

they always ought to be; they seldom pass down into the ground in a direct line, but, on the contrary, they usually make many angles and zig-zag bends; they often pass near a leaden rain-water-pipe, without being connected with it. There are three instances on record of houses in the neighbourhood of London having been struck by lightning within these five years, so as to sustain some damage, although they were furnished with conductors; and these accidents happened in consequence of the houses being furnished with faulty conductors. It is not our intention to expand this argument to a greater length.

The method of defending buildings against the effects of lightning can scarcely fail to be effectual, if applied with attention to the following circumstances:—The conducting rod, or rods, for if the edifice is large there should be several, ought to be of copper or iron, three quarters of an inch thick. Its uppermost end should be pointed, and project at least three feet above the highest part of the house; and as the whole length of the rod cannot be formed out of one piece, it is advisable to screw the separate rods together. The direction of the rod should be as straight or direct as possible; and the lower extremity of it should descend several feet below the foundation of the house, and from which it should incline, or bend off, outwards; and if it can be connected with a drain, a water-course, or damp ground,

the better. All the metallic parts of the house, particularly on the roof, should be connected with the rod. If the conducting rod is made of iron, the part under ground is better made of copper, to prevent its decay from the continual action of moisture under ground. If copper be employed for the conductor, a wire of half an inch in diameter is sufficient for a building called a second-rate house. The conductors with which ships are defended against lightning are usually chains, but these are always very improper. A copper wire, permanently fixed to the ship's masts, would be preferable. It would also be prudent to encircle the deck with a band of copper, or other metal, which, together with the wire attached to the mast, should form a continuity with the copper sheeting attached to the bottom of the vessel; and if the ship has no copper bottom, the metal band should pass over the bottom or side of the keel, and form a connection with other bands encircling the sides of the vessel: and if the wire on the masts form one continuity with the metallic bands, it appears impossible that the vessel can be struck by the lightning to which it may be exposed. The conductors for powder-magazines are best placed at a little distance from the building: one extremity of the conductor should be elevated ten or twelve feet above the highest part of the building, and the other descend eight or ten feet below the level of the foundation. For perfect security from all possible danger, with regard to houses of all kinds, it has been recommended to attach to the sides of

the foundation of each partition-wall a strip of lead, connected with a similar strip, which must entirely surround the foundation of the house. A perpendicular strip on each side of the house should rise from this bed of metallic conductors; and being connected with water-pipes, &c. be continued to the roof, where the method of defending the bottom should be imitated. The top should be surrounded by a strip, whose connection must spread over every edge and prominence, and hence continue to the summit of the building. The strips of lead should be two inches wide, and a fourth of an inch thick. This method of defence may at first sight appear expensive, but if proper use be made of the leaden pipes, leaden gutters, and copings, that are met with in most buildings, the expense will be considerably lessened. The fastening of the rods to the sides or walls of the houses, is best effected by firm staples of a much larger size than the diameter of the conducting rod. The part of the rod which passes through them should be surrounded with woollen cloth, dipped in melted pitch or oil-paint.

Carriages are usually filleted round with metal: if these fillets are connected with each other by metal bands, and the carriage be a covered one, it may be considered as a sufficiently secure situation.

As a provision for personal security during a thunder storm, a few precautions are necessary. The following remarks are given by Mr. Singer, whose reputation as a scientific electrician is sufficiently known, and to whom we are indebted for the statement thus laid

before our readers\* :—In the open air shelter should not be sought immediately under a tree or building; for should the tree be struck, such a place would be particularly dangerous. The distance of twenty or thirty feet from high trees or houses, is, on the contrary, an eligible situation; for should a discharge take place, these prominent bodies are most likely to receive it, and the less elevated objects in their vicinity may therefore escape uninjured. It is quite essential, during a thunder-storm, to avoid every considerable mass of water, and even the streamlets that may have been formed from a shower, for these are conductors of electricity; and the height of a human being, when connected with them, is very likely to determine the course of an electrical discharge. The most secure place within doors is the middle of the room; and this place may be rendered still more secure by standing on a hair mattress, or thick woollen hearth-rug. The part of every house least likely to receive injury is the middle story, for the lightning does not always pass from the clouds to the earth, but is sometimes discharged from the earth to the clouds. It is therefore absurd to take refuge in a cellar, or in the lowest story of the house; and instances might be mentioned, in which the basement

story has been the only part of the building that suffered injury, the lightning being divided and weakened as it ascended. Whatever situation be chosen, any approach to the fire-place should always be avoided, for the chimneys of a house are likely to determine the course of the lightning. The same precaution is necessary with respect to gilt picture-frames, gilt ledges, and other gilt or metal furniture, bell-wires, and in fact all moderately extensive surfaces of metal of every description. In a carriage, the precaution of keeping at some inches distant from its sides or back is also advisable. Such are the rational precautions which may be adopted against the effects of lightning. We have been rather ample in the enumeration of these particulars, from a desire to supply what useful information the present state of electrical science may afford, and to diminish that anxiety and fear, by which the minds of some individuals are oppressed during the occurrence of the magnificent and awful phenomena of a thunder-storm. The effects of the apparently mysterious agencies of nature have always a powerful influence upon the uneducated mind; and, by conjuring up a host of imaginary terrors, may tend to suspend the action of its best energies, if properly directed to the useful investigations of nature. But when we acquire true ideas of the agencies of nature, and the powers which surround us, we are encouraged and emboldened to meet their effects with feelings equally remote from vain confidence, or childish and useless fear.

\* Those who are desirous of farther information on this head, or who wish to become familiar with the subject of electricity, and its connection with the wonderful agency called Galvanism, are referred to Singer's *Elements of Electricity and Electro-Chemistry*.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.



## MEMOIR OF THE LIFE OF CHARLES THE TWELFTH, KING OF SWEDEN.

(Concluded from p.206.)

THE besiegers consisted of 20,000 Tartars and 6000 Turks; and to these Charles opposed his 300 Swedes. The Janizaries on one side, and the Tartars on the other, forced the little camp in an instant. Twenty Swedes had scarcely time to draw their swords, before the greater part of the 300 were surrounded and taken prisoners without resistance. Charles, who was on horseback with some of his officers giving orders, seeing that they had not made the stand he expected, cried out, "Let those who have any courage left, and are faithful to me, follow me, and I'll promote them." He was instantly joined by about twenty-six common footmen, some of whom were armed with spits and other kitchen utensils; and, dismounting, he made his retreat sword in hand towards his palace, which the Turks were plundering, and of which they made themselves masters, with the exception of one room, and in that room were the secretary Erenpreus, and twenty-two others of the king's friends. Charles having gained the western door, in striving to break through the crowd, fell down. At that instant a Janizary discharged a pistol so near him that it singed his left eyebrow, and without doing him any other mischief than glancing upon and a little scratching the tip of his ear, and slightly marking his nose, broke General Hordh's arm. The king recovering himself almost as soon as he was

down, and being supported without by his little guard, and within by the inclosed party, who held the door open, entered; and having got his followers in after him, fastened it, and reviewed his little garrison, which now amounted to 42 persons. Having created some among them officers, and encouraged them both by promises and example, though more by the latter than the former, he had the door opened that led into the great hall, and made a sally upon the Turks with all his people, some armed with swords, some with pistols, and some with both. At first they met with a vigorous resistance, especially from the Janizaries, who, relying on their superior number, endeavoured to break and divide the royal battalion; and they had so nearly gained their point, with the loss of twelve of their comrades, that several had surrounded the king, while a greater number kept the rest in check, till Charles, having killed two and wounded a third, this man, being exasperated at the sight of his blood, fell upon him, and cut off the top of a cap made of sables, which he then wore, with his sabre, and had raised his arm to inflict a second more fatal blow, when the king grasped the middle of the blade with his left hand, and wrested it from him. Meanwhile a Janizary, who was desirous only of taking him prisoner, to obtain the bashaw's reward, rushed upon him, and, pushing him violently

against the wall, seized him by the collar, and called to his companions to help to disarm and carry him off; but Charles perceiving in the crowd General Sparre's cook with a pistol in his hand, winked at him to fire, which he did, and shot the Janizary who had hold of the king dead upon the spot. The king's arms being thus at liberty, he struck another Janizary that was near him dead to the ground; and putting himself again at the head of his people, whom he rallied, renewed the fight, and made himself master of the field, or rather hall, of battle in less than half an hour. From thence, passing into his own chamber, he found it full of Turks and Tartars, who were plundering, and who, at his approach, opening the windows of the room, escaped by leaping out; but the king seeing two who were squatted in a corner, and hid one under the other, holding their pistols up at him, ran them both through with his long sword, and was going to do the same by a third, who lay concealed under a little field-bedstead, had he not cried out for mercy, and thrown his scimeter away.

Having, at length, cleared the house, and lost but eight of his brave troop, the king had all the doors and casements made fast, and distributed every one to his post, placing at each window barricadoes, with muskets, of which there was no want, to fire on the besiegers: they had also plenty of powder in the loft, where the Turks had not been.

The scene being thus changed, they fired through the casements upon the enemy, who were now assembled in greater numbers. The

Turkish cannon not doing the hoped-for execution, from the softness of the walls, they were obliged to stand the brunt of the Swedish musketry, and 200 men were soon killed on the spot. But the khan and bashaw feeling ashamed that 20,000 Tartars, and between 5 and 6000 Turks, should be unable to take thirty men shut up in a house, thought of a stratagem at last whereby to bring matters to a conclusion. The roof of the palace being of wood, the Tartars fastened lighted matches to their arrows, and discharged them in showers upon it, while the Janizaries, gathering straw and wood, laid them to the largest door, and in less than a quarter of an hour the house seemed involved in flames. Notwithstanding this, the besieged continued firing, and the king, with some others, got upon the roof to try to extinguish the flames; but the roof beginning to sink, Charles went down to seek for water in Marshal Duben's room. Finding nothing but wine and brandy, he, in his haste (as did two of his men), filled his hat with those liquors, threw them upon the fire, and perceived too late that they were only adding to the fury of the element. However, the scarcity of water was so great, that the king, finding himself excessively thirsty, as well by the heat of the fight as the flames, drank a large bumper of wine, the only one he had ever tasted since his leaving Stockholm, having from the commencement of his military career wholly abstained from every beverage but water.

Charles, seeing no hopes of extinguishing the fire, took himself

a musket, and was firing through the barricadoes, when the flames having seized the ceiling, made it split, and sink in like the roof, without his being in the least alarmed. On the contrary, as if more animated by his danger, he continued firing, and ordering his people to make a hotter attack than ever upon the besiegers; insomuch that the Turks cried out in astonishment, "Alla! Alla! will the king let himself be burnt? or is he naturalized to the flames like a salamander?" In fine, the whole palace was but one burning pile, in the midst of which this northern Hercules seemed (as is related of the fabulous one) resolved to consume himself; when his companions, two of whom had been buried under the flaming ruins, expressed a desire either to preserve themselves, or to perish more gloriously. The trabant Wallberg was the first who said to the king, "Let us be gone, sire, the place is no longer tenable; we must not be so cruel or unjust to ourselves, as to stay to be burnt alive—let us go out." Charles replied hastily, "Oh! no: 'tis better to die here like brave men, defending ourselves to the last gasp, than surrender to our infidel enemies, for the sake of a short life." Colonel Chambers and the trabant Rose knew better how to flatter the king's temper, and proposed to him to sally out and gain the chancery-house, which being entirely of stone, had nothing to fear from fire, and there they might renew the fight. Charles approved the project, without perceiving the deceit put upon him, and instantly sallied out at the head of his little band, as well armed as their situa-

tion permitted, upon the besiegers. Every one fired two pistols at the instant the door opened, and in the twinkling of an eye throwing away their pistols, and drawing their swords, they drove the Turks back the distance of fifty paces; but the moment after the whole were surrounded. The king being booted, according to custom, was thrown down by the entangling of his spurs, and immediately twenty-one Janizaries bore him off among them to the bashaw's quarters, whence he was the next morning conveyed as a prisoner to Adrianople. He was then removed to a little castle called Demirtash, where he remained in total inactivity till October, 1714, on the 1st of which month he set out, by consent of the Porte, for his own dominions, by way of Germany.

On the 21st of November, the king reached the gates of Stralsund, where he was not for some time recognised, it being universally imagined throughout Sweden, that their monarch had been put to death by the Turks. The joy occasioned by his safe arrival was universal. The news ran all over Stralsund in an instant. Though in the middle of the night, the people all rose from their beds; the soldiers thronged about the governor's house, where the king was; the streets were filled with people, the windows were illuminated, the conduits ran with wine, and all the ordnance were fired. Meanwhile Charles was put to bed (which was more than he had been for sixteen days), and his legs were so swollen with the fatigue of his journey, that they were obliged to cut off his boots. When he had slept some

hours, the first thing he did was to review his troops; and he sent out orders that very day, to renew the war against his enemies with greater vigour than ever. The first contest was with the Prussians, who had taken a little island at the mouth of the Oder, called Usedom, and that of Rugen, from the Swedes; and who afterwards besieged the king in Stralsund. During the siege, Charles was one day dictating to a secretary some dispatches for Stockholm, when a bomb falling on the house, came through the roof, and burst very near his room. In this noise and confusion the secretary dropped his pen, and thought the house was coming down. "What's the matter with you?" said the king calmly, "why do you not write?"—The man could only bring out, "The bomb, sir."—"Well," replied the king, "and what has the bomb to do with our business? Go on."

In four days the enemy made an assault upon the hornwork, which they took twice and were beaten off; but at last their numbers prevailing, they became masters of it. Charles continued in the place two days after that, and staid till midnight upon a ravelin that was quite destroyed by the bombs and cannon. With great difficulty he effected his escape to Ystadt, in Sweden, and in October, 1718, went to make a second attack upon Norway.

Having abandoned Christiana, he invested Frederickshall, himself assisting in the works. On the 11th December, he went out about nine at night to view the trenches, and finding the parallel not advanced to his mind, he was a little vex-

ed; but Monsieur Megret, a French engineer, who conducted the siege, assured him the place would be taken within eight days. "We shall see," said Charles, "what can be done;" and going on with the engineer to examine the works, he stopped at a place where the *boyau* made an angle with the parallel, and kneeling upon the inner talus, he leaned with his elbows on the parapet to look at the men who were forming the trenches by starlight. As he stood, half his body was exposed to a battery of cannon exactly levelled at the angle where he was, and not a person was near him but Mons. Siker, his aide-de-camp, and the engineer. The cannon fired incessantly from this battery with chain-shot: on a sudden they observed the king fall, and heard him sigh very deeply. They ran to him immediately, but he was quite dead, a ball of half a pound having struck him on the right temple, beat in his left eye, and wholly driven out the right. His head was lying over the parapet, so that he was in a manner standing, and his left hand firmly grasped the guard of his sword.

Thus fell Charles XII. aged 36 years, 5 months, and 13 days, having known the extremes of prosperity and of adversity, without being softened by the one, or in the least disturbed by the other. All his actions, even those of his private life, are almost beyond any measure of probability. He carried all the virtues of the hero to such excess that they became faults, and were as dangerous as any of the opposite vices. His resolution grown to obstinacy, occasioned his misfortunes in the Ukraine, and kept him



five years in Turkey; his liberality degenerating into profusion, impoverished Sweden; his courage becoming rashness, was the occasion of his death. He was the first that ever had the ambition to be a conqueror, without wishing to increase his dominions; and if he had a desire to gain kingdoms, it was only that he might give them away. Before a battle he was full of confidence, exceedingly modest after a victory, and in a defeat undaunted. He was a staunch friend and supporter of the Reformed

Church, notwithstanding Voltaire's doubts on that subject, and was ever anxious to set soldiers an example of piety as well as valour. In a word, he would have been the most glorious and happy monarch in the world, had he known as well how to use a victory, as how to gain one; and might, after triumphing over all his enemies, have made a peace honourable beyond all expression, have held the balance of Europe, and been at once the admiration as he was the wonder of the world.

#### ANECDOTE OF MARSHAL THE DUKE OF RICHELIEU.

THE following anecdote of the illustrious ancestor of the present Duke of Richelieu, may not be uninteresting to the generality of our readers.

The dauntless spirit of the marshal led him sometimes into situations which a more prudent general would avoid. On one of these occasions, when he had rashly rushed into the midst of a detachment of the enemy, a grenadier, perceiving his danger, pressed forward, and threw himself between the duke and a soldier who was about to cut him down. The grenadier was wounded, but not mortally: the duke ordered proper care to be taken of him; and, as his comrades were carrying him off, desired him to come to the Hotel de Richelieu when he recovered, and he should be liberally rewarded. It was not, however, till some years afterwards that the grenadier, who was then very old, and in the Hospital of Invalids, availed himself of the duke's permission; but when he made his appearance at the Ho-

tel de Richelieu, he was scornfully repulsed by the porter, who told him the duke would not see such a person as he, and if he had any business he should write.—“But I can't write.”—“Then get some one to do it for you,” replied the surly Cerberus, shutting the door in the veteran's face. This rough reception did not, however, discourage the grenadier; he went repeatedly, though always sure to be turned away. His perseverance was at last rewarded; the duke observed him, and questioned the porter about him. “He is an old soldier, monseigneur, who had the presumption to desire to see you.”—“But,” replied the duke, “you should have admitted him. Don't you know that I am myself an old soldier? and do you think I would refuse to see a comrade?” The next day the grenadier came as usual, and was admitted immediately to the duke, who asked him with much affability what he wanted. The grenadier soon explained the cause of his visit, and the duke

good-naturedly reproached him for not sooner coming to claim the promised reward. While they were conversing the Duke of Biron entered, and a few minutes afterwards dinner was announced. "My friend," said the marshal to the grenadier, "you shall dine with me;" and turning to the Duke de Biron, "we must take our seats at table," said he, "according to seniority. I shall have the first place, because I am the oldest; my friend here must sit next me, because he is nearly as old as myself; and you, marshal, being younger than either of us, must be content with the third place." The marshal laughed at the conceit, and they took their places accordingly. When dinner was over, and the grenadier's heart was warmed with some excellent wine, in which the duke took care to pledge him heartily, "Now, my friend," cried he, "tell me frankly how you are off in the hospital; do you find yourself comfortable?"—"Pretty well, mon-seigneur; we want for nothing, but

sometimes I should like to have a little more brandy and tobacco."—"Well, then, you shall not want for them: I would tell you to come and live here, but, at your age, it is not pleasant to leave old friends and habits; I will therefore settle on you one hundred louis (which was a considerable sum in France in those days) a year; and as I may die before you, I will take care that my successor shall pay it you as long as you live; and if any thing should happen to make a farther sum necessary to you, don't be afraid to apply to me. I shall never forget, that it is my duty to render comfortable the life of him who preserved mine."

The overjoyed veteran retired, not less delighted with the favour bestowed upon him, than with the graceful manner in which it was conferred. The duke gave him a year's pension in advance; and we may suppose, that the first use which the honest veteran made of it, was to drink health and long life to his noble benefactor.

## MISCELLANIES.

### COGITATIONS OF JOANNES SCRIBLERUS.

"But the many irregularities committed by servants in many places, of which masters are generally the occasion, are too various, not to need being resorted on another occasion."

SPECTATOR.

AMONG the numerous vexations that tend to sour our tempers and disguise our features with the semblance of moroseness, perhaps there is none so capable of producing this effect as the conduct or behaviour of our servants: and it is surely worth the while of that person who desires to preserve internal peace in his family, to inquire why our domestics, instead of feeling an interest in our concerns, should so manifestly and constantly cross us

with respect to our wishes and commands; and to seek some plan for the reformation in manners both of the mistress and the servant, as may tend to make them what they were intended to be, of mutual advantage to each other. I have heard it urged, with regard to servants, as I have with regard to many other circumstances and things, that now-a-days servants are not worth having: there was a time, indeed, when our grandmothers were liv-

ing, that domestics were a blessing, when they remained ten, twenty, or thirty years in a family; but now, forsooth, they only stop in your place time enough to get fine clothes, or while the charm of novelty attaches them to you; and then they leave their mistresses, poor souls, after they have made every effort to serve them, nursed them in sickness, cherished them in health, and shewn them, by their conduct, the vast difference between their own cultivated minds and their ignorance. Methinks it might be of no small service to us, as we have the liberty of doling out our complaints to each other, if we could sometimes hear also the objection of the servants to our conduct; for there is an old saying, and a very true one too, that we should always hear both sides of the question, before we judge of the truth or propriety of either: by regarding this, we are no doubt capable of judging the truth, or at least of hearing many things, an attention to which might prove of infinite service to both parties. If birth or education gave, as a matter of course, a certain rectitude of conduct in the master or mistress of a family, I should then be willing to allow, that servants should implicitly bow to the fiat of their employers without murmuring an objection, and that the word of the latter should be unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. This, however, is not the case: they see us with all the advantages of theory and practice; with opportunities of attaining those sublime heights of morality from which the servant is debarred, indulging in meanness, passion, cro-

roseness, and petty tyranny. They see us bringing up our children to usurp an undue authority over them, and often to irritate them, even to the desire of revenge. The very infant they would cherish, is too often taught to repay their kindness with treachery, and perhaps the fib of the *little master* is suffered to ruin their character, almost without an appeal. Let it not be supposed, that I wish to raise the character of the lower class at the expense of those in the higher. I was never yet a defender of equality, and certainly shall not begin now. 'The theory is expiold', and the practice, thank God, grown out of fashion.

I would ask some of these notable ladies, these changelings in servants, what interest has any domestic in the concerns of one who never studies their situation? and how can it be supposed, that such domestic will scruple to leave that person who exacts as much work as can conveniently be performed by one servant, for the reward of certain wages only, who partakes of the offals of her larder, is allowed a bed, and such common accommodations only as can be gained in any other place? Why then should she act beyond her duty farther than is necessary to procure a character for another and as indifferent a situation? A domestic uncheered when she fulfils her duty, unrewarded when she consults your interest, becomes a hardened and licensed invader of your property; and frequently punishes you with extravagance, if you are above warning her with the praises due to a good action, or stimulating her to proper efforts by holding out encourage-

ment for exertions made in your behalf, or at least attempting, by kindness, to purchase her gratitude. You hire some poor, uneducated girl, who, perhaps, never knew her duty, and, while she is young, you may possibly terrify her into your purpose. Very soon, however, she learns to laugh at your government of would-be terror, and becomes in turn your mistress. She has no esteem for you, for you never instructed her in her duty, excepting where self was concerned; and she sees you disfigured with the storms of envy, sullenness, or passion. Again, when you engage a servant, you insist upon it, that she shall possess nearly the whole of the cardinal virtues: that she shall be sober, honest, civil; that she shall have no followers, not dress gaily, and possess a long list of other qualifications, negative and positive. Cut off from social intercourse with those friends whose respectability it is your duty to ascertain, and whom you ought at proper times to allow them to visit, and be visited by, they encroach on your time to chat with the first idle fellow who meets with them as he issues from some public-house; some midnight robber insinuates himself into your dwelling, to commit his depredations on you; or some dapper clerk, or shopkeeping Lothario, robs your servant of her innocence and all her hopes in life. Here let me say a few words concerning a terrible evil complained of by some good housewives, of servants dressing beyond the situation intended for them by Providence. Far be it from me to insinuate, that the money which should be laid by for future exigencies, should be dissi-

pated in dress: yet is there not in all of us a spirit, and perhaps a proper one, of appearing to the best advantage? Does not the mistress rouge her cheeks, and plume her head? Does she not adopt the flaxen curl, when her's, alas! wears the silver or the grey? and yet she can stigmatize the white stocking or the holiday ribbon. It is not my intention to justify these, but I would advise such a lady to look first at home, because she ought to know better; instead of which, she shews the servant at once, that she feels the attempt at rivalry by chiding her in anger, instead of telling her as a friend, that it is her interest alone which she is consulting. I have heard it also urged, that by so dressing, the mistress has really been fearful that her servant should be mistaken for her. Really, Mr. Editor, this is unanswerable; and I cannot suppose, that you have among your subscribers, mistresses of families of a demeanour such as that of a servant must necessarily be; even if a very plain, or rather aged, matron should employ a young and smart domestic, I do presume, that when either opens her mouth, the real character would be sufficiently apparent.

But this idea is too laughable to be longer entertained. I am not prepared to contest at present, and at full length, the advantages and disadvantages of educating our inferiors; but I am certain, that if in that holy book called the Bible is contained all our hopes and consolation, we are not authorized by any excuse whatever in withholding from them so great a treasure; we are not to restrain them from knowledge, because they may make

an ill use of it, any more than we are allowed to withhold relief from an apparently distressed object, because he may be an impostor, and perish. In order that the servant may practise her duty, she must be first taught it; and in order to cause her to practise what she knows, this stimulus must be kept alive by a frequent recurrence to the grand manual of life, the Scriptures. Sickness may detain servants from church; distance and the duties of their station may prevent their hearing the preacher: but while they can themselves peruse the volume of life, they will have no excuse for neglecting what ought to be their study. It has been affirmed by some to whose

opinion respect is due, that educated servants are ever the least conscientious; while the unlettered, for I would only have them taught to read, are alone doers of their duty. Solitary instances of this sort are to be cited, but I trust they are solitary ones, for a decision of circumstance will occur in a world where mortals are an incongruous mixture of baleful passions.

I cannot as yet plume myself on the success of any plans for procuring domestic quiet, but I sincerely call upon your readers to give some attention to these imperfect hints, and hope they may stimulate others to prosecute these important inquiries.

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#### ADVENTURES OF DIANA DREADNOUGHT.

Mr. EDITOR,

I am the only child of a gentleman who has but a life interest in his property, and neither his disposition nor my mother's will suffer them to save any part of their income: it was settled, accordingly, almost as soon as I came into the world, that I must make my fortune by marriage. In consequence of this *rational* determination, I received a most brilliant and expensive education; was brought out, as the phrase is, with every advantage; and yet, Mr. Editor, after displaying for ten years my person and accomplishments in the first circle, I may sing,

"Nobody coming to marry me!"

a misfortune, however, which I should bear very patiently, were it not that my mamma, whose temper, *entre nous*, is none of the sweet-

est, plagues me from morning till night; because, as she says, my bad management has spoiled all the splendid prospects which my beauty and her industry had procured for me. Whether she is, or is not, in the right, you will be able to judge from the little sketch which I am about to give you of my adventures in search of a husband.

The first thing of which I am conscious, was the pains which every body round me took to impress upon my mind, that I was very happy, because I had fine clothes and a carriage to ride in. Of course, as I grew up a little, these *necessaries* of life became, in my opinion, so indispensable, that I could not conceive it possible to exist without them; and as soon as I was able to comprehend her, my mother gave me to understand, that the future possession of them must

depend entirely upon myself: for as I was born to no fortune, I must marry somebody with a very large one. I stood too much in awe of my mother to contradict her; but nature had, unhappily for me, done much to counteract her plans. I was of a quiet disposition, not at all ambitious; and, notwithstanding the manner in which I had been educated, could not without uneasiness see myself set up, as it were, for sale to the best bidder.

At sixteen I was brought out with an *éclat* better suited to an heiress's introduction to the world, than that of a girl without a shilling; and the adulating crowds which followed my footsteps, raised my mother's hopes of my matrimonial success so high, that she declared that rank must be united with money, and I was peremptorily charged to give no encouragement to any suitor under the rank of a baronet at least. I obeyed this command with alacrity; for, to say the truth, I had no mind to put on the fetters of the saffron-robed deity: naturally lively and thoughtless, I looked not beyond the present moment, and happy in the enjoyment of all that I had been taught constituted happiness, I did not conceive any change in my situation could be for the better. Not so my mamma: when she found that she had been too sanguine in her expectations, and that neither lords nor baronets laid themselves at my feet, she began to try the effect of manœuvring, and, before the end of the first season, she drew from Mr. Medium, of Prudence-place, in —shire, a formal proposal for me.

This was not, however, a propo-

sal with which she was altogether satisfied. Mr. Medium's family and connections were certainly unexceptionable; but his fortune was moderate, and he had, as my mother phrased it, nothing dashing about him. "However, my dear," cried she, when she mentioned his proposal to my father, "he will do vastly well as a *derniere ressource*, and I have taken care that he shall engage himself as deeply as possible: but I desire, Diana," turning to me, "that you will not suffer yourself to be drawn in to give him any positive promise; your youth is a very good excuse for procrastinating your nuptials, and who knows how soon you may have a better offer?"

My father left the room with a "Pshaw!" which was the only way by which he ever ventured to manifest his dissent from my mother's imperial will; and I listened in silent acquiescence. I know not how she managed with Mr. Medium, but, without coming to any formal explanation with me, he seemed perfectly satisfied; and as some months passed without any other proposal, my mother began to think of expediting my nuptials, when Lord Francis Freeliffe gave me one evening at a grand dinner party for his toast, swearing, at the same time, that if there was a woman in England who could reconcile him to that cursed bore matrimony, it was the divine Diana Dreadnought. Some officious friend reported this speech to my mamma, who told me immediately, that, if it was not my own fault, she was certain I might be Lady Francis Freeliffe within a few months. I ventured on this occasion, for the first time in my

life, to speak, as if I thought I ought to be allowed a will of my own: highly as I had been taught to value rank and title, I was far from wishing to gain them by giving my hand to Lord Francis, whose person and manners were highly disagreeable to me; but I had scarcely begun to mention my objections, when my mother silenced me with a peremptory "I will have it so! and after the education which you have received, Diana, you ought to blush at speaking in this *missish* manner: you can make no reasonable objection to one of the most accomplished men in England, a man who is envied by all the fine fellows of the day for the superior manner in which he dresses, dances, and drives four in hand." Perceiving that I could scarcely refrain from laughing at this catalogue of Lord Francis's *accomplishments*, my mother's passion rose to such a height, that she declared, if I did not follow implicitly her directions in the affair, she should no longer consider me as her child.

This threat effectually silenced me, for I loved my mother as much as I feared her. Lord Francis became a frequent guest at our house, and for nearly twelve months his behaviour was such as to keep my mother in daily expectation of his proposals; but chancing to find me alone one evening, when he had been making copious libations to Bacchus, he presumed to behave with more freedom and less respect than he had ever before used towards me. I would have retired the moment I perceived his situation, but placing his back to the door, he began a vehement rhapsody,

by which I could just understand, that I was too much of an angel to be made the victim of so senseless an institution as matrimony; born to command the homage of all mankind, it would be cruelty in the extreme to make me the property of an individual. I cut short this display of his lordship's *liberal* opinions, by ringing the bell, and ordering the footman to shew him the door; an affront which he resented so highly that he never entered the house again.

A proposal, which my mother received for me the next morning, from Sir Bryan O'Banagher, enabled her to support her disappointment from Lord Francis with considerable philosophy. Sir Bryan was an Irish baronet of family and fortune, and, when a young man, had been remarkably handsome; but, at the period of which I am speaking, he was considerably turned of fifty, and it was said that for the last thirty years he had never gone to bed sober. I must own that this was his only failing, but it was one which inspired me with an insuperable dislike to him: yet to escape the alliance was no easy matter. Mr. Medium had been so disgusted with the treatment he had received, that he had withdrawn his pretensions; I was too much in awe of my mother to give Sir Bryan himself any intimation of my real sentiments; and my mamma managed matters so, that the unsuspecting baronet attributed the coldness of my behaviour to maidenly reserve. A lawsuit, in which he was engaged, delayed our marriage: in order to expedite it, he was obliged to return to Ireland, and nearly two years stole

away before matters came to any conclusion. At length Sir Bryan gained his suit, and wrote exultingly to my mother, that he was about to return to London, in the hope of being as fortunate in the court of love as he had been in that of equity. You may be sure my mother answered him favourably, and every thing was put *en train* for our marriage. I was jointured as highly as if I had brought him a splendid dowry; my jewels were magnificent; and my mother assured me ten times a day, that I was amazingly fortunate. I was, however, of a contrary opinion: all Sir Bryan's love and generosity could not eradicate the disgust which I had conceived for him; and when he found that my coldness continued unabated, he began to suspect the truth, and his suspicions were confirmed by the pains which he saw my mother take to keep us from being much together. He watched, however, for an opportunity of speaking to me in private, when he addressed me, as nearly as I can recollect, as follows:—

“You know, my dear Miss Dreadnought, that my poor countrymen have always been famous for blundering, and that is the only excuse which I can make for the capital one I have committed in paying my addresses to you. The truth is, your charms had so hoodwinked my reason, that I quite forgot how unlikely it was, that a *bon-vivant* of fifty should be an acceptable suitor to a beautiful girl of eighteen: fortunately, I have recovered my recollection time enough to prevent your being miserable for life. In restoring you to your liberty,

I beg to be considered by you as a father instead of a lover, and I take upon myself to manage matters in such a manner with your parents, as to entirely screen you from their displeasure.”

I was so delighted with the good-nature of the honest baronet, that I could at the moment have almost consented to show my gratitude by marrying him. He kept his word, for he managed so well, that I got off with a severe reprimand; which I believe was principally owing to his insisting on my mother's retaining all the magnificent presents which he had sent me, and to a hint he gave her, that he should not forget, whenever I married, that he had a daughter to portion. It was so long before I had another offer, that my mother was beginning to despair; when Sir Gilbert Glitter, who had just returned from the East with a fortune of more than a million, being persuaded by his acquaintance, that the only ornament wanting to his splendid mansion was a pretty wife, offered himself to my acceptance.

I had still stronger objections to this gentleman than to my former suitor, Sir Bryan: his family was mean, his temper bad, and his morals execrable; and in spite of all my mother's threats and entreaties, I positively refused him. He listened to my rejection without discomposure, told me that he liked me the better for my opposition to his wishes, for it had always been his pride to conquer difficulties, and he hoped by that day three months to salute me as Lady Glitter. In short, I should have been compelled to give him my hand, had not his valet (luckily for me)



paid his addresses to my mother's woman, and revealed to her, as a profound secret, that his master had always two black servants to sit and watch by his bed-side, in order to rouse him from his sleep whenever he was disturbed by frightful dreams; and this was generally three or four times a night. This circumstance furnished me with a plan to break off the match: I caused a ludicrous caricature of the baronet and his two attendants to be circulated, taking care at the same time to give publicity to a few private anecdotes, which accounted for Sir Gilbert's disturbed slumbers in a way not very creditable to his character. Methinks, Mr. Editor, I see you shake your head, and I confess that this piece of revenge would in other circumstances have been unpardonable; for although these anecdotes were strictly true, yet the truth ought not to be spoken at all times. My stratagem, however, succeeded; the rabob found himself so hurt at being treated with universal contempt and ridicule, that he quitted England abruptly, without even bidding our family farewell.

My next lover, the Hon. Simon Simper, was a perfectly negative character, but he was rich and well descended; and as I had by that time reached my twenty-fourth year, my mother's impatience to see me married was so great, that she hurried matters with Mr. Simper without much regard to form. The day was fixed, the settlements drawn, and my mother was completely engrossed by the delightful task of chusing clothes, laces, &c. when an accident, apparently trivial, put an end once more to my matrimonial

prospects. One morning Mr. Simper, after chatting for some time on indifferent subjects, pulled out a copy of verses on a butterfly's wing, which he said he had picked up somewhere, and asked me to give him my opinion of their merit. He spoke with an air so easy and natural, that I had no doubt of his sincerity, and as the lines were really execrable, I made no scruple to tell him so. Conceive my astonishment, sir, when my milk-and-water gentleman threw himself into a violent passion, and accused my want of taste in such terms as convinced me, that he was himself the author of the precious *morçeau*. When he had rated himself out of breath with me, he flew to my mother; and telling her, that a circumstance had occurred which must ever preclude him from an alliance with her daughter, he flung out of the house; nor could she, with all her management, recall him.

This affair happened two years ago, and Mr. Simper being my last lover, I have ever since his defection been so incessantly upbraided by my mother, that my life is really miserable; and to tell you the plain truth, I should be glad to be married for peace sake. Now, sir, if your correspondent Sinceritas is bent upon committing matrimony, I think I may venture to say, in my own favour, that my temper and disposition will be found not unamiable, my person has been generally thought handsome, and as to my age, I am just six and twenty. With respect to the grand point, that of hearing nothing from him but the truth, I know not indeed how far I may in that respect

be qualified to act the part of *Fa-tine* to this modern *Candide*; but I will venture to promise, that if I do not always hear the truth with pleasure, at least I will listen to it without visible impatience or disgust: and I believe, Mr. Editor,

you will allow, especially if you have the happiness to be married, that a man must be very unreasonable indeed if he requires more from his wife. I am, sir, your very humble servant,

LIANA DREADNOUGHT.

### DESCRIPTION OF MOUNT ETNA.

THE circumference of the grand cone of *Etna* may be estimated at about 120 miles. The lower part forms the first region, covered with prodigious fertility, with cities and with towns, which render it in that respect the most pleasant and delightful abode on earth. The middle is the woody region, covered with forest; and the upper part forms the barren region, destitute of animals or plants. A horizontal section of the cone forms the summit, in the centre of which rises the little cone containing the crater, at intervals destroyed by the all-devouring element in its centre, and again renewed by the accumulated matter vomited forth. The upper part is covered with ice and snow, even in the summer, excepting the apertures whence issue the fire and smoke. Some of the ancients believed, that fire was there at peace with ice, and, in their writings, made miracles of phenomena which might have been easily explained, had they ascended to ascertain the truth and investigate the nature of the fact. Isolated on every part, and elevated to so immense a height beneath the azure vault, in the midst of an atmosphere pure and serene, the lofty summit of *Etna* presents the most magnificent spectacle that nature ever formed for curious and

philosophic man. If navigation discovers new lands and new worlds; if, by the aid of telescopes, new bodies are discovered in the immensity of space, and our minds enriched with new lights and new ideas, for the observance of nature; not less useful and pleasing to the mind are those grand views which, uniting under one glance an infinite variety of different objects, multiply their mutual relations, and enable us, though remotely, to form some idea of the immensity of the world. There, less burthened by the weight of the atmosphere, and breathing an air pure and light, ideas are felt with more energy, and thoughts are formed more noble, more sublime, and more grand. The diminished density of the air, occasioning diminished pressure, causes a general expansion of the body; respiration is performed more freely and extensively in proportion as the breast dilates; and this physical revolution producing one analogous in the mental constitution, distinguishes these moments from all others of our existence.

By the road, the distance from *Catania* to the summit of *Etna*, is 28 miles, but only 21 in a straight line. In the summer, the season fittest for ascending the mountain, setting out from the first region,

we experience that intensity of summer heat which renders grateful the shade of the woods and the vales. The mild and tranquil warmth of spring is felt in the second region. All nature smiles, perfumed with the odours of the herbs and the fields, which the solar rays develope, without being sufficiently powerful to dissipate: the air, embalmed with this rural breath, imparts the most delightful sensations, and the thick and silent wood obliterates from the mind the recollection, that, beneath our feet, glows with measureless and perennial fire the most terrible volcano of the world. Suddenly entering the barren region, vegetation disappears, and every bird that charmed the wood. The furious assault of winds, of cold, of clouds, and of fogs, succeeds; and towards the summit of the mountain, as in the polar regions, we walk on eternal snows. Returning, the same impressions are experienced in an inverse order; and the rapid succession which the body alternately undergoes from the extreme degrees of expansion and contraction, renders repose indispensable, and the short duration of the impressions leaves only in the memory the traces of a dream.

Travellers on the summit of Etna know only morning: the scene, however, continually varies throughout the day; and, although in the prospect the objects do not change their position, yet, as the decorations the light bestows are continually changing, so the interest they excite is always of a different nature. Into the composition of the picture enter the immense cone of Etna: the triangle of Sicily, wash-

ed on all sides by the sea; the island of Malta, which appears an obscure spot on the far surface of the deep; the Æolian islands, shining in the waves; and the continent of Calabria advancing imperiously into the sea, from the gulph of St. Eufemia on one side, and from Squillace on the other. The horizon is terminated all around by the aerial vapour, in which all objects are lost beyond the extension of our sight.

Whilst all is yet covered with the mantle of night, the bright star of day rising in the east, appears to call all nature to existence. In a manner solemn and slow, his rays dissipate confusion, and, gilding the summits, every object begins to assume its proper form, and display its beauties in the brilliant presence of light. When all is illuminated in the east, Etna covers with his vast shade the objects to the west. This phenomenon produces a magical effect in a mind capable of feeling great impressions: only a mountain, thus lofty and isolated, unencumbered by surrounding mountains, can produce a similar effect. From morn to noon the decorations are continually changing. The rays of light, imperious and constant, seem to excavate vallies, to raise hills, to plant thickets in places where at sun-rise there were only masses of confusion and obscurity, but now transformed into objects gay and variegated. At noon it enters the vallies, detaches the mountains from each other, produces strongly marked shades, and shews the face of nature more clear and detailed: Often the clouds, suspended in the middle region, at the sport of gen-

the breezes, dispense light and shade to the objects below. In the evening the spectacle, though different, is equally imposing. The setting sun tinges the clouds and the heavens with the loveliest hues. The mountains become more distinct, and project longer and stronger marked shades; and our sight is enraptured by that beautiful variety of colouring which the sun imparts to the sky and the mountain-tops as he sinks into the vast regions of the ocean. Sinking in a sea of vapour and of light, he sends forth from the extremity of the west that dazzling splendour which he diffuses so picturesquely over every object, uniting them all in soft and tranquil harmony. Inert and fugitive, the shadows lengthen as they decline, and the summits are tinged with more brilliant colours. Short are the moments of this sublime spectacle, shining in such festive majesty, and disposed with such grandeur before the eyes of the spectator, seated on the summit of Etna. Beheld by the philosopher from that summit, his reflection is fixed on the great island beneath his feet; the land of fable, the habitation of the most ancient Cyclops, the abode of the greatest nations of the earth; such wars, such memorable events, the cradle of so many beautiful inventions, where the sciences and fine arts so extensively flourished, where so many superb temples were erected by the hands of immortal artificers to the majesty of the gods; the country of Ceres, the island of the sun, the land of fecundity, and the granary of Italy and of the people of Rome.

That portion of Sicily situated

between the chain of the Nebrodi mountains and the sea-shore, is one of the most beautiful and picturesque parts of the island. The mountains rise gradually from the shore in small and irregularly situated hills towards the centre; streams of water issue from every part, and fertilize the earth. Thick woods cover the heights and overshadow their tops; every hill is crowned with a village, whose whiteness forms a beautiful contrast with the verdure of the surrounding woods. From the castle of Brolo, situated upon a lofty rock near the sea, between the capes Calava and Orlando, the prospect presents the most delightful and picturesque vallies; rude and pastoral habitations occupy the most fanciful and romantic situations, and the whole seems to recall the remembrance of the happy Arcadia. Calacta, with many other ancient and famous cities, formerly occupied these regions. The woods which cover the Nebrodi, but more thickly on the eastern side, descend into the vale resulting from the relative positions of these mountains, forming solitary and shady retreats. The snows, which on the summits remain throughout the summer, partially thawing, supply streams which maintain perpetual verdure in the vale below. Filtering through the rocks, they render the vegetation extremely vigorous; and the spring, dressing the forest with a thousand various flowers, produces an effect that enchants. Here, in beautiful irregularity, may be seen elegant plane-trees, with ancient oaks, elms, laurels, and beeches. Every thing induces us to believe, that these mountains and those of

the neighbouring regions are the celebrated Ercan mountains of which Diodorus has left so enchanting a description: and these may be the vale and the woods sacred to the Nymphs, where Daphne, the inventor of the pastoral, was born; that offspring of Mercury and of a Nymph, rich in genius and in flocks, but unfortunate in the ill-fated loves, the cause of her sorrows, which excited the sympathy and were bewailed even by those same oaks which still grow on the banks of the Imerian streams.

The Æolian, now called the Lipari islands, rise in the sea between Italy and Sicily, but nearer to the latter, and precisely opposite to the plains of Milazzo. A view of them can no where be so advantageously taken as from the summit of Etna: from thence they are viewed as on a map; shining amid the waters, bounded on one part by Italy, and on the other by the northern side of Sicily, which at that moment appears the extreme border of the immense cone on which the spectator is seated with so much satisfaction.

These islands were rendered interesting in many respects by the fancy of the ancient poets. In one of them Vulcan had established his forges, where, with the Cyclops, his companions, he worked the bolts and the thunder of Jove. Diana was conducted hither by Latona, when only three years old; the damsel, unterrified, received the caresses of the smoke-covered Bronte, who took her to his rough embraces, and, with Cupid, he worked for her the bow and the quiver. In another the sonorous tempests and contending winds were con-

finied in a horrible and frightful cavern, under the command of Æolus, their sovereign, who, with his powerful hand, restrained their fury and their wrath. It is related in ancient verses, that here the Cyclops, as in the environs of Etna, inhabited the grottos and the cavities. After the lapse of many ages, Liparus, with many followers, came over from Italy, and established himself in the largest of the islands, where he formed a city, to which he gave his name. When very aged, Æolus, the son of Ippota, arrived here with a fleet, and marrying a daughter of the king, became successor to the kingdom, which was afterwards governed by his descendants. Time, the destroyer of all things, had, about the 59th Olympiad, reduced this people to about 500 in number, when a colony of the Gnidii came hither, and took up their abode. The kingdom again flourished; and in these times, the Etruscan rovers, who ranged the Tyrrhenean sea, infested these waters. The Liparoti equipped a fleet, with a part of which they communicated with the neighbouring islands, and with the other part they met their enemies, over whom they obtained such signal victories, that frequently they sent a tenth of the spoil to Delphos. The ports of Lipari, and the celebrity of its baths, contributed to the renown and to the great prosperity to which the Liparoti subsequently attained. They derived likewise great benefit from their commerce in the alum of their islands, upon which Rome levied a heavy duty. They traded also in sulphur, which they got from Stromboli; their lands abounded with fruits, and

their sea with fish. The vicissitudes of human nature destroyed all this prosperity. In the two last centuries the ancient manufacture of alum was renewed, and had already begun to reproduce the ancient gains and prosperity; but the necessity or obligation of promoting the prosperity of the analogous fabrics of the pontifical states, caused them, under various pretexts, to be abandoned here, as had been previously done in Sicily and the kingdom of Naples.

The ancients are divided and confused in their accounts of the names and number of these islands. Eustatius, commenting on Homer, and placing Æolia for Evonians,

asserts, that the former was the seat of Æolus. The Liparoti entertain the erroneous opinion of Eustatius, that Panaria, Liscabiania, and the neighbouring rocks, were once united and formed a great island, where the throne of Æolus was reared, which was swallowed up by the sea; and the Lipari sailors, when passing over that tract, figure to themselves, that those subaqueous granite rocks are part of the realm of their good old king. The present islands are seven in number, exclusive of many small rocks; namely, Lipari, Vulcano, Saline, Stromboli, Panaria, Alcuri, and Felicuri.

SOMERSET.

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## THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. V.

It is not by words and virtuous lessons alone, that parents perform their duty towards their children. They should also illustrate their lessons by their own conduct; for example will, upon the whole, have more force than precept: parental duty to children can be alone fulfilled by the undeviating union of them both.—ADDISON.

THERE is so much good sense and truth in the following letter, that I insert it with no common pleasure. It is professed to be written by a young lady not out of her teens, but it discovers such a knowledge of the world, that I am induced to suspect it has been certainly corrected, if not altogether written, by some one who has seen more of the follies, and heard more of the nonsense, of what is called the fashionable world, than any young person can have experienced by the exercise of her own attention or observation. Novels may have furnished in a great degree what she appears to know; but then I apprehend, that those instructors would at the same time

have checked, if not rooted up, the good sense which she appears so evidently to possess. The numerous volumes which load the shelves of circulating libraries, profess to enforce some moral whose practice may be useful in life; and many of them, I am ready to acknowledge, are successful in fulfilling their object: but I must be permitted to ask, at the same time, what is the proportion of readers who analyze the story with that attention, as to bear away the genuine moral effects along with them, and feel a practical improvement from the study of it? Too generally, I fear, the circumstances of the narrative are remembered, and often in all their glow and interest, when the

useful lesson it was intended by the writer to promulgate, is altogether forgotten, if it were ever discovered. But I am straying from my subject, and shall now proceed to introduce my readers to an acquaintance with it.

TO THE FEMALE TATTLER.

*Madam,*

My situation is very peculiar, and consequently attended with all those delicate difficulties which never fail to await upon peculiar situations, especially when it is a young woman, not yet out of her teens, who finds herself involved in them. To begin then with this important history of mine. I am the daughter of a gentleman of good family and considerable estate; but Nature in her caprice having made a girl of me, instead of a boy, that self-same estate being settled in the male line, passed, on my father's death, to a distant relation. I, however, had no reason to be discontented: a considerable personal property devolved to me, which, as I was only fourteen years of age when my surviving parent died, will, by its accumulation, be very much augmented when I attain the age of twenty-five; as, if I do not marry with the consent of my aunt, I am not to enter into the possession of it till I attain that period.

Having thus introduced myself to you, I shall now take the liberty of presenting my aunt to your attention. She is a personage possessed of many excellent qualities, and is considered by all who know her, as worthy of the respect which she very generally receives from them. She, however, has her weak side, and though the good dinners

she gives, and the pleasant parties she contrives, may soften the rigour of observation on her failings, I, who am involved in daily dilemmas in consequence of them, feel myself justified in making my complaints, in the hope of obtaining such good counsel as your large experience and superior understanding can afford me.

My education has been a great object with this good lady, and as far as masters and instructors and governesses of any description can forward it, I have wanted nothing that could make me a most accomplished miss. Indeed, I have not passed my time idly, nor neglected the means of improvement which have been afforded me. As I am considered by others as possessing rather a rare portion of attainments, I shall not, I trust, be blamed by your candid and considerate mind, if I myself venture to say, that I do actually possess them. So far so good. But the plague of my life arises from this aunt of mine, who keeps me in a continual state of perplexity, from the contradictory nature of her conduct. Her affection for me is equal to maternal tenderness. Her anxiety to see me well married, in the strict sense of the word, is, I believe, the master care of her mind; and every ray of her understanding is brought into one focus, and directed to form a system of conduct, by the practice of which I am to be shaped into a character of almost supernatural perfection. Nor have I any reason to complain, that it is improper or altogether impracticable; on the contrary, it is generally right in principle, applicable in every respect to my situation, and in itself forms an

admirable manual for the proper conduct of a young woman who is born to figure in the upper classes, and whose consequent duty it is to protect, encourage, and relieve those of the lower. But where, you will say, is the difficulty of conforming oneself to wise regulations, when there is no disposition to counteract them? But it is of this that I complain. There is not, it is true, any intentional design to perplex me in the rules assigned for my conduct; but an unreflecting habit, or temper, or call it what you please, is continually controuling me to act in opposition to them. Nothing can be better than the general insulated precept repeated more or less some part of every day of my life; and, in some hour or other of that very day, is controverted by a different application of the doctrine to some transient circumstance, or a various reading of the expression, or a contradictory example in her own conduct to the previous precept. In short, the general rules are good, but, as it appears in some grammars which I have seen, they are outnumbered by the exceptions. Thus when I am prepared under the sanction of her wisdom, and am proceeding in what is right according to her general principle, I find myself altogether in the wrong from the incidental exercise of what I must call her particular folly. I will explain myself by an occurrence of so late a date as yesterday.

The hour of breakfast is with the good lady the season of consideration,

When she wise counsel gives, and takes her tea:  
you shall have it verbatim.

The newspaper happened to inform her, that a marriage had taken place in a family with which she was acquainted. "Aye," said she, "this is the point where the life of a woman settles for happiness or misery; and there it is, my dear Augusta, that all my solicitude for you is concentrated. When I shall see you married well, that is, to a man of worth and honour, and in a situation correspondent to your own, then the grand object of my declining years will be attained. But you must not think of marriage yourself, but leave me to think of it for you. Never indulge a thought about it; no, let not for a moment the altar of Hymen present itself to your fancy, till it is settled that you are to be conducted thither. Till that moment, consider Hymen as a perfect Gorgon, as an image that will distract your mind with its various delusions, and violate the early simplicity of your character. It is a state of which man forms a part, and in making it a subject of contemplation, you habituate yourself to think of the other sex. Social intercourse and the habits of life require occasional communication with them, when urbanity, ease, and good-humour are associate qualities; but it betrays a want of that refinement which is a first-rate quality in the female mind, to let the ideas of men with whom you accidentally converse abroad attend you home. No, you must not suffer a man to dwell upon your mind, or hover about your recollection, till the time arrives when you may be allowed to give your affections to one; and when that gift is sanctioned by the rites of religion, then



you may indulge your benevolence and kindness to the rest of the sex; but not till then. And as for love, bar up every avenue of your heart against that dangerous, delusive, empoisoning sympathy, till it is asked in return for a heart that shall be considered as worthy of you by those who are to judge, and will judge wisely, for you. Think not of love, let not the word pass your lips, till you are permitted to express it to him, whom it will be your duty to honour and your happiness to love to the last hour of your existence. No," she repeated, as she locked the tea-caddy, "no, my dear Augusta, utter not the name of love."

Here ended the lecture, and is it to be believed, that this amiable, inconsistent woman, at a party in the evening, brought to me, as I sat upon a sofa chatting with a female friend, one of the most agreeable and amiable young men I have ever known, and told me to do what I could to entertain him in my best manner: but this is not all. Soon after, one of the young ladies of the house was placed at the piano, and sung two songs, one of which had the following lines at the end of each couplet:—

Hymen, the best of gods above,  
O Hymen, cure the wounds of love!

The burden of the other was,

Love alone to man is given,  
To make of earth a blissful heaven.

These fine sentiments, which were very well sung, were very much admired, and by no one so much as my poor dear aunt, who immediately exclaimed, in all the oblivion of her morning lecture, "I shall not be happy, my dear Augusta,

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till you have learned those charming songs."

The next day I sent for them, and my aunt happening to come into my room as I was playing and singing them, she, without saying a word, took them quietly from the music-desk, rolled them up with great gravity, and put them into the fire. She then quickened their destruction with a stroke of the poker, and, with solemn silence, left the chamber. It would not have become me to retort upon her; besides, I must not offend her, for she has upwards of forty thousand pounds in her own power. At the same time, with every disposition to be reasonable, and with a temper framed to be comfortable, I am neither suffered to be one nor the other. I have sometimes entertained a suspicion, that the difference which there apparently is in my aunt's morning and evening morality, arises from the *cordial* assistance of her private closet. A few glasses of Madeira, perhaps, make all the difference. But, from whatever cause this contradictory conduct proceeds, it renders me very uncomfortable. My wish is to do right, and to be an obedient niece; but at the same time, as I possess all the means of being happy, it is not unreasonable to feel the desire to be so. Do tell me, madam, what course I am to pursue, and what means I can employ, to manage this strange temper of my aunt to my own case and advantage. But remember, she can prevent me from being married, as well as possessing my fortune, till I have attained twenty-five years of age; and that she can alter her will, in which I have every

P P

reason to believe that I am residuary legatee. Your attention to my situation, and a considerate compliance with my request, will confer a lasting obligation on, madam, your most obedient, humble servant,

AUGUSTA.

I can answer this young lady's question at once, as she seems to possess that understanding and those dispositions which will justify the confidence I am about to

place in her. As the old lady appears to have two different characters, which from certain causes predominate in different parts of the day, I think Miss Augusta, if attentive to the humours of her whimsical aunt during the morning, may, without fear of giving offence, contrive to indulge her own little pleasant fancies during the rest of the day.

S. F.

### THE MISTAKEN FAIR.

(Concluded from p. 212.)

“You see before you,” said Don Cæsar de Mora, as soon as he had alighted from his mule, “one of the most miserable cavaliers in all Spain; for I have this morning received a letter which has plunged me in the deepest despair.”—“Signor Don Cæsar,” said the father of Inez, approaching from his garden, “accept my most profound gratitude for the honour you have done my humble roof, and I sincerely thank Heaven and St. Dominic that I have had the happiness to entertain the friend of my Lord Vicenzo Gomez: he is my landlord. Inez, my lord, knows how to do the honours of my house, for I was ever a tolerable judge of these things; and poor Beatrice, who has been dead many a long day, did not bring up our daughter idly.” Thus saying, the obsequious Nunez bowed and retired. Nunez will probably be thought an imprudent father, to leave a handsome young knight alone with a girl possessing such a flow of spirits as Inez; but every body knows that imprudent acts are performed

every day: were it not so, the pen of Cervantes might have lain idle. To do Nunez justice, however, he was a very good Catholic, although he never went out of the way to calculate mischief that might never happen; and was content, when misfortune really came, to find a remedy. How could he imagine, that an awful hidalgo would even take the trouble to make his slave unhappy? Had he done this, the power of eloquence with which Inez was endued, would have silenced every scruple. “Yes, my little Inez,” said Don Cæsar, after this interruption, “I must be miserable for ever: but I am like Don Sancho de Lerma, I begin at the end of my story; let us sit.” They threw themselves on a couch—Inez, dying with something more than curiosity to hear the amour of a cavalier; and Don Cæsar, impatient to rid himself of the burden which swelled his heart, recited the narrative that we have already laid before our readers. Yet there is something it may still be necessary to inform them of; it is this:—The

obstacles to Don Cæsar's union with Camilla Fernandez were multiplied, for he had received a billet from her, which had indeed much shaken his hopes, and made him fear that she could never become his. Had Camilla's strength of mind been equal to her want of filial duty, things might easily have been reconciled, and Don Cæsar, as her lover, been forgotten altogether in the most romantic way possible; but her ingenuity had suggested to her, that although she ought to give up much to parental solicitude, yet could she not see the absolute necessity of losing her lover to please her superiors, and that she might very innocently try the passion of her adorer to the uttermost. Unfortunately she never considered, that we may sometimes pull the cord of affection so tight as to snap it asunder. She had therefore informed Don Cæsar, that she was removed from the convent of St. Jago de Compostella, and that she had sworn by the Virgin to her confessor, never, at least not yet, to discover the place of her seclusion; hinting, at the same time, that she had heard of certain dissipations of his, which it would be highly proper he should reform before he saw her again. What a field was here opened to the cavalier for regrets, for deprecations, and indignation! He did, however, at length, much the same that every other man would have done in the like situation: he cursed the whole sex for the errors of one: he formed the most sapient plans; but as none of these could be acted upon immediately, he told and retold his sorrows and ideas to Inez Nunez, until he found in her

the most agreeable confidante he had ever trusted.

Day after day thus passed; and most of our readers will begin to imagine, that persons thus situated would make no violent resistance to whatever might be attempted by the god of love, or the god of mischief, who saw two subjects, particularly one of them, so convenient for experiment. In this, however, they are somewhat mistaken. Don Cæsar was occupied with one idea alone, of possessing Camilla, which Inez declared *must* be; and she affected to perceive many hints in this frightful letter, which, as she knew her sex, she was clearly of opinion were not meant to produce that terrible conviction which Don Cæsar imagined. After such assurances, many a man would have imagined himself perfectly authorized to keep up such an intercourse, or rather shift from himself the reproach of what might occur to another: he only indulged the selfish gratification of losing some part of his *ennui*, without perhaps caring what became of the person who contributed to remove it at the expense of her own quiet. Months glided away in this manner, and this time insensibly opened a door to many exchanges of kindness; for while he conferred many a present on his *little* Inez, he believed he was only gaining a firmer friend, in whose bosom he could deposit the hopes and fears which were raised by a more violent sensation. At length one day, this *little* Inez, encouraged by what she conceived some determination of his to return the caprices of Camilla, and never to see her more, suffered the big secret to burst

from her heart—it flew to her lips; and Inez, returning the pressure of friendship by that of a warmer affection, stammered out enough to convince a man of less vanity than Don Cæsar, that she loved him.

\* \* \* \* \*

What whirls of passion, what gusts of enthusiasm, we suffer to blow us from the point of common sense, because we do not endeavour to keep reason at our elbow!

Perhaps we never feel more truly awkward, than when we are doomed to hear the avowal of an attachment from lips from which we never expect to hear a warmer sentiment than friendship; and it is perhaps our own fault when such an avowal does offend us. In making this announcement, Inez manifested all the imprudence, inexperience, and *naïveté* of a child. She blushed, looked silly, hung her head, and fainted. Don Cæsar had no theatrical air ready for his purpose: he, however, resumed all the pride of a *hidalgo* on hearing this disclosure from the daughter of a peasant; and cheering her, or rather attempting to cheer her, in the most courtier-like manner imaginable, he endeavoured to console her with the most commonplace comfort, and left her in the middle of a gushing grief, with a promise of burying the secret in his bosom for ever. Next day he received the following billet:—

“Forget, for ever forget, I conjure you, Signor Don Cæsar de Mora, the silly confession of one who is indeed properly recompensed for

her temerity; who dared to look up to the powerful oak, which had too unconsciously suffered the humble ivy to be supported by its presence. Adieu, Don Cæsar, adieu for ever! and forget altogether the folly and the punishment of the unhappy and mistaken

“INEZ.”

While it is the duty of the moralist to endeavour, by every argument, to prevent by caution the adoption of error, be it also his task to prevent undue punishment visiting the afflicted by his malediction. Don Cæsar returned indeed to *ennui*, and lost with the company of his little confidante many a flattering idea, which she, in the innocence of her heart, lavished upon him. And what had he gained by all this? Not even a sacrifice to his vanity; for what was the heart of the young and obscure novice in his cap of conquest? It was the lion trampling on the kitten that gambolled before him.

Don Cæsar de Mora married Camilla Fernandez; but the silly fly, who had dared to venture from the chrysalis of obscurity in which it was enveloped, was killed by the chill blasts of neglect; it perished in the cutting air of an unfavourable region; and as the vintagers pass the whitened cassino of old Nunez, they exclaim,

“Love lies concealed in the blossoms of friendship; and, in the intercourse of persons of different sexes, there is no medium between love and hate.”

## AN EMIGRANT'S VISIT TO FRANCE IN 1815 AND 1816.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

## LETTER V.

PARIS, April 15.

Dear HOWARD,

I HAD the pleasure of receiving your letter yesterday: our friend Dormer was not able to proceed himself to Paris, but he forwarded it to me by Mr. Elmer, who came here, I believe, expressly for the purpose of finding fault with the present order of things. Elmer is, in fact, by profession a *dampier*. I have known him now for more than twenty years, and I do not recollect that I have ever once seen him during that time with a happy face. Speak to him of public affairs, and he immediately exerts all his ingenuity, of which, by the bye, he possesses a considerable share, to place them in such a point of view that you conceive the nation is on the verge of bankruptcy. If you talk to him of private concerns, it is still worse: tell him of any trifling incident which has vexed or discomposed you, and he will soon convince you it is a serious misfortune; if, on the contrary, you relate any thing with which you have reason to be pleased, it is a hundred to one that he proves to demonstration your satisfaction is ill founded. "Well," cried he, as soon as the first compliment was over, "what success has your application met with?"—"I do not understand you," replied I: "what application do you mean?"—"Why, your petition for the restitution of some part at least of your property."—"I never presented any such petition."—

"Indeed! and, for Heaven's sake, why not?"—"Because I am convinced, that as matters are at present it would have been useless."—"That is more than you can possibly answer for: I have been speaking on the subject to Monsieur D—, who, you know, is high in the confidence of a certain great personage, and he has assured me, that petitions presented in proper time would have stood considerable chance of being attended to: now indeed it would answer no purpose, but you ought to blame yourself severely for your negligence."—"I am of a contrary opinion," replied I: "I think I might have presented memorial after memorial to no purpose; it is as well therefore to have saved myself the trouble." Vexed to find me invulnerable, he turned abruptly to Sandford. "Pray, how do you find yourself?" cried he; "not so ill as you look, I hope; for I am sorry to say, you are much altered for the worse since you left England." Poor Sandford, whose hobby-horse is his health, turned pale. "Do you think so?" cried he: "the air of this confounded place does not agree with me; I'll hurry back to England immediately."—"If you had been wise, you would not have left it," said his tormentor; "you might have known that travelling would hurt you: but I doubt whether you will derive the benefit you expect from returning. Don't you remember your father being affected in a similar manner before he

died?"—"Pray, Mr. Elmer," cried I, provoked to see that Sandford's countenance lengthened with every syllable he uttered, "can you inform me how the old gentleman was affected?" This question rather disconcerted him. "If I recollect right," said he, at length, "he became rather lethargic, and had very little appetite."—"Then you may set your heart at rest respecting his son," answered I, laughing, "for I never saw Sandford more active in my life; and as for appetite, I'll answer for it few farmers can surpass him. But let us have done with private grievances, and tell us what you think of public affairs." This answered my purpose, for it set him on to talk politics till he took his leave.

A-propos of public affairs; I am happy to tell you, that they wear every day a better aspect: it is true, that party spirit is by no means extinguished, but it is so much repressed, that I hope and believe all fears of civil convulsions are over.

I am going to a *fête* given by Albert S—, the son of my old friend, Baron —, upon his marriage with Mademoiselle A—; and as the history of these lovers may be termed a little romance, it will serve to amuse some of your fair friends. At the time of the Corsican's invasion, Albert was on the eve of marriage with Louise A—, whose father was wholly in the interest of Bonaparte; but too cold-hearted and selfish to risk any thing, he determined to remain neuter, and be guided by circumstances. Finding that Albert, who was in the army, was about to join the Duke d'Angouleme, he commanded him,

if he valued his alliance, to remain in Paris—an injunction which Albert, who is a perfect Hotspur, indignantly refused to comply with. "You resolve then to renounce my daughter?"—"Renounce my Louise? Never!"—"And do you then know so little of Napoleon as to think, that, if he succeeds, you could ever return to France? or of me, as to imagine I would bestow my daughter on a proscribed man?"—"Why," cried Albert, "will you thus place things in a point of view which reduces me to despair?"—"It is your own fault: by remaining neuter, you will avoid displeasing either party, and let things take what turn they may, Louise shall be yours; if, on the contrary, you persist, I declare to you, that, if even the king's party succeeds, I will not give you my daughter."—"I would sacrifice to Louise every thing except my honour," exclaimed Albert; "but she would herself despise me, if deprived of that. Farewell, sir; you may one day repent of this injustice." He hastened to join the duke's forces, and had the honour at the battle of Paleu to fight by his highness's side. The bravery of Albert gained him the personal notice of the duke, who himself, with more perhaps of valour than of prudence, rushed into the thickest of the combat. "Pardon me, monseigneur," cried Albert to his highness, at the moment that a ball passed close to them, "but this is not your place."—"Is it not yours, my friend?" answered the duke.—"Yes, monseigneur; but my life is of little value, and yours is precious to your country."—"My poor country!" cried the duke,

with emotion, "I should be unworthy to call it mine, did I shrink from danger at such a moment as this." Albert made afterwards two or three unsuccessful attempts to prevail on the duke to place himself in a less exposed situation, and continued to remain near his highness till the battle was over. The duke, who conceals much sensibility under a grave and cold exterior, was deeply touched with Albert's anxiety for his safety, and immediately after the battle made him a lieutenant-colonel. He returned of course with the royal party to Paris, but though his promotion was generally known, he did not receive his commission till lately. Some time ago the duke called him aside at his levee, and presented it to him. "I would wish you," said he, "to join your regiment as speedily as possible; but soldiers are seldom encumbered with money; take this," presenting him with a well-filled purse, "and set off as soon as you can. Madame intends to introduce you herself to your colonel to-morrow." The duke hastened from the young soldier, whose heart was too full to express his thanks; and the next day the duchess presented him, in a most distinguished manner, to his colonel. These honours were not unnoticed by Monsieur A—; and as he is a true man of the world, he probably repented of his conduct to Albert, whose fortune was universally looked on as made. He had, however, interdicted Louise's corresponding with her lover; and Albert, after several vain attempts to see his mistress, gave up the point in despair, when accident befriended him in a manner he had not dared to hope for.

The apartment immediately under Louise's bedchamber caught fire by some accident, and the flames soon spread to an alarming height. Monsieur A— was unfortunately absent, and the servants, who had rushed out on the first alarm, were some time before they recollected the situation of Louise; and when they did, the flame had risen to such a height, that none of them had courage to try to save her. At this moment a man rushed through the crowd. "Mademoiselle A—!" exclaimed he, "where is she? is she safe?"—"Alas! no!" cried one of the bystanders, "she has not been seen." He waited for no more, but rushed through the flames. By that time ladders had been procured, and they were now reared against Louise's window, fortunately for her and her deliverer, whose return by the way he came would have been impracticable. He gained the apartment of Louise, though dreadfully burnt in the attempt, and found her in a fainting fit on the floor. Taking her in his arms, he descended the ladder at the moment that A—, who was just returned, was endeavouring to break from the grasp of his servants, who forcibly withheld him from rushing through the flames to his daughter's apartment. With what rapture did he clasp to his bosom his recovered treasure and her deliverer, who, as you guess I suppose by this time, was Albert. He was to leave Paris the next day, and, lover-like, he resolved, on returning from spending the evening with a party of friends, to take a view of the habitation of his mistress; providentially he reached it in time to preserve her.

I need not paint to you the

transports of the lovers, when A—, joining their hands, desired the forgiveness of Albert, who, half wild with rapture, embraced him and Louise alternately, and could scarcely be prevailed on to retire and have his burns dressed. In a few days they were united, and Albert will speedily quit Paris with his lovely bride to join his regiment.

Clairon presses so earnestly for my visit, that I shall set out for his house in a few days; Sandford accompanies me, and will, after a short stay with the abbé, return to England. As soon as I arrive at Clairon's, I will write to you.—  
Adieu! and believe me yours,

DE GRAMMONT.

PLATE 27.—REMARKS ON M. LE THIÈRE'S PICTURE OF  
THE JUDGMENT OF BRUTUS ON HIS SONS,

*Exhibiting at BULLOCK'S MUSEUM, PICCADILLY.*

MR. BULLOCK, of the Museum in Piccadilly, has contributed largely to the promotion of the fine arts in this country by the exhibition of an historical picture (in dimensions 26 feet by 16), representing the *Judgment of Brutus on his Sons*, the work of a modern French artist, Monsieur Le Thièrè, who has been invested with the dignity of President of the Academy at Rome.

The exhibition of this work, from a variety of considerations, becomes of no small consequence to the general character of modern art in Europe. Notwithstanding the advantages diffused by the peace, and the consequent renewal of our ancient relations with the Continent, the state of the fine arts among our continental neighbours does not seem to have received that cool and impartial consideration and judgment which belong to so grave and serious an investigation. French artists who have visited this country, and taken a sort of bird's-eye view of our productions, have in most cases pronounced a hasty and irrational conclusion upon their character. Bri-

tish artists and critics who have inspected those of France, have, with few exceptions, formed a sweeping and undistinguishing opinion, not very flattering to the station of that country in modern art. The retouchings of the ancient pictures in the Louvre, the Vandalism with which some of the Italian and Venetian works were treated by the picture-cleaners and miscalled restorers of Monsieur Denon, together with the meretricious style of by far the greater number of the modern French school, doubtless led to the adoption and diffusion of that unfavourable opinion relative to their station in art, which, in pronouncing a general condemnation of its character, did not stop to appreciate the works of men like Monsieur Le Thièrè, whose talents entitled them to something more than a reservation from the indiscriminate censure which we were too prone to pronounce on the labours of their fellow-countrymen.

That we are superior to our cotemporary artists on the Continent in the great essentials of







C. Guillemin le Theven  
P. Rome 1850.

J. Brulus.

Bulle 1850.

pictorial excellence, will be readily admitted by a calm and disinterested observer. A greater portion of mind, if we may use the expression, has been brought into the study of art in England, than in any other country in Europe in modern times. Other nations have as earnestly, perhaps, devoted their time to the same pursuit, but certainly not with the same success. Without entering into the discussion of the abstract quality of genius, as distinguished from mere acquirement, however great the extent to which the latter might be carried, we may, in here viewing this subject, state, that there are two species of talent, or rather merit. One is the gift of nature, the other the result of practice and study. The union of both would constitute that perfect character which, according to Mr. Fuseli, is beyond the sphere of the human mind in the range of its capabilities. Perhaps the difference between the English and French schools may be resolved under this classification:—the former possesses a natural vigour, the latter a studied correctness; and thus, while it is the care of the French to please by purity and strict propriety, that of the English is to captivate by the presentation of some striking novelty, some flight not always restrained by the rigid rules of art. That the latter feeling is more calculated to develop human power and establish the legitimate end of art, must readily be admitted. Thus, in contemplating the works of Titian, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Rubens, and those distinguished artists whose genius revived the long-drooping faculties

of Europe, we overlook the violations of order and rule in the greater part of their productions, in the admiration of the higher and more majestic excellencies which characterise their powerful and commanding pencil.

In this view it cannot be denied, that the end at which the French aim, falls far short of the power and intention of art. A perfectly correct picture, by a pupil of this school, may be much inferior to one possessing many faults, but containing that fire of composition and colour, and that general feeling, which genius alone can impart.

In the catalogue containing the description of M. Le Thièrè's picture in the present exhibition, the introduction of an awkward and unnecessary observation has led to a most ill-timed comparison. In page 8 it is stated, "that few men could have been invested with the dignity of President of the Academy of Rome, without emulating the fame of the *President of the Academy of England.*" The evident tendency of this observation was to induce a comparison between the present picture and those of Mr. President West; and it has produced the anticipated effect. The public have manifested a strong disposition to enter into a comparative estimate of the talent of the two presidents; and we are under no apprehension for the decision which they may ultimately attain. Comparisons of this kind are neither easy, nor sometimes fair: let it, however, on the present occasion be recollected, that the merit of the British school does not rest on the single repu-

tation of Mr. West, deservedly high as that reputation is entitled to hold it. We shall not ourselves enter into a comparison which we think has been most injudiciously called for on the part of the foreign artist, because it might dispose us to a more severe examination of his work than we are at present inclined to make, from a conviction, that his picture will not be without its use in drawing the attention of some of our artists to the care and study which it eminently possesses. We shall therefore dismiss this question of comparison between M. Le Thièrè and Mr. West, by referring those who are inclined to admit the test, as involving the merits of our own school, to Mr. West's picture of *The Departure of Regulus from Rome on his return to Carthage*, painted fifty years ago, the prints of which are in every body's hands, and the pathos and variety of which will easily decide the pretensions thus pressed into collision. In the *Christ Rejected* there is, perhaps, less of finish than in the *Judgment of Brutus*, but there is decidedly more of that superior effect which rivets the attention of the mind, and commands its admiration.

The composition of the picture before us is certainly judicious; if it has any fault in this respect, it is, perhaps, a want of that sort of variety in the position of the figures, by which the spectator could as it were mingle in the crowd. The dreadful and imposing performance of Roman inflexibility is acting before you; but the countenances of the extensive group meet you nearly in the same line in front, and the executioner alone has the

rudeness to turn his back. Were the attitudes in this respect more varied, the artist might have still preserved all he wanted of character with decidedly more of effect. In drawing, the picture is complete and admirable: the Antinous form and the taste in the outline of the younger Brutus, the inimitable Roman figure who pleads in his behalf, the execution and finish of, in fact, the extremities of all the figures, display the artist's proficiency in this branch of his difficult art. The silent expression in the countenance of the elder Brutus, subduing the struggling feelings of nature, under the inexorable ansterity of his judicial station, is managed with the finest effect. The idea of his colleague, Collatinus, concealing his face under his robe, gives additional strength to the expression of the principal figure, and enforces its claim to superior and deserved attention. The group of the conscript fathers, who are ranged behind the consular seat, please much from the Raphaellesque feeling they seem to possess. The principal one is particularly fine. The colouring and effect of the whole picture, are at once simple and chaste. The shadowed limbs of the centre group are executed with a truth and power that has seldom been surpassed. The perspective of the buildings and opening landscape is in every respect correct, and the illusion well preserved throughout.

A picture containing so many perfections as this undoubtedly possesses, required no aid from verbal description; the mere statement of its story would have been quite sufficient for its purpose; but

the catalogue-maker, to whose awkward agency we have already adverted, was of a different opinion. He must (see page 11) bear testimony "to the highest state of accuracy and taste which mark the KEEPING" of this picture. Now we do not see the superlative value of this *keeping*. We see, indeed, a natural and simple day-light effect, but there is nothing striking in its character in this respect. The artist has kept the tone of his white draperies lower than the flesh colour, in order to improve it; but there is no particular point of light preserved from which the tints might seem to emanate, and produce that brilliancy and splendour of effect which we observe in Corregio and Titian.

The catalogue-writer, in page 12, again says, "the colouring of the picture is entirely destitute of that glare which is so unlike the unobtrusive tone of nature." This is perfectly true: he is equally correct when he describes it free from "gaudy spots." But what does he mean when he says, in the same breath, "The warm tints of Titian, the colder chastity of Guido, the mild radiance of Corregio, and the harmonious combinations of Rubens, may all be found in this magnificent production?" This last sentence forms a precious rhapsody, a happy union of hot and cold, a chaste attempt at an ad-

mixture of ingredients so opposite in their several qualities, that the attempt to force their union would create the same explosion to which chemists are sometimes exposed in the association of contending and counteracting materials. Pliny has said, that, in a statue of Paris by Euphranor, you might discover, at the same time, three different characters—the dignity of a judge of the goddesses, the lover of Helen, and the conqueror of Achilles. On this passage, Sir Joshua Reynolds has well observed, that a statue in which you unite stately dignity, youthful elegance, and stern valour, must surely possess none of these in any eminent degree. The same judicious observation applies to painting as well as sculpture, and refutes the useless claim which the catalogue-writer makes to unattainable combinations of distinct and diametrically opposite excellencies.

M. Le Thiere's picture does not require this hyperbolical admiration. It is a great improvement on the severe style introduced into the French school by Le Sueur, and followed up, though not with so many defects, by David and his contemporaries. This work does much credit to the artist, and will, we repeat, be of service to some of our own countrymen, who treat too lightly the style of finish which is its characteristic.

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#### EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN OIL AND WATER-COLOURS.

THE annual Exhibition of this Institution was opened in the latter end of April, in the Society's Room, Spring-Gardens.

This Exhibition consists of one hundred and twenty-three pictures, chiefly landscapes, with some few portraits by the respectable artists

who usually contribute to this collection. The specimens are in general flattering to the progress made by our artists in the different branches of art to which they have dedicated their talents, and give fair promise of increasing and more matured excellence.

Of the fair votaries of art who have exhibited this season, all of them indeed with a due proportion of success, our limits necessarily compel us to a selection. We shall therefore commence by noticing

*A Sketch from Nature, with Travellers*, by Miss Harriet Gouldsmith.

This picture is finished with much taste. The trees and foliage in the fore-ground are coloured with extreme accuracy. There is a delicacy of penciling throughout the composition, that does infinite credit to this lady's taste, and bids fair to establish her reputation in landscape subjects.

Mr. C. V. Fielding's contributions to this Exhibition are numerous. His principal work, not in size, nor perhaps in his own conception of interest, appears to us the picture of *Schaw Fell, at the Head of Esdaile, Cumberland*. The wildness of the scenery, and the bold and forcible touches of colouring, are truly picturesque and striking. There is a bravura effect in this work which renders it highly interesting, and gives it perhaps more attraction than any of his other pictures in the Exhibition, though they all partake more or less of this strong and original character.

Mr. Glover's works are also nu-

merous. The *Bala Lake* is certainly the best of his productions. The serenity and clearness of the atmosphere, the mass of the lower clouds, the fine and picturesque appearance of the back-ground, and the happily arranged sunny tints which are shed over the picture, produce the highest effect. His *Landscape, with Cattle* (No. 116.) has some beautiful penciling in the leafy surface of the fore-ground; but this beauty and correctness is not carried through the picture. The limbs of his cattle are by no means correct, nor is the back-ground finished as carefully as that of the former picture. His *Cattle Piece, passing Shower*, is a much happier effort of his pencil.

Mr. Crisall has been very successful in some of his pictures. The *Portrait of a Lady* (No. 304.) is executed with great taste. The playful and easy attitude of the lady, the interesting and artless display of her simple but attractive graces, are highly fascinating. His poetical pictures in this Exhibition possess equal beauty. The only fault we have to find with this artist is, that he seems to devote himself more to the production of a light and brilliant variety in his colours, than to the arrangement of that depth and tone of shading which would give his figures roundness and prominence.

*A Study for a Head*, by B. R. Haydon, is a fine work, full of expression and sentiment.

*Christ giving Sight to the Blind: an Attempt to improve upon a former Picture on the same Subject, exhibited in 1812 at the*

*Rooms of the Associated Painters in Old Bond-street, and purchased by the Directors of the British Institution.* By H. Richter.

This picture is not without its defects, but they are those into which the boldness of genius often deviates. We have not a perfect recollection of Mr. Richter's former work, and cannot, therefore, speak with precision as to the success of the present improvement. We have, however, some imperfect idea, that, even before the purchase of that picture was carried into effect by the directors, an alteration was suggested by the purchasers, and acceded to by the artist. Mr. Richter is one of those who aim at the practice of a particular principle in art out of the common track. He seems to suppose, that the drapery of his figures, no matter of what colour and texture, ought to reflect, in a strong degree, the overhanging blue of the atmosphere: so, in his colours, whether deep red or white, in the vestments of his present picture a bluish reflected hue predominates. There is also an alabaster transparency and copper-coloured surface to his naked limbs, that no reflected light could produce. Notwithstanding these imperfections, which spring from the artist's speculation and experiment in a particular tone of colouring, the picture has considerable merit: the countenance and attitude of the Saviour are full of divine expression; and the earnestness and gratitude, commixed with confidence and piety, which his followers display, give unerring character to the truth and interest of the scene.

Mr. Linnell is another artist who has embarked in a particular style of colouring. His *View from a Hill called Hanson Foot, in Derbyshire, looking into Dove-dale*, may be taken as a specimen of his powers. Brown is the predominating colour in his shades, and it meets the eye in almost every part of his pictures. He has great powers of execution, on which he appears to rely mainly for attraction: his water is finely coloured, and is often introduced with a transparent and silvery effect, which affords a happy relief to the deepness of his brown masses. His portraits are expressive and well executed.

*View in Monmouthshire*, by W. Turner, is an excellent landscape, with a natural disposition of light and shade. It is the best picture by this artist in the collection.

Mr. G. F. Robson's pictures are in his usual taste. *The View on the Tay, near Dunkeld*, is a good picture.

Mr. Atkinson has several pictures in this exhibition, which establish his superior talent for drawing animal life. *The Picquet of Cossacks* is remarkable for the correct drawing of the horses.

Mr. Cooper's sporting subjects are correct specimens of this artist's strong and peculiar talent. The horses and dogs are quite after life.

Mr. Prout's *Coast Views* are natural and interesting, from the clearness of his colouring, and the pleasing variety of grouping with which he covers his scenery.

*Fallow Deer*, by R. Hills, is a very pleasing landscape. The deer are admirably drawn, and their

colouring possesses all the softness of nature.

*The Rescue of the Lady from the Enchantments of Comus*, by J. Stephanoff, is an exquisite example of the combination of brilliant colouring which this artist's pencil can embody.

*The Astrologer*, by J. Cawse, has also some good colouring; but the

lines of perspective are not well preserved, nor are some of the subordinate parts well finished.

Of the miniature paintings in this collection, those by Mr. W. H. Watts were particularly attractive, from the correctness of drawing and marked expression which they presented.

## MUSICAL REVIEW.

"O take this Nosegay, gentle Youth,"

*Duetto, sung by Miss Stephens and Mr. Duruset, in the revived Dramatic Romance of Cymon, at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, composed by H. R. Bishop. Pr. 1s. 6d.*

AN appropriate and neat symphony serves as introduction to this little duet, which ingratiates itself by the smooth connection and the elegant melodiousness of its successive periods, the two voices generally dwelling upon thirds and sixths. In a composition of longer duration, this would produce an excess of monotonous sweetness; but here we have no reason to find fault with it. A cadenza of some length brings the duet to a shewy termination.

*The favourite Air, "Through the Wood, Laddie," composed by the late Dr. Arne, arranged as a Rondo; and an Introduction for the Piano-Forte, and respectfully inscribed to Miss Anne Tomlinson, of Witham, Essex, by T. W. Holder, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Pr. 2s. 6d.*

The adagio, prefixed as an introduction to this rondo, claims, on several accounts, our favourable notice. It is replete with tasteful

ideas, delicately expressed; and considerable skill has been exerted in the harmonic construction of some of its parts (e. g. l. 4). The rondo appears to us rather long, although the author has done his best to relieve its extent by an entertaining variety of digressive matter. The fourth and fifth pages may be quoted as creditable specimens in this respect. Their general construction is clever and efficient; and the modulations, which ultimately lead to A major (p. 5,) deserve unqualified commendation. The theme reappears very appositely p. 6; and in the following page a *minore* part is interwoven perfectly in character, and in itself attractive. The conclusion is ably contrived and striking in effect. We ought not to omit adverting to the active part which the left hand takes throughout this composition, especially as this meritorious feature is not coupled with any peculiar difficulties of execution.

"My Life, my Joy, my Blessing,"  
*Duetto, sung with the greatest applause by Miss Stephens and Mr. Sinclair, in the revived Opera of The Maid of the Mill, at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden,*



composed by Henry R. Bishop. Pr. 2s.

In the leading subject of this duet we discover a sprightly ingeniousness of expression, which, to our individual taste, appears peculiarly fascinating; indeed the whole of its melody seems to us most successfully devised to correspond with the tender effusions of a happy pair of lovers.

*Theme, by Henry R. Bishop, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, composed by Frederick Ries. Op. 65. Pr. 3s.*

Our opinion of the preceding duet of Mr. Bishop, is fully justified by the choice which Mr. Ries has made of its melody as a theme for the variations before us; and the variations which the skilful hand of the last-mentioned composer has reared upon that theme, seem equally to vouch the propriety of the selection. The first of these is rendered striking by the fanciful leaps into the upper keys, and the transfer of a portion of the theme to the left hand in the second part has not escaped our attention. In the second var. we have to applaud the mellow and elegant flow of the semiquavers in the first part, and the able bass in the second. The third var. in D minor, is truly original, and no less beautiful. Another variation in the same minor key, p. 5, deserves particular mention on account of its scientific cast, and the superior harmonic combinations which it exhibits. It is, by an able transition, made to end in a pause on B b 7, in order to prepare for the ensuing allegro, which sets out with a subject in E b, represents next the same subject in C, and lastly in D; these successive changes being du-

ly, and indeed elegantly, prepared for. This movement is altogether of very superior construction; and the alternate imitations between both hands, in their respective play upon the motivo, are well worthy of the student's examination.

"*Oh! rest thee, Babe, rest thee, Babe,*" the celebrated Ballad sung by Miss Stephens at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, in *Guy Rannering*; to which is added the *Stanza* sung by Miss Carew, composed, with Accompaniments for the Piano-Forte, by John Whitaker. Pr. 2s.

Among the numerous compositions of Mr. W. we not unfrequently meet with some, which, from some felicitous cause or other, shine among their kindred *velut luna inter stellas minores*. "*Oh! rest thee, Babe,*" belongs to this favoured class. It possesses, in an eminent degree, that chaste simplicity of style, smoothness of melodious connection, symmetry of parts, and total absence of laboured affectation, which constitute the first and essential requisites of lyric composition. In short, it is a beautiful little song, for the strenuous recommendation of which our readers will be beholden to us. In case of a second edition, we would suggest the expediency of a somewhat more effective accompaniment. Such a one might easily be substituted, without rendering the instrumental support more difficult.

*Caledonian Laurels, a favourite Scotch Air, danced by Mr. Oscar Byrne at the Theatre Royal Drury-lane, composed and arranged as a Rondo by M. P. Corri. Pr. 1s. 6d.*

*The Prince of Saxe Cobourg, a fa-*

*favorite Dance, composed and arranged as a Rondo* by M. P. Corri. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Two agreeable bagatelles, of easy texture and execution. From the last-mentioned qualification, however, some students will probably be inclined to except bar 7, page 3; and two or three more of the same kind in the "Prince of Saxe Cobourg," where three quarters, as triplets, are supported by a dotted quaver and a semiquaver.

*The Battle of La Belle Alliance, or Bonaparte's ne plus ultra, a comic Song, sung by Mr. Emery at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, composed by W. T. Parke.* Pr. 1s.

Although there is a good deal more patriotism and loyalty in this song than musical or poetical merit, we are sensible, that, such as it is, it will find favour with that numerous class of auditors for whom it was written and set.

*The Reprieve, or the Maid of Palaiseau, founded on the Prison Scene in the Popular Dramatic Piece, "The Magpie and the Maid," now performing at the Theatres Royal Covent-Garden and Drury-lane, composed by John Purkis.* Pr. 1s. 6d.

As in these times of ephemeral impressions, composers seem to take the lead in "shooting folly as it flies," no wonder that maids and magpies should afford a fit subject for musical aim. Mr. Purkis, in levelling his shaft against one and the other, has neither hit the "bull's eye," nor, on the other hand, proved himself a bad shot: his performance may be termed respectable. In the first page, he is rather too fond of going backwards and forwards from minor to major. In the second, we approve the change of

movement at "but fancy flies;" indeed those few bars appear to us the happiest in the whole song.

*The much-admired Overture for the Piano-Forte in the new Pantomime called "Harlequin and Fortunio," as performed at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, composed by W. H. Ware.* Pr. 2s.

*A Selection of favourite Airs in ditto for the Piano-Forte, composed by ditto.* Pr. 2s.

*The Marches in ditto for the Piano-Forte, composed by ditto.* Pr. 1s.

Considering the purport and usual requisites of compositions of this description, and the plain manner in which, for the sake of executive facility, the authors find it their account to arrange them for the piano-forte, we are of opinion, that the overture above-mentioned is perfectly satisfactory. There is much variety in its successive movements; and the introductory andante, as well as the striking chromatic modulations at the conclusion of the finale, claim particularly our favourable notice.

Of the eighteen different airs comprised in the publication next named, not a few will be found attractive; and their brevity, ease, and entertaining diversity, qualify them as fit lessons for beginners. The marches, seven in number, fall precisely under the same observations.

*Eliza, an Introduction and Air, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment (ad lib.) for the Flute or Patent keyed Harmonica, composed, and dedicated to Thomas Alsager, Esq. by J. Hunter.* Pr. 1s.

The slow movement in C minor with which this publication sets out, is tasteful and impressive: we

suppose the D. nat. in bar 4 is a typographical error, instead of D flat. A simple, but neat, air in C major forms the theme of the variations, which throughout are very creditable to the author, and fully confirm the good opinion we expressed of his qualifications on a recent occasion. Among them, we notice with satisfaction the andante in the minor key, p. 7. We also observe the appropriate manner in which the variations are brought to a conclusion, and more particularly the few fugued bars (p. 11, l. 2,) the idea of which deserves much commendation.

*Sola's Selection of Melodies for the Flute, dedicated, by permission, to E. B. Heath, Esq.* Nos. I. II. III. Pr. 3s. 6d. each.

Mr. Sola's selection before us is entitled to the favour of every flute-player that aims at improvement and tasteful execution on that instrument. Many of the airs are of his own composition, and they are far from being the least interesting in the collection: others are taken from foreign operas of acknowledged value, composed by Winter, Mehul, Nicolo, &c. The embellishments and variations which Mr. S. has introduced, are conceived in the best style, and appear, as far as we are acquainted with the instrument, to lie well under the fingers. Some of the melodies are set as duets in proper and effective harmony; and among those we observe with particular approbation, one in the third number, which exhibits a very clever model of responsive imitations between the two parts.

*Mozart's celebrated Notturmo for Wind Instruments, performed at Vol. I. No. V.*

*the Concerts of the Philharmonic Society, arranged as a Duet for two Performers on one Piano-Forte; with an Accompaniment for the Flute (ad lib.) and respectfully dedicated to Sir George Smart, by F. J. Klose.* Pr. to subscribers 5s.; non-subscribers 7s.

Without entering into an analysis of this excellent production of the immortal Mozart, we shall confine ourselves to what belongs more particularly to our province, the manner in which Mr. K. has accomplished the arrangement of this nocturno as a duet for the piano-forte. On this head we are warranted in giving it as our opinion, that full justice has been done to a score, the nature of which presented no slight difficulties to overcome within the limits to which the extract was subjected. As evidence of our assertion, we need only refer to the minuet, all the characteristics of which, as a movement in canon, have been faithfully and judiciously preserved. What renders Mr. Klose's labour particularly adapted for the desk of the student, independently of the beauty of the nocturno itself, is the absence of digital intricacies; although the players certainly must be strict and firm timeists to keep abreast in the performance.

*The Slavonian Pater-noster, as performed in the Service of the Russian Greek Church, adapted to the English Translation, Matt. chap. vi, and most respectfully dedicated to Major-General N. and Madame de Sabloukoff, by W. G. Perry.* Pr. 1s. 6d.

Mr. Perry deserves our thanks for the communication of this fine

specimen of Russian church music, which is set as a glee for three voices. His share of the labour also is meritorious, although not altogether free from objection. The principal one is, in a manner, inherent in the undertaking itself. As the words of our Lord's Prayer cannot, in number and *quantity*, be supposed to tally with the Russian version, it is not to be wondered that the periods of the text should not correspond in all instances with the musical periods, and thus produce metrical and rhythmical imperfections. In several places, too, the harmonic progress of the three parts is susceptible of improvement; in the 21st and 22d bars, for instance, the first and second voices move in objectionable fifths.

*The Opening Glee and Chorus, as sung by Messrs. Smith, Pyne, Clarke, J. Smith, &c. with the greatest applause, in the revived Play of the Merchant of Bruges, now performing at the Theatre Royal Drury-lane, composed by W. Linley, Esq. Pr. 2s. 6d.*

The signal applause bestowed on this glee at every successive performance, proves that an English audience is not insensible to the charms of good harmony. As we cannot, from want of room, enter into a detail of its numerous and great merits, we shall content ourselves with assuring our readers, that few compositions of this class have made so strong and so favourable an impression upon us. It is a truly original performance, replete with comic musical humour, able in contrivance and science, and most happily suited to the import of the text, stave by stave. The 5th page, from "Drain

the can, brother;" and, above all, the first line in the next page, are excellent, even without reference to the words which they so admirably depict.

*"In every Woodland Dale and Bower," sung by Miss L. Kelly in the Merchant of Bruges, composed by W. Linley, Esq. Pr. 1s. 6d.*

If there be an English style in music, this song appertains to it completely; and those ears that are habituated to melodies, which, bunglingly aping the Italian manner, scarcely ever deviate from the sweet simplicity of the common chord, while the insipid sameness of the strains are propped up by gaudy arpeggios, such ears, we suspect, will not find great entertainment in listening to the present composition. Its chromatic introduction, and some of the subsequent periods, are perhaps too studied for the mixed audience of a theatre: but this aside, we are compelled to acknowledge the originality of the author's ideas, and of his harmonic treatment of them; nor can we refrain from giving, as we have done in the preceding instance, our meed of approbation to the judicious attention which he has unceasingly paid to the lines of the poetry.

*A second Rondo for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss A. Peckwell, by A. A. Klengel. Op. 14. Pr. 3s.*

A simple but very interesting pastoral theme in E b forms the subject of this rondo; in the second part of which, however, we do not altogether approve of the accompaniment by successive fifths in the bass of *b*. 20 and 21. (B 5 and

C 5). The accessory matter is remarkable for its variety of deep and studied modulations in almost every page, all which are conducted in a manner to evince Mr. K.'s mastery of composition. Few keys, major and minor, but have their turn in the progress of the performance; and their difficulty, such as E b minor, F sharp minor, &c. is no bar to their introduction. Among these numerous flights into the higher regions of harmony, we meet with many original and select ideas. Of that description are the modulations, p. 2 and 3, the enharmonic transition from the part in six flats to three sharps (minor) p. 5, the excellent suspension of cadence, p. 5, &c. &c.

*Notturmo, Op. 51, for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to his friend F. W. Collard, Esq. by J. B. Cramer. Pr. 3s.*

The notturno before us comprises four successive movements: an introductory adagio in B b, an allegro in the same key, a slow movement in E b, and a *rendo in*

B b. To state that all these are worthy of their celebrated author, is probably the most satisfactory, and certainly the most deserved, testimonial with which we can introduce them to our readers, without attempting to detail the numberless beauties which arrested our attention in almost every stave. The second slow movement, above all, will doubtlessly endear itself to every real connoisseur: its pathetic and solemn strains, the originality of its ideas, and of its harmonic treatment, are beyond our praise: Indeed we never take up a composition of Mr. C.'s, but we feel delighted at the consummate aptness, effectiveness, and elegance with which his thoughts are harmonized. In this respect, his works cannot be too strongly recommended to the study of every incipient composer. Let him harmonize a strain of naked melody, and compare his attempt with the score of the original from which he has borrowed: thus he will save many an hour's expensive oral instruction.

## THE SELECTOR :

*Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS from NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.*

### THE SPECTRE.

(From *The Siege of Corinth*, by Lord Byron.)

'Tis midnight: on the mountain's brown  
The cold round moon shines deeply  
down;  
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky  
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,  
Bespangled with those isles of light,  
So wildly, spiritually bright;  
Whoever gazed upon them shining,  
And turned to earth without repining;

Nor wished for wings to flee away,  
And mix with their eternal ray?  
The waves on either shore lay there,  
Calm, clear, and azure as the air;  
And scarce their foam the pebbles  
shook,  
But murmured meekly as the brook.  
The winds were pillowed on the waves,  
The banners drooped along their staves.

And, as they fell around them furling,  
Above them shone the crescent curling;  
And that deep silence was unbroke,  
Save where the watch his signal spoke,  
Save where the steed neighed oft and shrill,

And Echo answered from the hill;  
And the wide hum of that wild host,  
Rustled like leaves from coast to coast.  
As rose the Muezzin's voice in air,  
In midnight call to wonted prayer,  
It rose, that chaunted mournful strain,  
Like some lone spirit's, o'er the plain:  
'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,  
Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,

And take a long unmeasured tone,  
To mortal minstrelsy unknown.  
It seem'd to those within the wall,  
A cry prophetic of their fall:  
It struck even the besieger's ear  
With something ominous and drear;  
An undefined and sudden thrill,  
Which makes the heart a moment still,  
Then beat with quicker pulse, ashamed  
Of that strange sense its silence framed;  
Such as a sudden passing-bell  
Wakes, though but for a stranger's knell.

He sate him down at a pillar's base,  
And passed his hand athwart his face;  
Like one in dreary, musing mood,  
Declining was his attitude.

There he sate all heavily,  
As he heard the night-wind sigh.  
Was it the wind through some hollow  
stone,

Sent that soft and tender mean?  
He lifted his head, and he looked on the  
sea,

But it was unrippled as glass may be;  
He looked on the long grass—it waved  
not a blade;

How was that gentle sound convey'd?  
He looked to the banners—each flag lay  
still,

So did the leaves on Cithæron's hill,  
And he felt not a breath come over his  
cheek;—

What did that sudden sound bespeak?

He turned to the left—is he sure of sight?  
There sate a lady, youthful and bright!  
He started up with more of fear  
Than if an armed foe were near.

“God of my fathers! what is here?  
“Who art thou, and wherefore sent  
“So near a hostile armament?”

His trembling hands refused to sign;  
The cross he deemed no more divine:  
He had resumed it in that hour,  
But conscience wrung away the power.  
He gazed, he saw: he knew the face  
Of beauty, and the form of grace;  
It was Francesca by his side,  
The maid who might have been his bride!

The rose was yet upon her cheek,  
But mellowed with a tenderer streak:  
Where was the play of her soft lips fled?  
Gone was the smile that enlivened their

red.  
The ocean's calm within their view,  
Beside her eye had less of blue;

But like that cold wave it stood still,  
And its glance, though clear, was chill.  
Around her form a thin robe twining,  
Nought concealed her bosom shining;

Through the parting of her hair,  
Floating darkly downward there,  
Her rounded arm shewed white and bare;

And ere yet she made reply,  
Once she raised her hand on high:

It was so wan, and transparent of hue,  
You might have seen the moon shine  
through.

Upon his hand she laid her own—  
Light was the touch, but it thrilled to  
the bone,

And shot a chillness to his heart,  
Which fixed him beyond the power to  
start.

Though slight was that grasp, so mortal  
cold,

He could not loose him from its hold;  
But never did clasp of one so dear  
Strike on the pulse with such feeling of  
fear,

As those thin fingers, long and white,  
Froze through his blood by their touch  
that night.

The feverish glow of his brow was gone,  
And his heart sank so still, that it felt  
like stone,

As he looked on the face, and beheld its  
hue,

So deeply changed from what he knew:

Fair, but faint—without the ray

Of mind, that made each feature play,

Like sparkling waves on a sunny day;

And her motionless lips lay still as death,

And her words came forth without her  
breath,

And there rose not a heave o'er her bosom's  
swell,

And there seemed not a pulse in her  
veins to dwell.

Though her eye shone out, yet the lids  
were fixed,

And the glance that it gave was mild  
and unmixed

With aught of change, as the eyes may  
seem

Of the restless who walk in a troubled  
dream;

Like the figures on arras, that gloomily  
glare,

Stirr'd by the breath of the wintry air,

So seen by the dying lamp's fidul light,

Lifeless, but life-like, and awful to sight;

As they seem through the dimness about  
to come down

From the shadowy wall where their  
images frown;

Fearfully flitting to and fro,

As the gusts on the tapestry come and  
go.

“If not for love of me be given,

“Thus much, then, for the love of  
Heaven:

“Again I say—that turban tear

“From off that faithless brow, and swear

“Thine injur'd country's sons to spare,

“Or thou art lost; and ne'er shalt see,

“Not earth—that's past—but heaven or  
me.

“If this thou dost accord, albeit

“A heavy doom 'tis thine to meet,

“That doom shall half absolve thy sin,  
“And mercy's gate may receive thee  
within:

“But pause one moment more, and take

“The curse of him thou didst forsake;

“And look once more to heaven, and see

“Its love for ever shut from thee.

“There is a light cloud by the moon—

“'Tis passing, and will pass full soon—

“If by the time its vapoury sail

“Hath ceased her shaded orb to veil,

“Thy heart within thee is not changed,

“Then God and man are both avenged;

“Dark will thy doom be, darker still

“Thine immortality of ill.”

Alp looked to heaven, and saw on high

The sign she spake of in the sky;

But his heart was swollen, and turned  
aside

By deep interminable pride.

This first false passion of his breast

Rolled like a torrent o'er the rest.

*He* sue for mercy! *He* dismayed

By wild words of a timid maid!

*He*, wronged by Venice, vow to save

Her sons, devoted to the grave!

No—though that cloud were thunder's  
worst,

And charged to crush him—let it burst!

He looked upon it earnestly,

Without an accent of reply;

He watched it passing; it is flown;

Full on his eye the clear moon shone,

And thus he spake:—“Whate'er my fate,

“I am no changeling—'tis too late;

“The reed in storms may bow and quiver,

“Then rise again; the tree must shiver.

“What Venice made me, I must be,

“Her foe in all, save love to thee:

“But thou art safe; oh! fly with me!”

He turn'd, but she is gone!

Nothing is there but the columb stone.

Hath she sunk in the earth, or melted in  
air?

He saw not, he knew not, but nothing  
is there.

## FASHIONS.

## LONDON FASHIONS.

## PLATE 28.—EVENING DRESS.

A WHITE satin slip, over which is a white lace dress, ornamented with three quillings of white lace on the skirt, intermixed with bows of white satin ribbon. The body and sleeve, both of which are richly ornamented with coloured stones, are formed, as our readers will see by the print, in a very novel style. Head-dress, a cap composed of white satin, finished with a band edged with pearls, and a superb plume of white feathers. Neck-lace, ear-rings, and bracelets, coloured stones intermixed with pearls. White satin slippers, and white kid gloves.

## PLATE 29.—CARRIAGE DRESS.

A cambric slip, tucked very high, and finished at the bottom with a deep flounce of worked muslin. Over the slip is a robe of the same material, open in front, and trimmed all round with very rich work. The body of the robe is made in the chemiset style, and displays a lace *fichu* worn underneath. The long sleeve is ornamented with a bow of blue ribbon, and finished at the wrist by a novel and elegant ruffle. Head-dress, a *cornette* composed of plain white lace, profusely trimmed with flounces and blue ribbon. Gloves and slippers of blue kid. This dress is likely to continue a favourite, because, independent of its novelty, it is extremely elegant and striking; and both its form and material are peculiarly appropriate to the present season.

We are again indebted to the

elegant invention of Mrs. Gill, of Cork-street, Burlington-Gardens, for both our dresses this month.

## GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

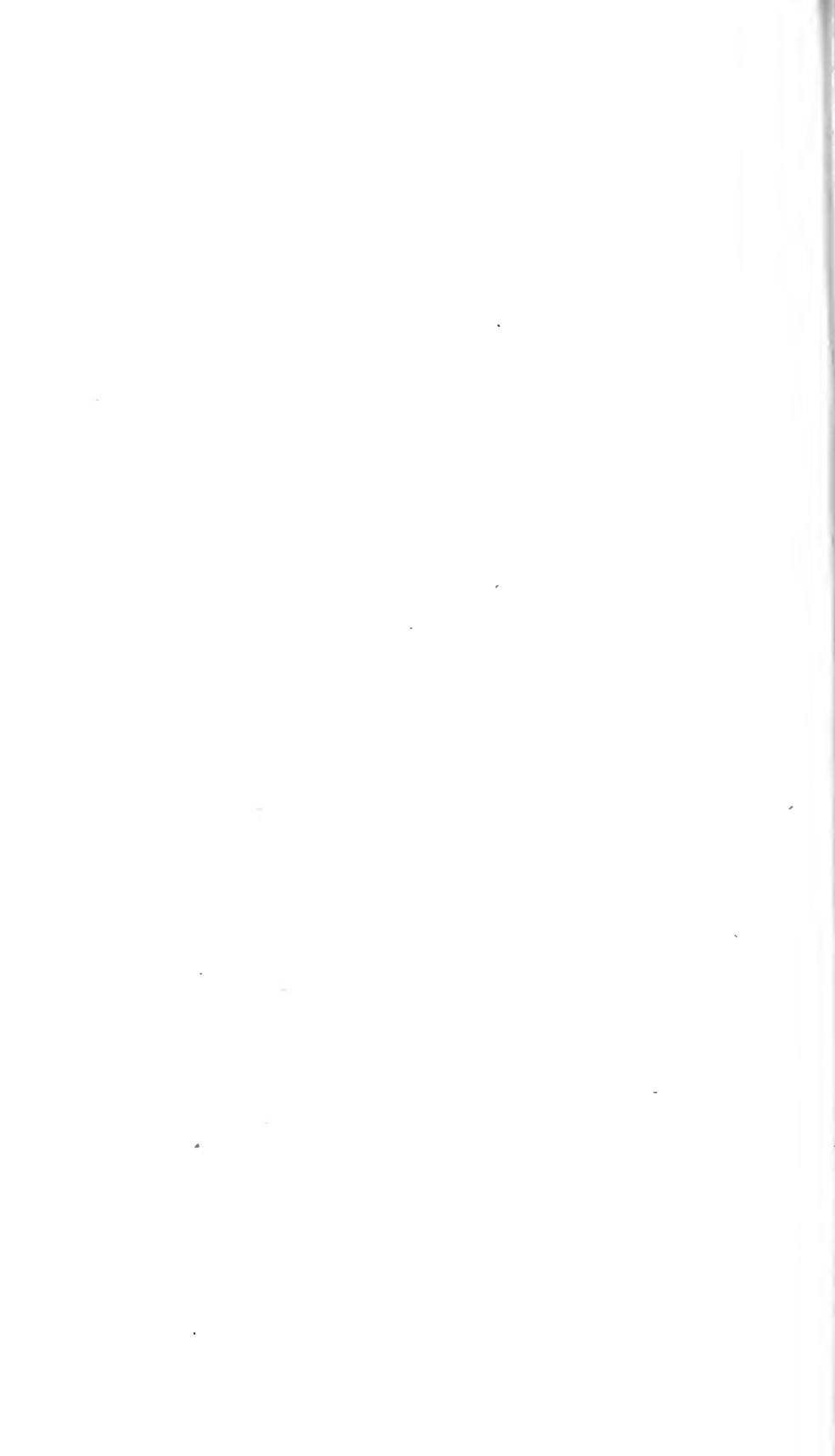
“WILL pelisses ever go out of fashion?” said a young lady of rank to her dress-maker the other day in our presence. Whether they will or not, is a question to be decided by time; but certain it is, that in the promenade costume they still continue more fashionable than any thing else. The highest in estimation, and in our opinion the most elegant now worn, is the Charlotte pelisse. It is composed of rich shot green and white sarsnet, and trimmed with white satin; the skirt is rather fuller than it is made in general, and the fulness is principally thrown behind: the back is plain and of a moderate breadth; the shape of the back is formed by a little fulness of white satin, about an inch in breadth, which goes down on each side, and terminates in a small rosette of white satin, placed upon each hip: in the middle of the rosette is a small green silk tuft. The half-sleeve is composed of white satin; its shape is that of a shell, of which two form the half-sleeve, in a very novel and tasteful style. The under sleeve, which is less loose than they have been worn, is finished at the bottom by a piece of white satin, so disposed as to form a double row of shells to correspond, but not more than two inches broad. We should have ob-











served, that these shells were edged with green, as is also the entire trimming, which corresponds. There is no collar, but a very small pelerine cape, which only comes to the shoulder on each side. The fronts fall back in the habit style, so as to display the under dress; and, as the pelisse is open in front, it also flies back: it is worn always over a white dress.

The bonnet worn with this pelisse, appears to us a compound of the French and English style: the high crown belongs certainly to the former; and the plain, small, and becoming front, which partially shades the face, is something similar to the Mary Queen of Scots' bonnet. It is composed of white satin; the crown is ornamented with a puffing of blond, fancifully interspersed with white silk cord, and the edge of the front is finished in a similar manner: white satin band, bow, and strings, and a beautiful plume of white feathers tipped with green.

Satinet and sarsnet stout walking dresses, made to fit tight to the shape between the shoulders, and with a little fulness at the bottom of the waist, are next in estimation. They are trimmed either with plain gauze, gauze ribbon, or gauze finished with chenille. Satin trimmings for gowns are not quite exploded, but they are only partially worn.

Late as it is in the season, there are still a few *élégantes* who wear white merino cloth spencers, trimmed with white satin. They have no actual novelty in their form; but being worn always over a white dress, and with a white satin straw, or chip bonnet, each of which is

almost equally in favour, they have an elegant effect.

We have given in our print the most elegant carriage dress of the month, and the only novelty worth mentioning that has appeared in the carriage costume. White satin spencers, trimmed with white lace, and rich white twilled sarsnet pelisses, made about half a quarter shorter than the under dress, vandyked round the bottom, and trimmed also with lace, are worn; but we have remarked nothing new in their form.

For dishabille, cambrie, cambrie muslin, plain and striped jaconot, are universally worn, as are also slight silks: green sarsnet is, we think, most in favour. Waists still continue a very becoming length; but we think the backs of dresses are even broader than they were last month. The chemiset body still continues in favour, but it has now very little fulness. Collars are exploded; and the sleeve no longer falls so very unbecomingly off the shoulder.

With respect to trimmings, lace and work are universally worn on white dresses, and gauze always to correspond in colour with the dress, is the favourite dress for silks. We have observed some, however, trimmed with two or three flounces of patent net, festooned with silk cord, and ornamented with little silk rosettes, which have a tasteful and pretty effect.

The materials for dinner dress continue the same as last month; and we see with pleasure that Irish satin is even more in favour, and is, in fact, become a very powerful rival to French silk. It may certainly vie with any production

of the French loom for the beauty and durability of its texture, and the extensive patronage given to it; and the newly invented satinnet promises to be of the greatest service to our own distressed manufacturers.

The elegant lace body which we mentioned in our last number, has lost nothing of its attraction. We observe that low bodies are made in the frock fashion, but rendered novel by the introduction of a kind of double front, composed either of lace or white satin, which is so contrived as to shew the figure to very great advantage. The bust is more correctly shaded, and the back and shoulders less exposed than we have been accustomed to see them. By conforming to a change so consonant to delicacy and good taste, our fair fashionables in fact increase their charms, since this style of dress displays to the utmost advantage the fine contour of the shape.

We have been favoured with the sight of a new stay, the *corset des Grâces*, which we understand has received very distinguished patronage. This stay possesses the double advantage of improving the shape, and conducing towards the preservation of the health; no compressions, no pushing the form out of its natural proportions; it allows the most perfect ease and freedom to every motion, while, at the same time, it gives that support to the frame, which delicate women find absolutely necessary.

In full dress white lace continues as much worn as last month; but coloured gauzes and crapes are also in favour, particularly green, all the lighter shades of which are much in estimation. Next to the

elegant dress which we have given in our print, the robe à la Bergère is most in favour; it is composed of grass-green crape. Some of our fair readers will perhaps smile at the idea of giving such a name to a full dress, but, in truth, the robe à la Bergère has nothing of the shepherdess about it but its name: it is worn over a white satin slip, and is festooned, perhaps a little too high, with white satin ribbon, each festoon being decorated with a white rose. The green body is open both in front and behind, so as to display the white satin one worn underneath; and is trimmed, as well as the short full sleeve, with a beautiful wreath of roses, which are smaller than those at the bottom. This dress, though not particularly novel, is extremely elegant and much in favour.

Caps are still high in favour in half dress; but we observe some *élégantes* with small white lace handkerchiefs, brought from the back of the head, and tied carelessly under the chin.

We have no alteration to notice in hair-dressing.

Flowers begin to be much worn by youthful *belles* in full dress; and pearl ornaments, with a very slight mixture of coloured stones, of which amethysts and emeralds are most in favour, are universal.

In half-dress jewellery, plain gold ornaments are most in favour. Cornelian will be probably much worn by the middle of the month.

We have no alterations to notice in boots or shoes, except that the former are now universally worn either of jane or stout French silk.

Fashionable colours for the month are, green, lilac, azure, primrose, straw colour, and wild rose colour.

## FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, April 18.

INDEED, my dear Sophia, you give the Parisian *belles* credit for the great fertility of invention which they possess: it is true, the fashions here change more quickly than even in London; but the change, since my last letter, has been confined principally to the materials of dresses and to the form of head-dresses. I should, however, except a singularly pretty ball dress, which I shall describe to you by and bye; but to begin in due form with the promenade costume:

Cloth and velvet are now laid aside, and the graceful and well-proportioned form of the Parisian *belle* is displayed to advantage by the lighter costume of spring. A new spencer has just made its appearance; composed of green and white shot sarsnet, and made in a style more becoming to the shape than any adopted for some time. The waist is about the same length that has been worn for some months past; the back is less broad, and moderately full; the front is cut exactly to the shape; the cap, which is small, is composed of white satin, and cut in the pelerine form. The trimming is very pretty; it is composed of green, two or three shades darker than the spencer, and white silk net, formed in points, and fancifully interspersed with little silk tufts; this trimming goes round the cape and half sleeve: the latter is very small, and the under sleeve, which is long and plain, is finished at the wrist by a double roll of white satin. — The waist has no ornament behind,

but a very narrow band of byas white satin is fastened in front by a pearl clasp. This spencer is worn always over a white robe, composed either of satin, India muslin, or white spotted silk. The form of the robe does not differ from those described in my last letter. The trimming for silk dresses is usually blond, or bands of byas satin; two or at most three flounces of blond are worn, but the bands, which are very narrow, are sometimes seven or eight in number.

Sarsnet pelisses are also in high request for the promenade: but here I have nothing to say in defence of French taste; pale pink lined with blue, green lined with pink, and the most delicate lilac contrasted with the deepest yellow. The trimmings are generally of the same glaring description: there are, however, some few *belles* who give the preference to a very elegant pelisse composed either of jonquil or lilac sarsnet, lined with white, and trimmed in a style of uncommon elegance with a very rich mixture of embroidery and trimming in waves; that of the lilac is green and white; the jonquil is ornamented with various shades of brown, relieved by an intermixture of white, and finished by small white silk frogs. These pelisses are made entirely tight to the shape, with a plain long sleeve, and a small pelerine cape cut in the form of a handkerchief.

Ruffs are as much worn as ever; they are narrower than they used to be, but instead of three or four falls of lace or worked muslin, our *élégantes* now wear six or seven:

the effect produced by these ruffs is really ridiculous, but they are fashionable, and a Frenchwoman considers nothing unbecoming or absurd that is tonish. The double or treble fall of lace at the wrist has disappeared for some time past.

And now for *la tête*, that object of a Frenchwoman's cares. The high-crowned *chapeau* and *cornette*, which appeared some time ago to have declined in favour, have again become extremely fashionable. I could enumerate seven or eight, all of which differ in form, but the difference is such as could not be clearly described. I must therefore content myself with telling you, that they are in general composed of white satin, white chip, and blond put very full over white satin. Coloured hats are very partially worn: blue, green, or rose-colour are, however, seen occasionally upon some fashionables. But the hat most in favour, both for form and material, is composed of white satin, finished round the front and at the edge of the crown by narrow bands of satin cut byas: the front, which is large, is ornamented with a plaiting of blond; the crown, which, as I have observed, is very high, is ornamented with these bands, which are disposed with a good deal of taste and novelty. It is lined with deep jonquil, tied under the chin with white ribbon, and loaded, for I cannot call it ornamented, with a perfect garland of flowers—roses, hyacinth, lilac, and what is still more ridiculous, roses of the same hue as the two latter flowers. Feathers are not much worn, but the *élégantes* who still exhibit them, confine themselves almost wholly

to white; sometimes, but very rarely, we see a single pink or blue feather put almost at the back of the hat, and disposed so as to fall over on one side.

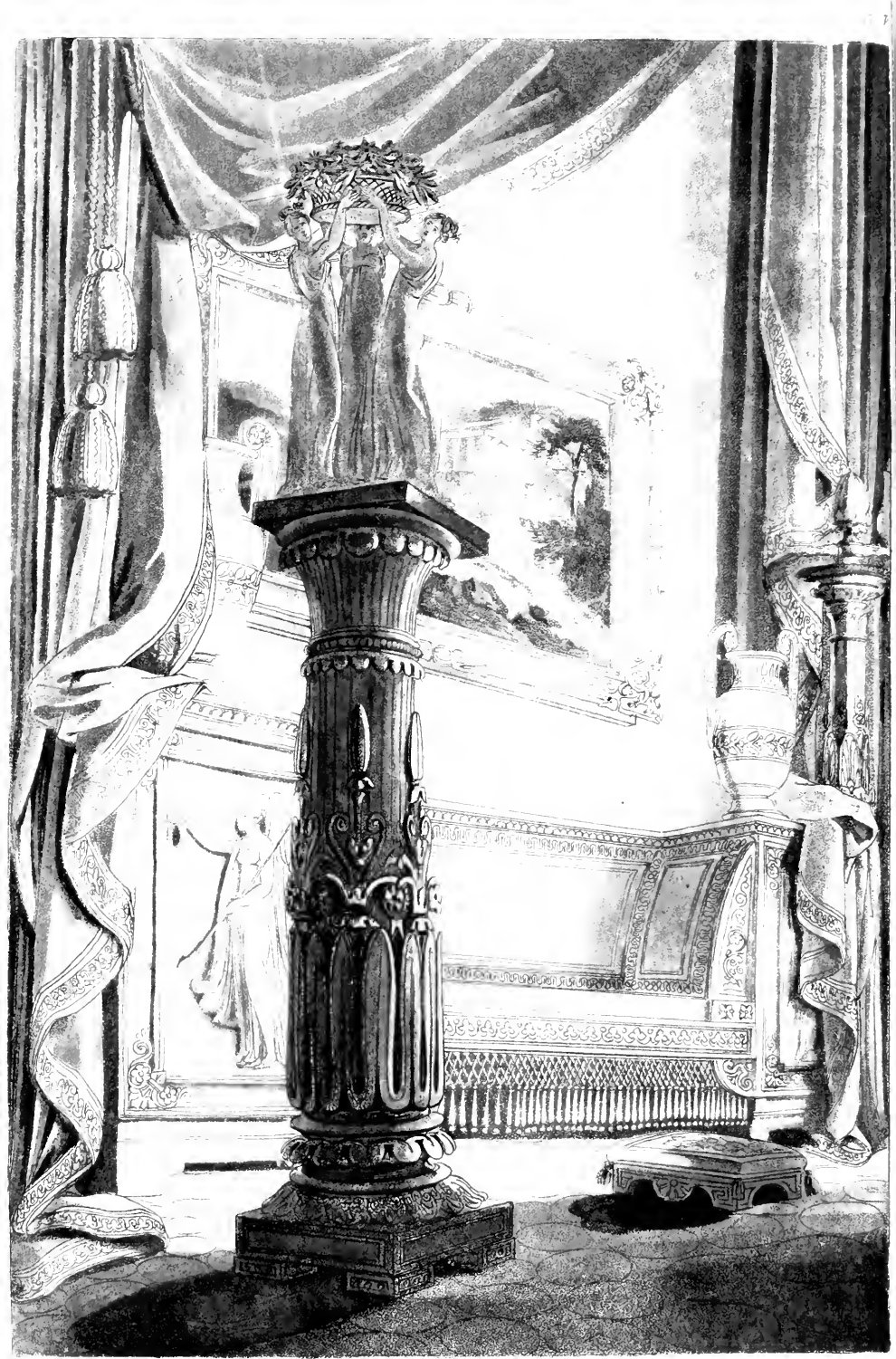
Some hats are small in the brim, and finished with blond put on almost plain; some are nearly of the form of a man's hat, but much higher; and a few *chapeaux à la bergère* are worn with rich white lace veils. *Cornettes* have varied in form only by being made much higher, and of course more unbecoming, than when I wrote last: those of the mob kind are highest in estimation; they are also ornamented with a profusion of flowers, and in general with a quantity of ribbons also.

*Percale*, as they call cambric muslin, is now almost the only thing worn in the morning costume: you must not, however, fancy that this proceeds from a wish to encourage English manufacture, but partly from a love for novelty, and partly because it is less expensive than cambric, and equally fashionable. The favourite morning dress is made with a plaited body, and a loose front, which ties at the throat: the long sleeve is either plain or ornamented with a fluting down the middle of the arm, about a nail in breadth; a band of ribbon, tied at the side, confines it at the waist; and the trimming is two, three, or four plain muslin flounces.

Fine worked muslin, trimmed most extravagantly with lace, is the favourite material for dinner dress; white satin, white spotted silk, and plain white sarsnet, are also in estimation: coloured sarsnets are little worn. Dinner dress is made remarkably plain: the







skirt of the gown a walking length, with an easy fulness, finished at the bottom with lace or byas bands of satin; the waist a moderate length, and the body what you would call in England a three-quarter high dress, ornamented round the bust with narrow bands of byas satin: long plain sleeve, very loose, confined at the wrist by a bracelet, finished also with bands of byas satin. This dress is finished at the neck by six or seven rows of *tulle*, quilled one above another, so as completely to conceal not only the neck, but the throat. A *cornette* in the mob form, with a double plaiting of *tulle* round the crown, and a treble plaiting in front, is worn with it, and gives it in fact the air of a morning dress. A rich bouquet of full-blown roses, intermixed with rose-buds, ornaments the *cornette*, and another is placed in the bosom.

Gauze over white satin or sarsnet is the favourite material for full dress. The one which I am about to describe, is really elegant and tasteful. The slip is composed of white soft satin, of that exquisitely beautiful and glossy texture peculiar to the French loom. A triple fall of trimming composed of white lace, superbly ornamented with silver, goes round the bottom. Over this slip is worn a short robe composed of white gauze, and festooned at the bottom by a wreath of roses, in the lightest and most

elegant style. The body of the dress is full behind, but tight to the shape before, and the bosom is delicately shaded. A lower body composed of pink ribbon, disposed with a good deal of novelty, is put over the gauze one; and the short full sleeve is finished at bottom with a quilling of lace, and at top ornamented to correspond with the body.

The only ornament for the hair is a wreath of roses, placed nearly at the back of the head. The hair is now less divided on the forehead; it is still dressed low at the sides, but fuller than when I wrote last: the hind hair is simply twisted *à la Grecque*.

In jewellery, pearls are universal for full dress, and white corne- lian begins to make its appearance in half dress. Our fair fashionables, who are all loyalists, wear a miniature of the king, which is the smallest I have ever seen, but at the same time a perfect likeness, in a ring, which is always placed on the fore-finger of the left hand, as being the one nearest the heart. These rings are set with either diamond or pearl, and are made extremely costly.

Hyacinth, jonquil, rose-colour, lilac, and green, are the colours most in request at present, but they are not so fashionable as white.

Adieu, my dear Sophia! My hand is so cramped with scribbling, that I can hardly tell you I am always your  
EUDOCIA.

## FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

### PLATE 26.—GRECIAN FURNITURE.

So long as it is the fashion to render the apartments of our habitations dependent for their embellishment on a display of elegant furniture and draperies, rather than on those features which are pecu-

liarily and legitimately architectural, the public must be congratulated, that men of genius and science are found to devote their attention to that particular branch of art. Art indeed it may properly be called, when the designs of this species of embellishment embrace the combinations of form, composition, light, shade, and colour, and are as classically united agreeably to the laws of fitness and truth, as they are found to be in the works of masters eminent in the walks of pictorial beauty. It is impossible to examine the furniture of Mr. G. Bullock's manufactory in Tenterden-street, of which the plate represents a part, without feeling the propriety of this congratulation; and the liberality with which he permits us to give his designs to the

public, obliges us to acknowledge it.

This representation of Grecian furniture is intended to form part of the decoration of a library: attached to the sofa, are cabinets for the purpose of receiving portfolios or splendid manuscripts, and form elegant pedestals, which are surmounted by fine specimens of the *Mona vera* - antique marble, on which may be placed urns for flowers or perfume. These cabinets are enriched by bulle and or-molu, forming unique and most convenient pieces of furniture. The plate itself forms an elegant picture, and the group consists of a sofa, monopodium, footstool, pictures, and drapery, affording a specimen of harmonious decoration and colouring.

### INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN has great pleasure in announcing to the public, that a whole-length portrait of his Serene Highness Leopold Prince of Saxe Coburg-Saalfeld, is now engraving by Mr. Henry Meyer. H. S. H. having kindly condescended in granting three long sittings to Mr. A. Chalon, R. A. a most striking likeness has been produced, which has been honoured with the entire approbation of the whole of the Royal Family. The picture is at present in the Exhibition at Somerset-House. The size of the print is 14 inches by 10, and the price to subscribers will be one guinea—proofs, two guineas.

In the month of May will be published, *A Historical Account, interspersed with Biographical Anecdotes, of the illustrious House of Sax-*

*ony*; exhibiting the descent of the present Royal and Ducal Branches of that Family, and also of his Serene Highness Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld. It will form a crown 8vo. volume, and be embellished with portraits, among which will be a correct likeness of Prince Leopold.

Early in May will appear, *Catechism of Political Economy, or familiar Conversations on the Manner in which Wealth is produced, distributed, and consumed in Society*; translated from the French of Jean Baptiste Say, Professor of Political Economy in the Athenée Royale of Paris. Also, by the same author, *England and the English People*.

A translation of the *Narrative of an Embassy to Warsaw and Wil-*

na, with personal attendance on the Emperor Napoleon during the disastrous campaign in Russia and the retreat from Moscow, by M. de Pradt, Archbishop of Mechlin, will be ready for delivery in a few days.

Mr. Colburn has become the purchaser of the Franklin manuscripts, and they will immediately be brought before the public. They consist of his Life, written by himself to a late period, and continued by his grandson and legatee, William Temple Franklin, Esq. to the time of his death; his private and familiar correspondence, posthumous essays, &c. &c.

*The Narrative of a Ten Years' Residence at the Court of Tripoli*, from the original correspondence in the possession of the family of the late Richard Tully, Esq. the British consul, is now nearly ready for publication.

A novel, entitled *Glenarvon*, the production of a lady of high rank, will shortly appear.

Colonel Keatinge's *Travels in Europe and Africa* will appear in a few days, in one volume 4to. illustrated with thirty-four plates of scenery, antiquities, and costume, from drawings made on the spot by the author; and comprising a journey through France, Spain, and Portugal, to Morocco, with a particular account of that empire. Also a second journey through France in 1814, in which a comparison is drawn between the present and former state of that country and its inhabitants.

Speedily will be published, an elegant work on *Scripture Genealogy*, consisting of thirty-five engraved tables, exhibiting the cor-

rect genealogy of Scripture, from Adam to Christ; to be accompanied with descriptive letter-press, and comprised in one volume, royal 4to. The small vignettes which are introduced into the work are extremely curious, and executed in a masterly style.

Dr. J. Clarke, of Cambridge, is about to publish, by subscription, two sets of Songs, Duets, or Glee's, with *Original Poetry*, written, expressly for the work, by Mrs. Joanna Baillie, Walter Scott, William Smyth, James Hogg, John Stewart, Esquires, and Lord Byron.

Mr. Samuel Bagster will publish, on the 1st of July, a *Polyglot Bible*, on an entirely new plan, in one volume 4to.; shewing, in one opening, the different languages. Also, for the further accommodation of the learned, another edition, in four elegant pocket volumes.

A new volume of poems, entitled *Melancholy Hours*, which are understood to be the productions of a young lady, will appear in the course of the present month.

The fourth volume of *The Antiquities of Athens*, measured and delineated by James Stuart, F. R. S. and F. S. A. and Nicholas Rivett, painters and architects; edited by Joseph Woods, architect, is ready for publication.

Mr. Weyland's work on *The Principles of Population and Production, as they are affected by the Progress of Society*, is just ready for publication.

*The Dictionary of Living Painters, Sculptors, Engravers, &c.* forming a companion to the Dictionary of Living Authors, will appear in the course of a few weeks.

## Poetry.

TO THE EDITOR.

The following small poem has been anonymously and sparingly circulated in the first ranks of fashion. It has not been printed.

I. B. P.

## O H ! F A R E T H E E W E L L !

Oh! fare thee well!—and must the sigh,  
 Embodying the words that sever,  
 Meet those as heartfelt that reply,  
 Oh! fare thee well—farewell *for ever*?  
 Then be it so—but still the heart  
 That swore to love thee—swore so true!—  
 Shall never from its faith depart,  
 No—nor *for ever* banish you.  
 FOR EVER!—Oh! concealed, there lies,  
 Obdurate, in that word—the source  
 That leads to ill our destinies,  
 And plants within thy breast—remorse.  
 FOR EVER! No—shall sullen pride  
 Thy bosom seal—excluding there,  
 Of feeling—the returning tide,  
 And cherish still thy throb—despair?  
 Oh! yield not—father of my child!—  
 Once tender—ever dearest still—  
 Oh! yield not to those fancies wild,  
 That agitate thy fevered will—  
 To that capricious, restless train,  
 Not born of reason's healthful kind,  
 That havoc in thy fertile brain,  
 And canker in thy nobler mind!  
 Yield not to these—oh! by this kiss  
 Which on thy infant's lips I press,  
 And by that one—as pure—of bliss,  
 That promised years of happiness!  
 Ah! how illusive!—they are fled;—  
 And since no solace of *my* care  
 Can yield sweet slumbers to thy bed,  
 Or sooth thine hours of anguish there—  
 Then fare *thee well!*—In this adieu  
 Think not *for ever* that we *part*;—  
 When all the husband *died* in you,  
 He was sepulchred—in *my* heart.



## TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

*Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.*

*In our next we shall gratify our readers with a Biographical Memoir of his Serene Highness Prince LEOPOLD OF SAXE-CORBURG-SAALEFELD.*

*We will endeavour to satisfy X. Y. Z. in our next.*

*Various poetical and other communications, which the pressure of temporary matter has obliged us to defer, or which reached us too late for this month, shall have place as early as possible.*

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any Part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburg, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

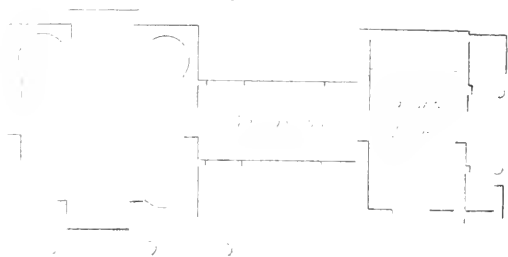
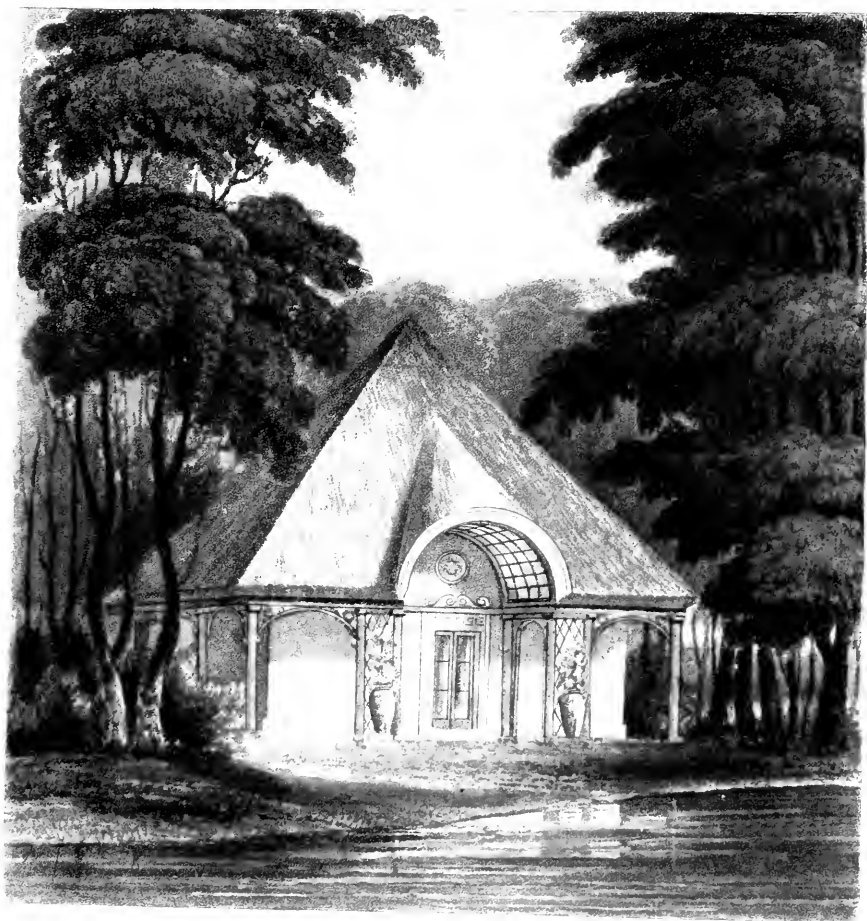
### *Directions to the Binder for placing the Plates in the*

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			33. Ladies' Bridal Dress . . . . .
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THE SECOND SERIES.

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VOL. I.

JUNE 1, 1816.

N<sup>o</sup>. VI.

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FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 31.—A DAIRY.

WHEN the fashionable amusements of the town are relinquished for those of the country, there are few so interesting to the female mind as the dairy. Perhaps the poets have given a sentiment to all that belongs to pastoral life, or in its own nature the means of supplying pleasurable ideas may have a real existence: indeed it is probable, that nature and the poet may have combined to give a relish for an amusement that is equally engaging and healthful, and taste has not failed to add its influence in favour of this subject; for there are few residences, whose possessors have been acknowledged to lead in the walks of polished fancy or pictorial beauty, where the dairy has not formed an agreeable feature in the order of its rural offices.

The design is of a rustic character, suited to the purpose for which it is intended, yet not so simple in its form as to be mistaken for a cottage; its entrance is more elevated and more embellished, and the windows of a superior de-

scription. The eaves of the roof appearing to be low, the lofty interior has a proportionably increased effect, as nearly the whole height of the roof is occupied by the dome, into which the octagon plan resolves itself, after forming four spacious niches, which it obtains from the square basement of the walls. The glass door opposite to the entrance communicates with a passage, in which flowers of peculiar beauty and fragrance may be preserved; and terminates with the servants' room, used for the cleansing of the vessels, churning, and other business of this department of rural economy.

The folding door of entrance to the dairy would be of glass, the pavement of marble, and the tables for the vessels are designed to be composed of the verd antique *Mona* marble, supported by thiers of the same material, surmounted by China vases; the dado and pilasters to correspond, finishing the walls by a verd antique architrave: and it is proposed to fill up the com-

partments, formed by these means, with glazed tiles of a tone of colour harmonizing with the marbles. The niches are designed to contain tripods, or urns, dedicated to the pastoral deities, from each of which a *jet d'eau* would be made to spring, as their lively, sparkling motion, joined with the coolness they impart to the air in warm seasons, make them fit ornaments for this species of building; and the variety of gently splashing sound which they produce, adds considerably to the interest created in their favour. The dome would be divided into trellis compartments, each rib being supported by a pilaster that forms the subdivision of the side walls; and the heads of the niches are intended to be ornamented to correspond with the dome. The windows are designed to be of the oriel kind, formed with oak mullions, and embellished with painted glass, which would throw over the whole a variety of brilliant and coloured light, greatly improving the general effect.

This plan permits a considerable portion of the whole building to have hollow walls, and the roof would be double also; a contrivance very essential to the dairy, but not of itself sufficient to preserve that temperature which is desirable during the excessive heats of summer; but it has been found, that where a free circulation of air has been created through the double walls and roof, this is completely effected. Care should at the same time be taken, that this circulation may be retarded, or wholly prevented, by means of regulators easy of access, whenever a change of circumstances may make it ne-

cessary. The servants' room should be well supplied with water and with cisterns, for keeping the vessels immersed in it cool when out of use, and, of course, with coppers and other necessary apparatus; and it is of the first consequence that the whole should be well drained, and be built upon a dry soil, or so constructed as to be free from damp.

The dairy is always a pleasing object: the situation in which it should be placed is, therefore, worthy of consideration, as far as it relates to ornamental effect. As it is an office of domestic use, it should be near to other offices of a similar nature, and should not obtrude itself into the plantations, but rather appear to be screened from observation, or as retiring from that embellished scenery, of which it merits to form a part, but to which it asserts no claim.

The dairy may be thatched with reeds; and in this design the projecting roof protects it from the sun. It should always be well sheltered, and placed where its use will not be injured by the extremes of temperature; but it ought not to be too closely surrounded by trees and shrubs, as many of them impart a flavour to milk, and the fermentation of decaying leaves is most detrimental to it: and although wood and trees afford shade and break the violence of the winds, yet after rain, or the melting of snow, they produce cold, from the evaporation which takes place on the leaves; and all moist surfaces do this on the same principle. It has been said, that the best trees for shelter are spruce firs, which, from the resinous quality, as well

as the linear form of their leaves, do not retain much moisture: hence, when it rains on them, the water falls to the ground, and sinks into the surface soil, and consequently little evaporation takes place; and perhaps from this may be deduced the chief reason why

the spruce delights in a moist soil. Very pleasing combinations may be formed at the back of the dairy, by means of the cow-houses, pleantry, poultry-houses, apiary, and pigeon-house, connected with a small grass paddock, and shrubs tastefully arranged.

## ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

No. V.

### COMPARISON BETWEEN GRECIAN AND ROMAN ARCHITECTURE.

WHEN the subject of architecture is referred to, and buildings are described in books, not written by persons professionally familiar with the subject, it is not an uncommon thing to find the term "Grecian architecture" applied to buildings, however far the "orders," if some of them may be so called, are removed from the peculiar characteristics of their early originals, which happily, at this day, are so greatly esteemed and carefully studied. To the Greeks, the honour of systematizing the features of architecture certainly belongs, and all deviations from these originals may be considered as varieties only of the three orders, as arranged by them; but authors, during the last century and a half, have fallen into an error of treating the subject, as though no distinction really existed between the Grecian and Roman model, or between them and some of those architectural abortions which followed the revival of the art in Italy.

Than this error nothing can be more fatal to the honour of the noble art; and the same circumstance has caused a sort of confused idea to be entertained of all that archi-

itects have thought fit to term the "orders," who, themselves appreciating the distinction, do not always perceive the reason why architecture is so little understood by many persons of taste and judgment, in comparison with their more familiar acquaintance with the sister arts of sculpture and painting; and therefore they have not sufficiently illustrated the existing difference between Grecian and Roman architecture.

The countries that have afforded the amplest, and perhaps the earliest, examples of architecture, are Egypt and Assyria; from the former of which it is reasonable to suppose the Greeks themselves obtained some knowledge of building, since we know that a course of study in Egypt was considered to be necessary to the education of their youth: indeed, there exist at this time works of art in Egypt, India, and Asia Minor, of very early antiquity, which, in their forms, bear proof that they were the precursors of the Grecian orders, however rude they are found to be in point of art or skilful execution.

It is possible, as the unbounded

riches of the eastern Asiatics enabled them to perform works of stupendous magnitude, and of excessive splendour, which were rendered still more imposing by their peculiar habits, that they lost in them the relish for those beauties and features of intellectual excellence, which distinguish the operations of the mind from those of the lever and the hand. Not so the inhabitants of the Crimea: comparatively poor, but jealous of competition, they had no sooner obtained confidence in themselves, by successes over their imperious neighbours, and obtained distinguished military renown, than they resolved to obtain a superiority by works in which extraordinary skill and imagination were to be displayed; and, long prior to the time of the greatest elevation of Athens, in the time of Pericles, they abashed the monuments of princes, and set at nought the riches of empires.

It appears that the Greeks adopted the forms and arrangements of pillars from earlier examples; and selecting the human figure as the source whence they were to derive character, qualities that should be easily recognized, and upon which they might found principles of fitness, they began to impress them on the stone itself. In the Doric column, a firm, dignified, and manly stability was obtained, as simply decorated as the Spartan warrior. In the Corinthian, a feminine elegance, lightness of form, and gay attire, were imitated. The Ionic column was a medium of these, partaking of the strength of the Doric and the elegance of the Corinthian order. This arrangement then formed what may be consi-

dered as the judicious union of extremes, and also the intermediate compound of the strong and the weak, the heavy and the light, the plain and the embellished, the grave and the gay, of architectural fitness and propriety.

The Greeks acknowledged these three orders of architecture only: two others, called so perhaps by the courtesy of art, were added by the artists of Italy, the Tuscan and the Composite; and it has been a theme of wonder to many, that no new order has been added to these five! It is, however, questionable, if the Tuscan is not merely a debasement of the Doric, and the Composite of the Corinthian: in the first it is strength made stronger, which has resolved it into clumsiness; in the latter it is lightness made something heavier, by an approximation to the Ionic, and becomes, therefore, compounded of a compound. In both instances they are merely modifications of those characteristics and qualities which constitute the essence of the Doric, the Corinthian, and the Ionic orders of Grecian architecture.

New systems of architecture may be devised, wholly unlike the Grecian, the Roman, the Gothic, and the Chinese, but to have a new order added to the Greek arrangement, is a circumstance as little expected by the architect, as was the realization of the prospect held out to painters, when an enthusiastic chemist proposed to add a fourth to the three primitive colours of nature.

Of the ancient Tuscan column, except one at Constantinople, there exist those only of Trajan and Antoninus, which are without en-

tablatures; and we are indebted to Vitruvius for our only further records of this portion of architecture. The Composite is to be found very perfect in several buildings at Rome. The proportions of the Grecian Doric and that of the Romans, are nearly as follows, according to the deductions made from their respective buildings generally:—The Grecian Doric column is nearly three-fourths of the whole height from the foot of it to the top of the entablature, and its diameter is from five and a half to a sixth of the height of the column. The Roman Doric column occupies four-fifths of this height, and its diameter is one-eighth of the altitude of the pillar. The Grecian Doric column is without a “base.” The Ionic and Corinthian more nearly correspond, but the entablatures of the Grecian are much more massy than those of the Roman; the pillar of the former being in height eight diameters, whereas in the latter it is nine diameters; and in both cases the entablature is about two diameters high. Thus it appears, that the Roman orders are composed of smaller parts, and the minutiae of them are more complicated: the consequence is, that the shadows projected are less simple, and not

so broad as those of the Greeks. They endeavoured to preserve masses of what the painters term “middle tint,” broad quantities of modified light, relieved by *piquant* depths of shadow and sparkling effects, for which the forms of the moulding were also carefully designed, which, for this purpose, were usually generated by the ellipsis, the parabola, or hyperbola—whereas the mouldings of the Roman orders are almost invariably composed of circles, either simple or compounded in equal portions from equal radii. This produced similar quantities of middle tint, light, and shadow: but the Greeks carefully avoided this sameness, and judiciously and tastefully made the middle tint to prevail distinctly; and in all their works we find a superior understanding of the principles and effects of light and shade, which are softened into each other and relieved with great skill. These, in the Roman style, are abrupt and broken, and are certainly less beautiful, and less capable of affording the charms of reflected light, than is possessed by those vestiges of Grecian art, which, by their well-studied proportions and forms, merit all the respect and veneration that can be offered to them.

## THE DOMESTIC COMMONPLACE-BOOK;

*Containing authentic Receipts and miscellaneous Information in every Branch of Domestic Economy, and of genera Utility.*

### METHOD OF DESTROYING THE INSECT THAT INJURES APPLE-TREES.

THERE is an insect, a species of the *aphis*, which eats the bark of the apple-trees so much, that it destroys the tree, and for the destruc-

tion of which many remedies have been recommended; but as the writer of this, as well as his neighbours, have applied the usual remedies in vain, he takes this mode of communicating to the public

the effectual remedy which has been discovered by Mr. Richard Knight, to destroy this insect, and which remedy there is reason to believe is not sufficiently known; because Mr. Knight's statement has hitherto appeared only in the *Philosophical Journal* of Dr. Thompson, and from which this statement is transcribed. His process is as follows:—As soon as the insect makes its appearance, which is generally early in the spring, by exuding a white flocculent cotton-like substance upon such of the rough knotty surfaces of the bark as have afforded it shelter during the winter, cut away with the pruning-knife all the dead bark from the parts affected, and then immediately cover the wounds, by means of a painter's brush, with a kind of paint composed of oil of tar and yellow ochre, mixed to the consistence of cream, and also cover such other parts as may be likely to harbour the insect, or to be subject to its attack. The effect of this operation is immediate and lasting; for the extremely pungent and penetrating property of the oil of tar is such, that it instantly penetrates through the minutest crevices and fissures of the bark, and thereby effectually destroys both insect and eggs in the most secret recesses, without, in the smallest degree, injuring the tree, and for some months it secures the parts from future attack.

The application may be made at all seasons; and by the addition of a little lamp-black, may be readily made to correspond in colour with the bark of the tree, so as not to become at all offensive to the eye. It is, indeed, so convenient a medium

of defence against the bad effects both of insects and the weather, that it should be used after the knife on all occasions.

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ON WATER; MEANS OF SELECTING SUCH AS IS SALUBRIOUS; CHARACTERS OF GOOD WATER; EASY METHOD OF CORRECTING PUMP OR HARD WATER, SO AS TO RENDER IT FIT FOR WASHING, BOILING LEGUMINOUS SEEDS, &c.

A knowledge of the general nature or salubrity of different kinds of waters employed in the common concerns of life, on account of the abundant daily use we make of them in the preparation of food, and as vehicles of drink, &c. cannot be denied to be a subject deserving general attention. By means of such a knowledge, we are enabled to select the best waters for use, and to reject such as might be hurtful to the purposes for which they are employed.

The effects produced by some of the foreign matters which water may contain, are more considerable, and of greater importance, than might at first be imagined. It cannot be denied, that hard and impure waters, or such as are loaded with earthy matter, have a decided effect upon certain functions of the animal economy. Hard waters, every body knows, increase the distressing symptoms under which those persons labour who are afflicted with what is commonly called gravel complaints; and various other ailments might be named, which are greatly aggravated by the use of waters abounding in certain saline and earthy matters, were this a subject on which we meant to speak. And, al-



though the quantity of foreign matters usually contained in those waters which we employ in common is, in general, exceedingly small, yet it cannot be denied, that a minute quantity of unwholesome matter, daily consumed, may constitute the principal cause of the difference in salubrity observable in different places; and for our own parts we are inclined to believe, that an improvement in health, induced by a change of residence, may as often be attributed to a change of water, as it is of air, or locality.

With regard to the arts and manufactures, it is well known to the dyer, that *hard* water opposes the solution of several dye stuffs; that it alters the natural tints of certain colours; and that it precipitates its earthy and saline ingredients in the fibres of the stuff, and impedes the brilliancy of the dye. The bleacher cannot use with advantage those waters which abound in earthy salts and metallic oxids, without imparting an indelible yellowish tint to the cloth. To the manufacturer of painters' colours, water as pure as possible is absolutely necessary. The paper-maker, the brewer, the malt-distiller, the calico-printer, and many other manufacturers and artists, are well aware of how much consequence it is to them, that the water which they use in the practice of their arts should be as pure as possible, or at least should not be contaminated with such principles as tend to injure the products of their arts; and hence manufactories have acquired a superiority in particular places, from the excellence of the water employed in them, and this

in general is in proportion to its purity.

Even in the culinary art, the effects of water, more or less pure, is obvious, and in some cases very striking. Good and pure water will soften the fibres of animal and vegetable matters more readily than such as is usually called hard, or impure; green esculent vegetables become less tender when boiled in *hard* than soft water. Every cook-maid knows, that dry peas and other farinaceous seeds cannot be boiled in hard water to become tender; and that the farina, or flour, of peas, lentils, or beans, never dissolves completely in hard water, that it subsides to the bottom, and that for the making of peas-soup soft water is absolutely necessary.

If a quantity of tea-leaves be infused, under circumstances all alike, in separate vessels, in hard and soft water, either hot or cold, and suffered to stand for equal times, the infusion effected by means of the soft water will have a much stronger taste than the infusion made by means of the hard water; it will strike a more intense black colour with a solution of sulphate of iron, and afford a more abundant precipitate with a solution of animal jelly; and, from this simple examination, it becomes obvious, that soft water extracts more gallic acid and more tan from the leaves of tea, than such as is hard.

The water which flows on the surface of the earth, forming wells, springs, fountains, rivers, or streams, is, however, never completely pure, distilled water being (thus speaking) considered as a standard of comparison.

GOOD WATER should be beauti-

fully transparent; a slight opacity is a certain criterion of extraneous matter. To judge of the perfect transparency of water, it should be put into a deep glass vessel, the larger the better, so that we can look down perpendicularly into a considerable mass of the fluid; for by so doing, we may discover any degree of muddiness much better than can be done if the water be viewed through the glass horizontally, or held between the eye and the place whence the direct light proceeds. It should also be perfectly colourless, devoid of odour, and its taste lively and agreeable. It should send out air-bubbles when poured from one vessel into another; it should boil pulse soft, and form with soap an uniform opaline fluid. The liability of water to spoil by long keeping in close vessels, is by no means a criterion of its disqualification for the ordinary purposes of life, as is often imagined; it merely proves the presence of organic matter. The water taken up at London bridge, at low water, holds a minute quantity of animal matter in solution, which may be detected by chemical tests, and no water becomes sooner putrid than that of the Thames. When taken for sea store, a cask filled with Thames water, after having been kept a month closed up and then opened, emits a volume of carburetted hydrogen gas, and the water is quite black, on account of a portion of carbonaceous matter, originating from the decomposition of the organic substances which it held in solution, being disengaged. The water, upon being racked off, however, into large

earthen-ware vessels, and suffered to stand exposed to the air for some time to reabsorb carbonic acid and common air, becomes beautifully clear, and is then better fitted for sea store than the best pump or well water usually met with.

To acquire a knowledge of the general nature of water does not require much address; it is only necessary to add to the water we wish to examine certain chemical reagents, or tests, and, from the phenomena which they produce, a sufficient notion may be formed of the general constitution of the water\*. Thus, if *tincture or solution of soap in alcohol*, dropped into water, produces immediately a white curdy precipitate, the water abounds in earthy salts, which are chiefly sulphate and super-carbonate of lime, and sometimes magnesian salts. Such waters are unfit for boiling peas, and all kinds of leguminous seeds, at least if they contain more than four grains of solid matter of these salts in a pint of water. They have usually a cool brisk taste, which renders them more palatable, and therefore are preferred by water-drinkers.

Hard waters may, in general, be cured by dropping into them a solution of subcarbonate of potash; or, if the hardness be owing to the presence of super-carbonate of lime only, mere boiling will remedy the defect; part of the carbonic acid flies off, and a neutral carbonate of lime falls down to the bottom: it is this that forms the stony crust, or *fur*, on the sides of the

\* These tests may be had at the chemists.

kettle in which such waters have been often boiled; but to render this water wholesome and agreeable to the palate, it ought to be exposed to the open air, in broad shallow vessels, to reabsorb a portion of carbonic acid gas and common air, which it has lost by boiling, and without which water has a vapid taste, and cannot be used as a wholesome drink.

Water which contains metallic matters, acquires a dark colour by the admixture of liquid sulphuretted hydrogen; and by this test the presence of lead has been detected in waters kept in leaden cisterns. In applying this test, it is essential that the liquid sulphuret, or water impregnated simply with sulphuretted hydrogen gas (and not a hydrosulphuret, as has been recommended), be employed, because the former does not precipitate, or indicate the presence of iron, whereas the latter does, and which metal is not injurious to health. The lead that has been found in waters, originates from the leaden cisterns, pumps, or pipes for carrying the fluid. If *ovalate of ammonia* produces an abundant white precipitate, we are sure that the water abounds in earthy salts; and if a few drops of *muriate of barytes* occasion a strong precipitate in the boiled water, we have reason to believe that the lime is combined with sulphuric acid; and from the quantity of the precipitate thus produced, when contrasted with a good soft water, a sufficient notion may be formed of the comparative goodness of the water, or of such as is fit for the ordinary purposes of domestic economy.

#### ADULTERATION OF MUSK, AND READY METHOD OF DETECTING THE FRAUD.

The substance called musk, from the high price which it bears, is often adulterated: and although the fraud may be detected by chemical agencies, it is usually presumed by perfumers, that there is no criterion to be depended upon to ascertain the purity or genuineness of this article, except that of comparing it with specimens known to be genuine. The following observations will therefore, it is presumed, be deemed not superfluous to guard against fraud.

There are two sorts of musk distinguished in commerce; the one is inclosed in the bags, the other is extracted, and each of them is again subdivided, according to the countries from which they are brought: hence arises the Tonquin or East Indian musk, and the Muscovy or Persian musk. The Tonquin bags have usually small brownish hairs upon them; the Persian large white ones. The former are considered the best; but the difference seems to be in reality only in the quantity, and not in the quality, the thinner and lighter bags containing more in proportion to their weight than the others. The articles and method employed for adulterating the contents of the bags, it is not necessary to state, but the genuineness of the contents of the bag may be discriminated by a lens. If the bags be opened, and the contents be examined by a magnifying lens, a multitude of minute filaments will be seen, some of which are whitish, others reddish, united

transversely in the *genuine musk*. The sophisticated bags represent only a homogeneous mass, or a species of paste; but there are none of the filaments to be seen. The genuine musk has an unctuous feel, is of a dark reddish brown colour, has a very bitter taste and strong aromatic smell, and is soluble in sulphuric and nitrous acid. Adulterated musk, on the contrary, is rather harsh to the touch; it is crumbly, and soon becomes dry; and its colour is a more intense black.

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EASY METHOD OF GILDING SILVER  
WITHOUT HEAT, BY MERE FRIC-  
TION, WITH MINUTELY DIVIDED  
METALLIC GOLD.

Dip some common linen rags into a concentrated solution of muriate of gold; suffer the rags to dry, and then set them on fire. The gold with which they were impregnated, becomes thus reduced

to the metallic state, and combined with the charcoal of the rags. To use this powder, which therefore consists of fine divided metallic gold and charcoal, take a soft sound cork, moisten it with a little water, and dip it into the powder, to cause part of it to adhere to the cork, and then rub it forcibly, by means of the cork, on the surface of the silver, which should be perfectly clean and polished. The silver will then become covered with an extremely thin coating of metallic gold, the colour and brilliancy of which may be heightened by burnishing: and it is a singular fact, that the particles of gold, by simple mechanical means, can thus be made to adhere to the surface of the silver, and so intimately as to form but one substance. The charcoal powder serves merely to render the application of the particles of gold more manageable.—See ACCUM'S *Chemical Amusement*.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.



### THE SEVEN INFANTS OF LARA.

THE year 986 of the Christian era will be ever memorable in Spanish history for the cruel death of the seven illustrious brothers, who were commonly called the Seven Infants of Lara. They became the victims of the revenge and treachery of their maternal uncle, Don Ruy Velasquez, whose sister Dona Sancha had married. Don Gonzalez Gustio, lord of Sala de Lara. This illustrious couple had seven sons, known by the name of the Seven Infants of Lara; distinguish-

ed even in that chivalrous age for the heroism of their deeds, and still more known to posterity from the manner of their deaths.

The noble deeds of these illustrious brothers entitled them at a very early age to the honour of knighthood, and they accordingly received it from the hands of their grandfather, Don Garcias Fernandez, who conferred this honour upon the seven brothers on the same day, with all the rude pomp of the times. Shortly afterwards,

Don Ruy Velasquez, lord of Bilarran, solicited and obtained the hand of the beautiful Dona Lambra, of the noble and illustrious family of Brivesca, who was distantly allied to the house of Lara. The marriage was celebrated at Burgos with the greatest possible magnificence. The days were consumed in tournaments, and the nights in balls and feasting. Nearly all the nobility of Spain were present, and among others the seven brothers and their father. It chanced that the youngest of the seven brothers had a trifling dispute with Don Alvar Sanches, a relation of Dona Lambra, but the quarrel was speedily made up, and harmony apparently restored: however, the proud and vindictive spirit of Dona Lambra was so wounded by what had passed, that she cherished from that moment the most deadly hatred against the youthful Don Gonzalez, whose quarrel with her kinsman she regarded as an insult offered to herself. The young knight and his brothers, who thought no more of the affair, testified their respect for the bride by accompanying her as far as the little town of Baladillo; and at this place her resentment got so far the better of her prudence, that she ordered one of her slaves to throw upon the garment of Don Gonzalez, a cucumber dipped in blood, which was considered at that time as the grossest insult that could be offered to any person. The slave, as soon as he had performed the orders of his mistress, fled from the presence of the enraged Don Gonzalez, who pursued him with the rapidity of lightning, and came up with him at the moment that he en-

tered the presence of Dona Sancha. She, perceiving that the knight had his sword drawn, opened her arms to the slave, who rushed into them, thinking to save himself from the wrath of Don Gonzalez; but the young knight, suspecting that the slave had acted by the order of Dona Sancha, was resolved that even her arms should not protect the miscreant, whose offence, according to the usages of those times, could be only washed away by his blood, and he stabbed him to the heart.

Don Ruy Velasquez, the husband of this implacable woman, was at that time absent from her on business of great importance; but passionately fond of his young and lovely bride, he hastened back to her with all a lover's impatience. She received him with evident traces of grief and discontent in her countenance, and when pressed to reveal the cause, inveighed against the insolence and brutality of the young Gonzalez, whose conduct she painted in colours that might have inflamed a more just and temperate mind than that of Don Ruy, who was in truth the counterpart of his wife. He besought her to compose herself, and to be assured, that the whole family of Lara should rue the hour in which one of its members dared affront her; at the same time he observed they must act with caution, lest the deep and deadly revenge which he meditated might fail. These monsters then laid a plan to revenge the supposed affront offered to them, by the death of the seven illustrious brothers, six of whom were wholly innocent of any offence towards them.

Don Ruy, knowing the valour of the infants, durst not attack them openly, and even the intriguing genius of the malignant Dona Lambra was for some time at a loss how to satiate her vengeance with the blood of the illustrious brothers: at last it was determined to remove their father, Don Gonzalez Gustio, who was one of the greatest obstacles to their design. Accordingly Don Ruy engaged him to go to Cordova, to demand from the Moorish king a considerable sum of money which he owed to him. Don Gonzalez Gustio readily undertook to procure the money, and set out for Cordova accordingly, unconscious that the letters with which he was charged from his perfidious kinsman to the king, contained the most pressing solicitations to that prince to put the bearer secretly to death. Whether from compassion for the noble Spaniard now in the decline of life, or from motives of policy, we cannot say, but it is certain that the king did not comply with the desire of the cruel and treacherous Don Ruy. He had not, however, magnanimity enough to discover to Don Gonzalez the snare laid for him, and send him back, as he ought to have done, to his family: he imprisoned him, but treated him at the same time with great humanity; in short, he suffered him to want nothing but his liberty.

The heroic deeds of Don Gonzalez Gustio were well known in the court of the Moorish king, and the sister of that monarch conceived a great desire to see him. Though in the decline of life, the person of Don Gonzalez was still

eminently handsome, and his manly graces, aided by his polished and courteous manners, made a sensible impression on the heart of the fair infidel, who promised to interest herself in procuring him his liberty. Under this pretext she visited him several times, but she soon became too much enamoured of him, to take any steps towards procuring him that liberty which he would use to return immediately to his family. We shall not detail the seductions with which this lovely infidel assailed the hitherto virtuous and irreproachable Don Gonzalez; suffice it to say, that he forgot his conjugal faith, and that the princess bore him a son, called Don Mudarra Gonzalez, the founder of the family of the Mauriques, one of the most illustrious in Spain.

Don Ruy Velasquez, in the meantime, was ill satisfied to find that half his vengeance was defeated by the clemency of the Moorish monarch; and he resolved, at whatever hazard, to satisfy his thirst for vengeance, by the death of the seven brothers. He spoke publicly of his intention to invade the Moors, and the seven brothers, as he hoped and expected, directly offered him their services. He saw with a fiend-like delight the avidity with which these noble youths ran into the snare he had laid for their destruction; for he had prepared an ambuscade near Almenara, in the plains of Araviana, at the foot of the mountains of Moncaye. He concealed in this ambuscade so great a number of Moors, that it was impossible for the infants to escape their swords; and the brothers, delighted with what they thought so

favourable an opportunity to signalize themselves, pressed him eagerly to begin his expedition.

Their tutor, Nuno Salido, who still continued to reside in their family, was by no means satisfied with their undertaking this expedition, and used every means to dissuade them from it; he represented to them the well known revengeful spirit of their kinsman Don Ruy: but they, who judged the hearts of others by their own, believed, that whatever differences had existed between the young Don Gonzalez and the Count Velasquez, they were forgotten and forgiven as cordially by the latter as by the former. When the tutor found that they would not listen to aught against Don Ruy Valasquez, he endeavoured to work upon their tenderness for himself; he represented to them, that he had an unaccountable foreboding that they were doomed to perish in this expedition, and he besought them with tears and entreaties to relinquish it for his sake. Though fondly attached to him, they could not resolve to commit an action which they thought would stain their honour; and the aged tutor, finding all his entreaties vain, resolved to share their fate whatever it might be, and set out with them, full of a secret presentiment, that neither he nor they would ever return.

Full of hope and confidence, the valiant brothers put themselves at the head of two hundred horsemen, and set forward on their expedition. They speedily fell into the ambuscade laid for them, and, to their astonishment, found themselves surrounded on all sides by the Moors. Surprised, but not dis-

mayed, they charged the enemy vigorously, resolving, since they saw that death was inevitable, to sell their lives as dearly as possible. The infidels, whose object it was to take them alive, called to them repeatedly to surrender in vain. Death appeared to these heroic youths a thousand times preferable to falling alive into the hands of the Moors; so disgraceful a captivity would, they thought, for ever sully their past exploits, and they continued to deal destruction on their opponents, till, covered with wounds and overcome by numbers, they sank lifeless upon the field of battle, and with them perished their faithful Nuno.

The barbarous infidels cut off their heads, which they sent to Cordova to the king. No present could have been more acceptable to the monarch, to whose territories the valiant brothers had been a perpetual scourge; but what a dreadful sight was it for the unfortunate Don Gonzalez Gustio, to whom the king had the barbarity to send the heads, disfigured as they were, in order to ascertain that they really were those of the brothers! The grief of the wretched father was so excessive, that it touched even the savage heart of the royal Moor, who set him at liberty.

Don Gonzalez made use of his freedom to return to his disconsolate wife, with whom he proposed to wear out the remnant of his days in perpetual lamentations for his lost sons; but the justice of Providence raised them an unexpected avenger in the person of Don Mudarra, the son of Don Gonzalez by the Moorish princess.

This boy discovered, even from his infant years, a spirit worthy of the illustrious house of Lara; and no sooner had he attained the age of fourteen, than his solicitations prevailed upon his mother to send him to Don Gonsalez Gustio. He received with joy a youth whose dauntless spirit pointed him out, even at that early age, as a proper person to avenge the treachery of Don Ruy Velasquez; nor did many years elapse before that monster suffered the punishment due to his crimes. Don Mudarra stabbed him with his own hand; he also caused the guilty Dona Lambra to be stoned to death, and afterwards had her body burned, and her ashes scattered in the air. Dona Sancha, the mother of the infants, was so well pleased with the zeal which Mudarra shewed in revenging his

deceased brothers, as well as with his noble and daring spirit, that she adopted him as her son; and thus gave him a legal right to inherit the wealth of his father, as well as the large estates of her own family, which afterwards centered in him. The manner in which children were then adopted is sufficiently characteristic of the barbarism of the age: there was a large shirt made for the purpose, through the sleeve of which the adopted son passed, and came out at the collar. The day on which Don Mudarra went through this singular ceremony, he received the distinction of knighthood from the hands of the Count of Castille, Don Garcia Fernandez; and his conduct, during the remainder of his life, was such as did honour to the illustrious house from which he sprang.

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#### SIR JAMES CALDWELL.

SIR JAMES CALDWELL, a gentleman of Ireland, when very young, on his tour through Europe passed some time at Toulouse, and during his stay there often amused himself with catching small birds. As he was known to be a subject of Great Britain, with which France was then at war, he was observed to go out every morning very early, and ramble about near the walls, followed by a little boy; and as he appeared frequently to make use of paper and pencil, the magistrates, alarmed by these dangerous appearances, concluded that Sir James was contriving their destruction, or at least taking a plan of their town. Their town, indeed, was not fortified; a circumstance which, perhaps, in the confusion of

their fears, they might forget, or, if they did not, some other mischief might be perpetrated against it by a heretic, armed with paper and pencil, and followed by a boy who might assist in his design, without sufficiently knowing it to make a discovery. It was therefore resolved that he should be taken into custody, searched, and examined. This was accordingly done; and in his pockets they found sufficient evidences of his guilt. They found a drawing, a great number of cards inscribed with unintelligible names, and a manuscript, entitled *Le Ciel ouvert à tout le Monde*. The drawings they supposed to be a plan of Toulouse, wickedly taken with a view to assist the English in their designs to



enter a place, which, like Heaven, was open to all men; the names they imagined to have some mysterious reference to the plan; and by the book, they concluded that Sir James was not only their enemy, but the enemy of all good Christians: for what could be more pernicious than to unlock Heaven without the key of St. Peter, and admit a motley rabble of Jews, Turks, and infidels?

With all these marks of atrocious guilt upon his head, he was committed to the state prison, and verbal process was exhibited against him. He came prepared for his defence with a very uncommon apparatus, a birding-net and an English dictionary: by the help of these he was able to prove, that the supposed plan was no other than the drawing of the net, and that the mysterious words were the English names of a great variety of birds that had been caught. They were now so much ashamed of the absurdity into which they had been betrayed by their zeal for the city of Toulouse, that they totally deserted the cause of Chris-

tianity, and said no more of the horrid doctrine that was taught in the book. This book, which has since been translated and published in England, had been lent to Sir James by a president of the parliament of Toulouse, who, when he heard that Sir James had been taken into custody, found means to entreat, by letter, that he would not discover of whom he had it; and it was happy for him that no questions were asked. It is, however, but justice to the magistrates to add, that however absurd their suspicions might be, their behaviour was humane and polite. Sir James was not taken into custody till he was sitting down to supper; and orders were given, that the lamps between his lodgings and the prison should not be lighted, that the chairs which were sent for him and his servants, attended by guards, might be less seen. They lodged him in the same apartments that the Duke of Montmorency went out of to be beheaded, and he was elegantly entertained at the king's expense.

SOMERSET.

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## MISCELLANIES.

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### THE CONFLICT, OR LOVE AND GRATITUDE.

LADY CHILLINGWORTH became at the age of twenty-five one of the loveliest widows in England, and as it was supposed that motives of prudence rather than affection induced her to wed Lord Chillingworth, it was expected that she would soon make a second choice. As soon as decency would permit her to listen to their overtures, she

was assailed by a number of suitors, whose importunities did not cease when she declared against a second marriage; on the contrary, the major part redoubled their solicitations, nothing daunted by her declared preference of widowhood, which excited the laughter of some, the wonder of others, and the disbelief of all.

Fifteen years passed, however, without any change in the resolution of our widow, who was at forty still blooming and beautiful enough to divide the attention of the male sex with her daughter Cecilia, a very lovely girl of eighteen, who was her ladyship's pride and delight. It was in fact solely for her sake that Lady Chillingworth remained unmarried: her deceased husband had been of opinion, that the riches of a family should centre in its heir; and in spite of the entreaties of his wife, he left an immense sum, which was at his disposal, to his son, while he bequeathed to Cecilia only five thousand pounds. Owing perhaps in some degree to this partial disposal of his property, Cecilia became exclusively the object of her mother's affections; and as the children grew up, the difference of their dispositions still farther alienated her affections from her son, who was of a cold, selfish temper, and who shewed even in his childish days strong symptoms of the avarice which afterwards marked his character. The disposition of Cecilia, on the contrary, was open, generous, and affectionate, but romantic and credulous to excess. Totally unused to any exertion of maternal authority, she knew not what it was to submit to the will of her mother, and heard Lady Chillingworth with equal consternation and surprise express her pleasure at receiving proposals for her from Captain Mortimer.

"My dearest mother," cried Cecilia, "I never can marry him!"

"Indeed!" replied her ladyship with extreme displeasure; "and what are your objections?"

Cecilia's only answer was her tears. "My dear child," cried the fond mother, softening at the sight of the daughter's distress, "I know your affections are disengaged, and had I power to chuse a husband for you from all mankind, my choice would fall on Mortimer: surely then my Cecilia will not, through mere childish caprice, oppose my will in the first instance it has ever been peremptorily exerted."

Cecilia pressed her mother's hand to her lips, but remained silent; and Lady Chillingworth, moved by her evident distress, urged the matter no farther, but embracing her, desired she would endeavour to compose herself, and retired.

Composure, however, had fled from the bosom of poor Cecilia, whose youth and inexperience had been basely taken advantage of by the woman placed about her person by her mother. This woman, a native of France, and of the meanest extraction, had a cousin, a young man of handsome person and specious manners: he had been artfully introduced by her to Miss Chillingworth, as the son of a French marquis in whose family she had formerly resided; and a tale was trumped up, of his having quitted France to avoid a forced marriage. We have said Cecilia was naturally romantic: this young man of course appeared to her an interesting object; and her mother's dislike to foreigners and general reserve to strangers, made her agree to Jeannette's desires, that the young marquis's condescension in coming to see her might be kept a secret. It happened, as if by accident, that the marquis always came when Lady Chillingworth

worth was out or engaged, and without entering into a detail of the artifices used to impose on the credulous Cecilia, suffice it to say, that she was by degrees entangled in a private correspondence with the supposed marquis.

Miss Chillingworth's first impulse when her mother had quitted her, was to reveal her secret to a female friend to whom she was tenderly attached, and who was shortly to be united to her brother, but Jeannette prevailed upon her to see the marquis before she came to any resolution; and he artfully worked upon her feelings, by representing the certain opposition which his family as well as Lady Chillingworth would make to their being united; and feigned so much grief and despair at the thought of losing her, that, in an evil hour, the unfortunate Cecilia was prevailed upon to elope with him to Scotland.

What a death-blow was this step to the hopes of her doating mother! Grief and indignation produced a fever upon her spirits, under which she would most probably have sunk but for the tender attentions of her son's intended bride, who took the first opportunity that Lady Chillingworth's returning health gave her, to plead for the unfortunate fugitive; but her ladyship sternly interrupted her--"I have no daughter now, Sophia," said she, "but yourself; it is from you that I must seek for consolation for the misconduct of that wretched girl who has disgraced her family and herself: but I charge you, as you value my affection, never mention her name to me; I have solemnly and for ever renounced her, and

any attempt to plead for her, will draw down my resentment upon yourself, and increase my hatred towards her."

Sophia shuddered, but she was obliged to obey. Lord Chillingworth, to whom she communicated what had passed, affected to deplore her ill success, but he was inwardly rejoiced at it. He had always been jealous of the influence which Cecilia possessed over his mother, and his avaricious disposition prompted him to seize this opportunity to secure, if possible, the large sum which Lady Chillingworth had accumulated from her jointure, as well as the five thousand which had been left to Miss Chillingworth on condition that she married with her mother's approbation.

Let us turn our thoughts to poor Cecilia, who had soon the mortification of discovering the cheat put upon her by the pretended marquis, who was outrageous when he found that it was in the power of her mother to withhold her fortune. Policy induced him, however, to treat his victim with some degree of decency for a few months, till finding her mother continue inexorable, he threw off the mask, and convinced the wretched Cecilia, that she had united herself to a man totally destitute of honour and humanity. The birth of a beautiful little girl had no effect in softening his temper, and his wife and infant would actually have wanted bread, but for the benevolence of Sophia, who divided her pin-money, which was all that her avaricious husband left at her disposal, with her sister-in-law.

Cecilia endeavoured as much as possible to conceal the ill treatment

she received from her unworthy husband, whom we shall call D'Arville, but his death, which happened soon after the birth of her little girl, freed her from a cruel tyrant, and opened to her a prospect of reconciliation with her mother. This hope enabled her for five years to struggle with her misfortunes; at the expiration of that time Lady Chillingworth died—died without forgiving her. The shock was too great for her broken constitution to support; she sunk under it, beseeching her brother, in a letter dictated almost in her last moments, to take upon himself the care of his orphan niece.

The disorder of which the dowager Lady Chillingworth died, was contagious, and her daughter-in-law, who attended her with unwearied humanity, became a martyr to her pious cares; she recovered indeed from the fever, but died shortly afterwards in a decline: and it was a few days after that event had taken place, that the little Cecilia and her nurse arrived at the splendid mansion of Lord Chillingworth. Nothing could be more unwelcome to his lordship than his unfortunate sister's bequest: engrossed by avarice and ambition, he was enveloped in political speculations, and had lost even the small share of humanity which he originally possessed. Captain Mortimer, now become a colonel, happened to be with him at the moment that the little Cecilia and her nurse were announced. The colonel had for some time been married, but though his love for Cecilia was long extinct, he could not behold her child, the infant resemblance of herself, without emotions of the

tenderest pity; and this sensation was heightened by the manner in which her uncle received her. After coldly observing, that she was not in the least like her mother, he ordered her nurse to take her into another room, while he read the letter once more, as he began, he said, to entertain some doubts of her identity.

“Good Heaven!” said Colonel Mortimer, who restrained himself with difficulty till the nurse was out of hearing, “surely, my lord, you cannot be serious! A single glance at the countenance of that lovely infant is sufficient to prove its relationship to your sister.”

“In your eye colonel the resemblance may be striking, but I own that I cannot perceive it. However, when the affair has been properly examined into, if I find the child is really the daughter of that unfortunate woman, why I shall certainly do something for her.”

“Something for her!” repeated the colonel in an indignant tone; “so I should suppose, my lord: the child of an only sister bequeathed you in a way so solemn and affecting, ought to be regarded as your own.”

“All these fine romantic flights are very well in novels or on the stage, colonel, but you will not find any man, at least any man of common sense, in real life, who has three children of his own, ready to sacrifice their interests by placing on the same footing with them, a girl born under such disgraceful circumstances. Even if she is really my niece, which I have some doubts of, all that she can in justice to my own family expect, is a plain, decent education, and a por-

tion of a few hundreds, or a small annuity for life."

"No, my lord," cried the colonel, "the child of Cecilia Chillingworth shall not, while I have a home to shelter her, deprive your lordship's sons of a few hundreds, or the sum necessary to purchase a small annuity. Little indeed could I imagine, that your lordship would think of making such a contemptible provision for the child of a sister, who ought, in justice, to inherit some portion at least of that wealth which was her mother's right."

Whether it was the matter or the manner that offended the noble peer, we cannot decide, but offended he was to such a degree, that he protested if the colonel presumed to interfere farther in the business, he should renounce the brat for ever: a threat which the colonel answered only by ordering his carriage, and taking the brat and the nurse home with him to his wife; a lovely young woman, who was so old-fashioned that she appeared to take literally the words, man and wife are one flesh, since she saw with the colonel's eyes, heard with his ears, and entered so completely into his feelings on all occasions, that they appeared entirely her own. She gave the little orphan a motherly reception, and knowing that her husband was not the best economist in the world, and that his estates were entailed, she determined to bestow such an education upon the little Cecilia, as would render her in some degree independent of the caprice of fortune.

In about a year after they had taken Cecilia under their protec-

tion, Mrs. Mortimer found herself, for the first time, likely to become a mother. The happiness which this circumstance gave the colonel was of short duration; his amiable wife expired in giving birth to a daughter, just as his *protégée* had attained her seventh year. The sensibility which the child displayed upon this occasion, endeared her still more to the colonel, whose grief for Mrs. Mortimer was excessive, and who always retained too tender a remembrance of her to make a second choice. Knowing what her wishes had been respecting the education of Cecilia, he endeavoured to fulfil them, and at the age of seventeen her beauty and accomplishments justified his partial boast, that she was one of the loveliest and cleverest girls in England, as well as one of the best. Never was gratitude more fervent than in the heart of Cecilia, who loved her benefactor with an affection truly filial, and endeavoured to shew her sense of his goodness, by the most assiduous attention to the education of his little motherless Emily.

The establishment of Cecilia was, next to the welfare of his own child, the object nearest to the heart of Mortimer: he had not forgotten, however, the melancholy fate of her mother, and he determined to allow her the most perfect freedom of choice. She had attained her twenty-second year without receiving any proposal which he much wished her to accept, and he began to fear lest his death should leave her slenderly provided for. These fears, however, he confined to his own breast, and Cecilia, happy in the enjoyment

of domestic pleasures, and fully occupied in finishing the education of Emily, now turned of fifteen, did not conceive that love could bestow upon her a bliss beyond what she enjoyed.

The return of Sir Charles Delworth, the son of an old and intimate friend of Mr. Mortimer, from a continental tour, proved to Cecilia, that she had been mistaken. It was soon evident to the penetrating eye of Mortimer, that her charms had made a serious impression on the heart of the young baronet: no discovery could have been more agreeable to him, for Sir Charles was in every respect unexceptionable; and the timid glance, the averted eye, and the bright suffusion which flushed the cheek of Cecilia at his approach, convinced the colonel, that he was not likely to be an unsuccessful suitor. Mr. Mortimer now thought all his cares for the happiness of his adopted daughter over; but occupied solely with his observations on her and Sir Charles, he did not perceive, that a passion, destructive of her repose, had taken possession of the innocent heart of his Emily. This sweet girl still retained in her form and manners all the playful graces of childhood; and Delworth, whose attentions to Cecilia were often repressed by the fear of appearing presuming, feeling himself under no restraint with Emily, treated her with a playful and affectionate familiarity, which insensibly gained an interest in her heart. Emily called it friendship, and would perhaps long have thought it so, had not her eyes been opened to the nature of her feelings, by a conversation she ac-

identally overheard between Sir Charles and the colonel, in which the latter proposed for Cecilia. The effect of this stroke upon the heart of a young girl of exquisite sensibility, may be better conceived than described; and when her friend, with cheeks glowing and eyes sparkling with pleasure, came to make her a sharer in her happiness, she found her pale, motionless, and drowned in tears. Terrified at her situation, Cecilia obliged her immediately to retire to bed, and seating herself by the side of the poor sufferer, endeavoured to discover to what circumstance so sudden a change could be owing. Too innocent to dissemble, the very pains which Emily took to hide her secret, betrayed it; and Cecilia saw with horror, that the happiness of which she had so fondly anticipated the possession, must be built upon the destruction of her friend's peace. Poor Cecilia knew not on what to resolve: at one moment she hoped that time and the indifference of Sir Charles would restore Emily to tranquillity; and the next, she reproached herself for her ingratitude in hesitating an instant to ensure the peace of Miss Mortimer by the destruction of her own hopes. The conflict was severe, but friendship and gratitude triumphed, and she signified to the colonel a wish to decline the addresses of Sir Charles.

The astonishment of Mr. Mortimer was extreme, and for the first time he was seriously displeased with his darling. "Why, this is downright coquetry," cried he indignantly; "you gave me no intimation of this kind when I acquainted you with Sir Charles's

proposals; nay, I could have staked my existence, that you loved him: if, however, he has given you any cause to change your opinion, if you have reason to believe him unworthy"—

"Oh, no!" interrupted the sobbing Cecilia, "I think him the best and most honourable of men."

"And yet you refuse his addresses?"

Cecilia sunk at his feet: "My father! my benefactor!" cried she, "in all things else do with me what you please; but do not compel me to give my hand to a man with whom I never can be happy."

"God forbid!" cried the benevolent colonel, taking her words in a literal sense; "if I have been mistaken, if you do not love him, there is an end of the matter."

Our poor Cecilia had still a severe trial to go through: her rejection of Sir Charles, though it gave new life to the hopes of Emily, did but little towards fulfilling them. Cecilia saw that her sacrifice was but half complete, and that if she would secure the happiness of Emily, she must prevent Sir Charles from discontinuing his visits. Will not our fair readers appreciate her heroism as highly as we do, when we tell them, that for more than two years she laboured incessantly, but cautiously, to call Sir Charles's attention to the charms and the talents of Emily; who, unconscious of the preference which Cecilia gave the baronet, attributed her altered looks, caused by nights spent in tears, to ill health, and devoted herself to her comfort with the most amiable solicitude?

To this solicitude it was probably owing, in the first instance, that Emily, whom he had hitherto regarded merely as a beautiful child, struck Sir Charles as possessing a degree of feeling and sensibility beyond her years; every day she appeared more interesting in his eyes, and at the end of the time we have mentioned, he offered her his hand, and the last great trial of Cecilia was to witness their marriage.

In a few days after it had been celebrated, Colonel Mortimer, who had for some time penetrated into the motives of Cecilia's conduct, proposed to accompany her on a continental tour. Her health was his ostensible reason, but there was something in his manner, which, without wounding the delicacy of Cecilia, convinced her, that her secret was discovered, and the greatness of her sacrifice properly appreciated. Say, ye few grateful and generous hearts, who are capable of immolating your tenderest feelings on the altar of gratitude, was she not rewarded?

In less than two years the colonel and his *protégée* returned to England. Cecilia had conquered her passion, and recovered her health and bloom, but she still continues unmarried, and witnessing the happiness of her friends the Delworths, and smoothing the downhill of life to her revered benefactor, she enjoys that pure and solid happiness, which must always, in well-regulated minds, spring from the performance of our duties.

## HISTORY OF LANCELOT LITTLEWIT.

THE hero of our tale was distinguished, even from his infancy, for qualities which render a man easy and pleasant to live with, but which are of no use to him in pushing his fortune in life. He was the second son of an eminent pawnbroker, who rose in the world solely by the strictest attention to the old proverb, "a penny saved is a penny gained," a maxim which he took every opportunity of impressing upon the minds of his two sons. The eldest, a plodding stupid boy, entered readily into his father's ideas, and soon became his favourite; but Lancelot, who was of a lively and thoughtless disposition, could not be made to comprehend the importance of the old saw which was always in his father's mouth; and from the time the old man discovered his son's incapacity to appreciate properly the wisdom of his favourite axiom, he set him down for a stupid blockhead, who would never make his way in the world.

As old Littlewit's ideas were exceedingly confined, he considered that having his children taught to read and write was giving them education enough; for, as he said, he never knew any body get rich by *learning*. It happened that a distant relation of his, who had himself received a tolerable education, and who was of a liberal turn, took a fancy to Lancelot, and, finding that he really possessed some genius, he soon contrived to give him a smattering of science: a circumstance which turned out very unlucky for poor Lancelot, who speedily became so enamoured of

the Muses, that he paid no attention to any thing else; and his father having one day detected him perusing Virgil, when he ought to have been employed in studying Cocker's *Arithmetic*, declared, in a rage, that he was an incorrigible idiot, who never would make his way in the world.

As the old gentleman, however, had some sense of the duty of a parent, he made two or three attempts to reform his son; but finding the young man incorrigible, he speedily desisted from throwing away his time, because it was a maxim of his never to lose any thing, and while he was arguing with his ungracious boy he might be turning the penny. Accordingly Lancelot was suffered to go on as he liked, and he passed his time very much to his own satisfaction in the perusal of the best authors; but these happy days had a speedy termination: old Mr. Littlewit died, and bequeathed his whole fortune, amounting to forty thousand pounds, to his eldest son. We should, however, except one shilling which he left to Lancelot, assigning as a reason for it in his will, that it would be of no use to give more to a man who had not sense enough ever to make his way in the world.

This unexpected and severe blow would have totally sunk the spirits of some men, but it had little effect upon Lancelot. He was then very young, not much more than twenty, and that, it must be confessed, is not the age of prudence or reflection. "Common justice," thought he, "will induce my bro-



ther to bestow upon me some small share of our father's property, and very little indeed will suffice to enable me to enjoy retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books." He was, however, mistaken with regard to his brother. "'Tis a shame," said he, "that you should have lived in idleness so long, and it is high time for you to exert yourself to earn a living: if I saw that you were industrious, I might be willing to assist you; and, as I want a clerk, if you chuse to renounce idleness and apply strictly to business, I'll give you thirty pounds a year and your board."

Lancelot rejected this *fraternal* proposal with contempt; and his brother, in consequence, told all their mutual friends, that he had done every thing in his power to save him from ruin, but it was to no purpose, for he was idle, obstinate, and conceited; in short, he was decidedly a man who would never make his way in the world.

The old bachelor who had taken upon himself the care of Lancelot's education had died a short time before, leaving his favourite all he possessed: the sum was, however, too small to be of any real use to him, and every day diminished it. How to dispose of himself now became an object of poor Lancelot's serious contemplation. He had for some time been much enamoured with Miss Parmesan, the daughter of an eminent cheesemonger in his neighbourhood, and had celebrated her perfections in more than one sonnet to Celia, which was her poetic appellation. From her gracious reception of his sonnets, as well as her general behaviour, Lancelot had reason to

believe his fair Celia looked upon him with a favourable eye: it was true that she had never owned her predilection, but she always declared she hated coquetry; that she thought a woman must be devoid of delicacy who accepted any man's attentions, and suffered him to dangle after her, if she did not mean to reward his passion; that, for her part, she thought such behaviour unpardonable. Besides these sentiments, which were strongly in his favour, since she appeared to receive his attentions with pleasure, she frequently declaimed against mercenary wedlock, and protested she would have a man whom she loved, if he had not a shilling in the world. Lancelot had no doubt that this charming disinterested creature would rejoice in an opportunity of proving the purity and sincerity of her love, and he resolved to devote the remainder of his life to her and the Muses. Accordingly he lost no time in making proposals in form to his fair mistress, who listened to his raptures with a degree of coolness which mortified him not a little. When he had ended, she assured him she was very sensible of the honour he did her, but her fortune would depend in some measure upon her papa; and she was certain he would never consent to her marriage with any man who had neither property nor talents to make his way in the world.

Lancelot bore this disappointment with great good humour, for he consoled himself with the reflection, that if he had lost a rich wife, it was pretty clear he had not lost a good one: but it was

absolutely necessary to do something immediately; and Lancelot deliberated so long upon what that something should be, that he had changed his last guinea, and, what was worse, got considerably in debt, before he was able to make choice of a profession: at last he determined to turn author. No sooner did his creditors hear that he had formed this resolution, than they hastened to arrest him, being certain, as they said, that if they waited to be paid from the produce of his brain, they would never get their money, for the trade of an author was the last any man would chuse who had a mind to make his way in the world. Shut up in his little apartment in the King's Bench, poor Lancelot had leisure enough to woo the Muses; but they, like mortal *belles*, did not appear inclined to extend their favours to a child of poverty; and, though he laboured incessantly, he could not produce any poetic effusion which promised, even in his own partial opinion, to procure him a wreath of bays, or, what was much more important, a little ready money.

Driven thus from the field of poetry, Lancelot determined to try his talents in prose composition; and accordingly he composed two essays, the one grave, the other humorous, which he determined to send to a bookseller of eminence: but as he had formed an acquaintance with a gentleman in the Bench, who appeared to be of a literary turn, he wished first to have his opinion of them.

"I like the style of this light essay very much," cried his friend, after he had perused it, "but it

won't answer any purpose to write essays now; they are things that nobody reads. I have something in my head, though, that I think might be of service to you: take no step in this business before to-morrow; and if you will come and breakfast with me, I think we shall be able to arrange a plan for our mutual advantage."

This conversation raised Lancelot's spirits very high, and he waited for the next day with great impatience. The smile with which his friend received him argued well. "I have thoroughly digested my plan," cried he, "and I think I shall be able to put a tolerable sum in your pocket. You must know that I have in my possession a few facts relative to a certain great man, you understand me, a nice little bit of scandal. I will find incident, you shall find language; and I think we may vamp up a couple of volumes, which I shall publish under some striking title as my own work. I shall advertise it as containing the Secret Memoirs of ———. Leave the public to guess at the dashes and stars, for we must take care of the law you know; I'll answer for it the thing will sell, and we shall divide the profits."

"I must beg to be excused," cried Lancelot; "I never will consent to such a prostitution of the few talents with which Heaven has endowed me. A highwayman is an honourable character compared to authors of this description. How could I in conscience attempt to blacken the private character of a man of whom I know nothing? You say you are in possession of facts; but even so, what right?"

“I see,” cried his friend, interrupting him, “that we have completely misunderstood each other; I took you for a man who knew the world. Conscience, indeed! who the deuce ever heard of a man without a shilling in his pocket, refuse such an offer on account of his conscience? Why, sir, you could not have appeared more alarmed if I had asked you to commit murder. I am very sorry for you, for I see plainly you are one who will never make his way in the world.”

Lancelot wished the gentleman good morning, and hastened to send his essays to the bookseller, who was pleased with his style, and sincerely compassionated his situation. With a degree of philanthropy which did him honour, he advanced the money necessary

to liberate Lancelot, on condition of being repaid from the produce of his literary labours; a condition to which poor Littlewit joyfully subscribed. He immediately set about the work proposed to him, with equal industry and pleasure; and though he is never likely to acquire any great portion of either fame or fortune, yet his literary labours furnish him with the decent comforts of life. Though poor, he is contented; and when the labour of the day is over, and he sits of an evening enjoying a social hour with those few friends whose regard has been proof against the chilling influence of misfortune, he does not regret being one of those who never make their way in the world.

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### COGITATIONS OF JOANNES SCRIBLERUS.

’Tis this that causes and foment the evil,  
And gives us pleasure mixt with pain.—R. WYNE.

AMONG the many wise sayings which we are constantly in the habit of taking upon trust, perhaps there is not one more devoid of truth than that common-place opinion, “that the marriage state is either a life of unalloyed happiness or of the most extreme misery; and that every other state in which we are involved, has its chances and changes of fortune, save that which, of all others, is most dependent on circumstances for both extremes of human feeling.” All our professions and employments, say the supporters of the doctrine of happiness or misery in the married life, have their sweets and bitters variously and in turns allotted them; and shall

the wedded state, a state of all others more various in its causes and consequences, and dependent as it is upon two persons for fortuitous and baneful effects—is this situation, I say, less accessible to the varieties of pleasure and pain, because it is more likely to admit both, and in constant succession? I conceive this idea of the marriage state as a state of either happiness or misery, to be a theory as false as it is mischievous; inasmuch as it may conduce to cause the young wedded pair, on the discovery of mutual failings, to imagine, that the dear, the sweet, but unreal bubble of happiness in which they had fondly indulged, has burst for ever; that all the sweet socia-

bilities and endearments of life had vanished to make way for consequent misery, because the tempest for a while had deformed the serenity of that landscape, on which no dews were ever expected to descend; and that, because the heavens were for a while under the dominion of the deluge, the sunshine of happiness had fled for ever. Thus, conceiving themselves fatally convinced that the one state of matrimony is not to be theirs, they become careless of gaining that state of content which mutual efforts might achieve; because, as the marriage state admits of no medium, and they have lost their expected happiness, misery of course must be their portion for ever. Human nature is composed altogether of such heterogeneous particles, of such prejudices and predilections, that what it grasps at one day as its supreme good, to-morrow will see it reject. These sources of apparent discontent, which may impede matrimonial happiness, will quickly vanish by the aid of reason and good sense, which will reconcile us to the most uncongenial habits, and in time lead us to adopt those which we once utterly rejected; that is, if we are determined to make the best of a state from which we cannot get free: but if we imagine that our circumstances are too unhappy to be mended, we, of course, consider it unnecessary to try for a result which we are convinced in our own minds can never follow the experiment.

It is a fact, as true as it is melancholy, that as there is no situation so difficult of access to happiness as the marriage state, so there is no circumstance that we adopt with

so little caution as the wedded life. When the sexes come together, when mutual presentiments and mutual predilections once take root in sympathetic hearts, it evidently seems,

That the pleasure is as great  
In being cheated as to cheat.

Man indeed, generally speaking, is less apt to conceal his vices than woman; because the *joys* of the bottle, or the dicer's oaths, with other vicious inclinations, bear down in the torrent, even before the woman he adores, every attempt and precaution which would thwart them: while in the female, those *amiable weaknesses*, which afterwards make the marriage state so miserable, are more calm in their proceedings, and, from the nature of their education, more subtly concealed. Yet it must be acceded, that a man may not be a notorious libertine, and yet the slave of sordid and quiet vices, which, during the noviciate of matrimony, may be concealed; but which, at a future time, burst forth with increased strength, involving the partner of his fate in neglect and misery.

Woman, lovely, or more worthily to eulogize you, I would call you angelic woman! ye who temper us with your own sweet dispositions, and sway us when ye chuse with the hand of love, believe not for a moment, that matrimony is a state of misery! If the mist which swam before your eyes in those hours when love strewed your path with roses, has now, alas! disappeared; if the heart you have taken in exchange for your own be not abandoned indeed, do not despair! Let him who promised to cherish you, have no

cause to reproach you; let the smittings of his own conscience be his only correction for throwing away those hours which should have been yours alone. Self-reproaches will come, and then your triumph will be more complete and more honourable to you, than all the victories you could have gained by thwarted plans, discontented acquiescences, and cool adoptions. On our entrance into the marriage state some few *peccadilloes* will probably be to be settled, mutual likings and dislikings to be conquered and adopted. The struggles for mastery, however, in that couple who value their own happiness, must become weaker and weaker every day; but the level of each others prejudices being found, their land-marks must be respected, and where a victory is gained, such a victory must be used with moderation. In the marriage state, amid the many pleasures of reciprocity of sentiment, and the delight of knowing that we possess the heart of one person at least, to whom our interests are dear and inseparable, many causes may arise of serious annoyance—the impertinent interposition of relations, the interference of unwise persons, may ruffle either sex. But these storms will soon be dissipated when both wish to return to their duty; and the lake will become more pellucid when tempests have ceased to vex its bosom. I remember a man, whom, as it was presumed, no circumstances could reform, no wife could bring back to his allegiance, when, at length, her good sense completed what he had the whole of his life endeavoured to prevent—a reconciliation. Fortunately

for her (I say fortunately, because it was the means of her future happiness), he lost at cards a very large sum of money, and she, who had heard of it unawares, was the first who offered him consolation. He entered one day a room of company composed of some of the worst part of his own sex, with one also of the other, who had robbed her who alone really loved him, if not of affection, yet of his company, and exclaimed, “Here I have a letter from my wife!” What could excite, in such a company, more merriment than this! He readily joined in the laugh, but quickly stopped on arriving at these words:—“Yes, I condole with you on your loss, because I know it pains you acutely. Nevertheless, if it help to restore me to your affection, I shall rejoice, even though your love be stript of the splendour of riches. Give, then, once more your confidence alone to one who has never abused it, and seek a mitigation of your grief in bringing up our children usefully and religiously. You have long, I fear, been a stranger to repose: seek it then where it is only to be found, in the bosom of your still affectionate and dutiful wife.” He did attempt to join in the laugh of the fiends who surrounded him; but the following day he asked the forgiveness of her, who alone was worthy of an excellent heart, depraved, it is true, for a time by false morals, but a heart which she knew, however she might lose it by just upbraidings, was still worth redeeming by kindness, and worth possessing by forbearance. But I am entering into a detail of matrimonial unhappiness, when I meant

only to paint it accompanied alike with pain and pleasure. I shall therefore end this cogitation, for once, with an effusion, in which truth is not sacrificed to poetical licence.

ALL THIS IT IS TO WED.

To know that merry moments fly,  
And not to tell how hours go by,  
To hear from lips no bitter sigh,  
But all around see cheerily—  
All this it is to wed,

To feel the moments drearily,  
And pass the days all wearily,  
Or view the eye-beam tearfully,  
And dread each second fearfully—  
All this it is to wed.

To see the smile of blithest glee,  
And catch the kiss that's lent to thee,  
The love that's from delusion free,  
And wear the heart of constancy—  
All this it is to wed.

To pore o'er scenes by nature drest,  
To see the sun-beam sink to rest,  
Or view the moon-ray from the breast  
Of those we love, and own we're blest—  
All this it is to wed.

To feel the moments absence wears,  
To own a thousand idle fears,  
Our hearts to feel a thousand cares,  
And shed alone our bitter tears—  
All this it is to wed.

To roam o'er scenes, when love has fled,  
With sinking heart and burning head;  
To drop the tear for infants dead,  
Or view the rose of cherub fled—  
All this it is to wed.

But summer's day has sombre cloud,  
In spring-time many a breeze blows loud;  
The bud has blown that dew-drop bow'd,  
And thus I sing to list'ning crowd—  
All this it is to wed.

AN EMIGRANT'S VISIT TO FRANCE IN 1815 AND 1816.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

LETTER VI.

C—, near LAVALLE, May 22.

Dear HOWARD,

I AM at this moment seated in a little apartment furnished so completely in the English style, that when I first entered it, I could scarcely help fancying myself once more in London. The date of my letter will tell you I am at present with our friend Clairon, who has been some time returned to his former parish, having prevailed on the incumbent to resign it for a much better living, which was offered to Clairon, but he declined it for the sake of returning to his former parishioners. He shed tears in relating to me the manner in which those worthy people received him: it is true, that the interval of twenty-five years has terribly

thinned his old congregation, but the young men and maidens who have grown up in his absence, were taught by their parents to love and reverence the good pastor whose loss they always deplored. Such of the old inhabitants as are still alive, have taken care of the furniture and effects which belonged to the abbé; which they divided into small lots, each of them secreting what he could; and improbable as the return of their pastor appeared, every thing of his has been preserved with scrupulous honesty. Happy would it be for France if all her peasantry resembled those of this village!

Clairon, who has acquired, as he says, a taste for comfort in England, has laid out part of the mo-

ney he saved there, in fitting up his parsonage in the English style. Sandford owns that his bedchamber, which looks into a most delightful garden, is *almost* as neat and pleasant as the one he occupied in London. I have something to tell you of Sandford, which I think will raise him in your esteem, as it has done in mine. When the day of our departure from Paris was fixed, he said it would be inconvenient for him to quit it for a few days longer; and nearly a fortnight elapsed without his being able to inform me when he would be ready to go: during this time he frequently went out alone, which he had never done before. One morning Monsieur C—, whose excessive frivolity has induced Sandford to nickname him the *Prince of Puppies*, called upon me, and after inquiring for Sandford, who was absent, asked me with much significance, when we began our journey: I told him I did not know, as it depended on Sandford, who had, I believed, some business to settle before he left Paris. “And pray,” said C—, with an arch smile, “has he informed you of the nature of the business?”—“No,” cried I; “why do you ask?”—“Because I should have liked to know whether one could get a peep at the fair lady that detains him.” Upon this I desired an explanation, and C— informed me, that Sandford had been seen several times at a small mean house in the *rue\*\*\**, which was inhabited by different families, some of whom had pretty daughters, and with one of them Sandford was supposed, from the frequency of his visits, to have an intrigue. I laughed at this tale,

and assigned humanity as a much more probable cause for his visits; but C— declared, that the families who inhabited the house were none of them objects of charity: “and besides,” added he, “if that was the case, why not bestow his bounty at once, and quit Paris as he intended to do some time ago?” Finding, however, that he could not bring me over to his opinion, he quitted me in a huff. Though surprised at Sandford’s conduct, I was wholly incredulous as to the cause assigned for it; I knew that gallantry never was a foible of his, and French ladies in particular are his aversion. Next day, however, C— called upon me, and desired me, if I wished to be convinced of the truth of what he had told me, to accompany him. You may suppose I had curiosity sufficient to accept his invitation, and we went together to the house opposite to that which Sandford visits, where, stationing ourselves at a front window, we soon saw him rap at the door: he was immediately admitted, and directly entered an apartment opposite to the one in which we were. A tall female figure rose from a sofa on his entrance, and advanced a few steps to meet him; but he ran forward, and taking her hand, reseated her on the sofa, and placed himself beside her: they appeared to converse with earnestness, and Sandford staid more than an hour. I was really vexed at this unexpected sight, and I certainly did not bear the raillery of C— on my incredulity with perfect good humour. I pictured to myself Sandford in the hands of a low, artful, and rapacious woman, who would probably take advantage of his

open, generous temper to plunder him without mercy. Had he been a young man, I would have remonstrated with him; but as it was, I did not see how I could interfere in the business, without being guilty of great impertinence. Monsieur C—, who was not as it seems troubled with any delicate scruples, called on us in the evening, and rallied Sandford most unmercifully on the scene which we had witnessed in the morning. Sandford's only reply was an angry "Pshaw!" and I was entirely silent. The moment C— was gone, he asked me whether I really could believe what that puppy had been saying.

"Why, upon my word," cried I, "I don't know what to think; appearances are certainly against you, and"—

"There!" cried he interrupting me, "there's French charity for you! You saw me enter a lady's apartment and converse with her, and you are told that I am known to frequent the house; and on the strength of this, you give me credit for an intrigue with her. Why a jury of old maids, censorious as they are, in England, would have shewn me more mercy. I can forgive C— for trumping up this story, because scandal is necessary to his existence; but you, you who ought to know me so well, what could induce you to believe, that, after resisting the soft smiles and genuine roses of English beauty, I could be duped by a French grisette? Oh, fie!"—As I saw there was nothing serious in the affair, I begged him to tell me how it happened, that his acquaintance with the lady was kept secret, and I will give you his reasons in his own words.

"The Marquis d'O— was one of those nobles who emigrated early in the Revolution: enthusiastically attached to the cause of the Bourbons, he preferred poverty and exile to the restoration of some part at least of his property, which he might have had if he would have returned to France, and taken the oaths of allegiance to Napoleon. Some time previous to the king's restoration, he died, and left his widow in great distress: however, when Louis was restored, she raised a little money to carry her to Paris, where she had no doubt of speedily obtaining restitution of a part at least of her property; but she found it had all been sold, and that the number of claimants on the king's bounty was so great, that she had but little chance of having her claims attended to. A handsome young Frenchwoman under such circumstances might have contrived to interest people for her, but *Madame la Marquise* was sixty-seven, as proud as Lucifer, and has as little notion of asking a favour as if she had never set foot in a court in her life. She declared she demanded only justice, and if there was any honesty among those entrusted with the administration of the laws, they would grant it. I leave you to judge whether this was the way to succeed. The poor *marquise*, at the end of a few weeks, was reduced to the lowest ebb of poverty, and in bad health besides. The daughter of my hair-dresser, Lebrun, attends upon her, and my man Peter having taken it into his head to pay his addresses to the girl, she related the *marquise's* misfortunes to him, and from him they came round to me. Common hu-



manity required that I should assist her, but I did not know how to go about it; she had a strong dislike to obligation, and a sovereign contempt for any one connected with trade. There is a vulgar proverb, that hunger will break through stone walls; but from what I heard of her, I was not certain that even hunger would conquer her horror of obligation to a man whose father was a merchant. At last, after turning the matter in fifty ways, a thought struck me. I waited upon her, and, to say the truth, was received with *hauteur* enough: but perhaps this very pride, so repulsive to others, was one cause of the interest I felt for her. The good people of Paris have put me out of humour with politeness; they load you with attentions and civilities which mean nothing; for as to any thing like truth and sincerity—but I beg your pardon for this digression; let us return to the *marquise*. She begged I would inform her as concisely as possible of my business, as the state of her health did not permit her to converse much. I made up a serious face, told her I was in the habit of lending money, and knowing some time would probably elapse before she regained possession of her property, I would lend her a certain sum, to be repaid with interest when that event took place. The poor woman took all possible pains to convince me there was a possibility of her never being able to repay me; but I assured her, I had taken the greatest pains to investigate the matter, and I was convinced it would be amply in her power. We argued the point, however, a long time before I could bring her

to my opinion, and after I had, as I fancied, convinced her I spoke the truth, there was another difficulty to be got over: she must have a bond properly drawn up, and every thing executed in form, lest I should suffer, as she said, for my generosity. This last word seemed to stick in her throat a little though. I could hardly help laughing, provoked as I was at this obstacle being thrown in the way. However, I promised to have a bond drawn, and every thing done as it should be; and I actually took one with me on my next visit: but as ill luck would have it, Lebrun's daughter contrived, by listening I suppose, to inform herself of what had passed between the *marquise* and me, and told Peter the whole story. The stupid fellow, indignant at my being taken for a money-lender, assured the girl that she must either have been mistaken, or else I had imposed upon her mistress; for he knew I never lent money in that manner: and besides, he had heard a lawyer tell me, the *marquise* would never have a sixpence. The girl lost no time in conveying this agreeable information to *madame*, who, on my second visit, received me in such a manner as would have prevented my paying a third, had I not been resolved to serve her in spite of herself; in short, my friend, after an infinity of trouble, I got her to condescend to owe an obligation to the son of an English *négociant*: however, it was only this morning that the business was finally settled, and I meant to have arranged with you to night the time of our departure from Paris."

"Dear Sandford," cried I, "I am ashamed of my credulity, and

I have to request your forgiveness for it. C— will be completely mortified when he hears how much you have the laugh against us.”

“But he must not hear it,” cried he hastily: “I would not for the world that it should be known my visits were to the *marquise*; as, if the truth was by any accident discovered, I know that her feelings would be so hurt, that I should not wonder if the mortification to her pride cost her her life. So pray leave me to the mercy of that coxcomb; he will soon forget the circumstance when I am out of his sight, and I suppose we may now set off in a day or two for Clairon’s.”

As I was quite ready to depart, we left Paris the next day. You may suppose I said no more on the subject to Sandford, but the delicacy with which he has administered to the wants of this poor *mar-*

*quise*, a delicacy so little to be expected from one of his rough character and blunt manners, has raised him higher than ever in my esteem. There is a little estate to be sold in this neighbourhood, and as I have no ties to Paris, I think I shall purchase it; but prior to my doing so, I must revisit England, which I mean to do in about six weeks. It is my intention, as long as my health permits, to pass every year three months in London, and the other nine here. Clairon bids me tell you the only ornament his parsonage wants in his eyes, is the presence of a few of those English friends whom his misfortunes raised for him: need I add, that you are one of those most highly esteemed, and most deeply regretted, both by him, and by your sincerely attached,

DE GRAMMONT.

### DESCRIPTION OF THE PLACE OF OVID'S EXILE.

THE circumstance of Ovid's banishment forms one of the most interesting events in classic history, and neither the cause nor place of his exile has been hitherto generally known.

The town which the Romans called Julia Alba, and the Moldavians now style Czetate Alba, in Lower Moldavia, is remarkable for the exile of the famous poet Ovid; and a lake there is still known by the name of Lacul Ovidulvi, the Lake of Ovid. This delightful author, whose memory will be ever dear to lovers and poets, being banished to the savage country of the Getes, now Moldavia, lived some time in Czetate Alba, and then re-

tired to a village three leagues distant, whose ruins still remain. Near the cottage where he dwelt is a small fountain, which, as well as the lake, bears his name, on whose banks he used very frequently to walk. An inhabitant of the country assured me, that he composed many poems in the Moldavian language. I did all in my power to procure at least some fragments of them, but to no purpose. The memory of this great man has left such an impression on the people of this country as to make them vain of it. They say, by tradition, that there came from the banks of the Tiber an extraordinary man, who had the gentleness of a child,

and the goodness of a parent ; that this man sighed incessantly, and sometimes talked to himself, but that when he spoke to any one honey seemed to flow from his mouth. The place which Ovid inhabited is calculated to inspire the profoundest sorrow. I could not take a view of it without emotion. Methought I saw his manes sometimes on the hills and in the neighbouring woods ; sometimes I heard him sighing under the shade of a sycamore near his beloved fountain ; a crowd of Cupids in tears seemed to lurk in all the corners of this rural retreat, and there to wait for the waking of the divine bard. Let lovers and poets figure to themselves, in spring, a plain enamelled with flowers, its whole length divided and crossed by a lake half a league in compass, and bordered by a chain of hills of unequal heights, covered with linden-trees, crabs, wild almonds, and large oaks, thrown in confusion one across the other, pressing, as it were, to offer their verdure and fruit to the enchanted eye of the spectator ; let the eager sight trace towards the point where the morning dawns, a

valley, sloping to the border of the lake, and flanked on each side by two hills, shaded by vines and shrubs : there, near a stream, which meandering loses itself in the lake, is a clump of linden-trees, in whose shade was the cottage of the divine poet. There his enchanting lyre breathed forth the verses with which love and sweet melancholy had inspired him ; there, without doubt, he forgot with a cool disdain the deceitful delights of a corrupt and ungrateful court, where Virgil and Horace could only support themselves by raising to the clouds the colossus of a tyrant, and by bending their knees every moment before him. I am surprised that the Princes Demetrius Cantemir and Nicholas Maurocordatus, who, of all the sovereigns of this country, were the most intelligent, did not erect a monument in memory of that great poet, who honoured their dismal country with his misfortunes and sighs. The time may possibly come, when some prince, a friend to the arts and genius, will discharge so just a debt.

SOMERSET.

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## THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. VI.

What, strike a woman ? Palsied be the coward hand that aims a blow, where it should afford protection, and bestow caresses ! — BEN JONSON.

I could not find in my heart to curse the devil so. — UNCLE TOBY.

PERIANDER of Corinth, one of the seven sages of Greece, left the following maxim as a memorial of his knowledge and benevolence : “ Be master of your anger.” That philosopher thought that he could not lay a stronger obligation on posterity to reverence his memory,

*Fol. I. No. I I.*

than by leaving them a salutary caution against this outrageous passion. Pride is undoubtedly its parent, and teaches its offspring, by its own example, to counteract its object, and pervert its own purposes.

Men of a passionate temper,

Z z

observes Dr. Johnson, are frequently not without understanding or virtue; and are, therefore, not always treated with the severity which their neglect of the case of all about them might justly provoke. They have obtained a kind of prescription for their folly, and are considered by their companions as under a predominant influence, that leaves them masters neither of their conduct nor language, and as rushing into mischief with a mist before their eyes. They are therefore rather pitied than censured; and their sallies are passed over as the involuntary blows of a man agitated by the spasms of a convulsion.

It is told by Prior, in a panegyric on the Duke of Dorset, that his servants used to put themselves in his way when he was angry, because he was sure to recompense them for any indignities which he made them suffer. Such is the round of a passionate man's life; he contracts debts when he is furious, which his virtue, if he has virtue, obliges him to discharge at the return of his reason. He spends his time in outrage and acknowledgment, in committing injury and making reparation.

Men of hot and fiery tempers are desirous of vengeance the very moment they apprehend themselves to be injured; whereas the cool and sedate watch proper opportunities to return grief for grief to the offender. Weak minds are apt to reflect with some degree of favour on the man of fury, because, when the storm is over, he is ready to display contrition and practise repentance: and certainly this kind of hasty resentment is less

criminal than a cool, slow, deliberate malice. The one is boisterous and gentle by fits; your enemy this moment, and your friend the next: while the other, wrapt up in gloomy preparation, perpetrates his malice, and continues to joy in the misery he has occasioned. The latter is a cowardly man; the former a generous brute. If he may be considered as unfortunate, who cannot be certain but that he may do something the next minute which he shall lament during his life, what shall we think of him who has a soul so infected, that he cannot be happy until he has made another miserable? What tumult may we suppose to be perpetually raging in his breast! What dark stratagems, unworthy designs, inhuman wishes, and cruel resolutions! A snake, curled in intricate folds, and ready to dart on its prey, is the emblem by which I would chuse to illustrate the image before me. Were I to chuse an enemy, should I wish for one that would stab me suddenly, or one that would give me an Italian poison, subtle and lingering, yet as fatal in its final effects as the stiletto—what must be that mind that will not instantly make the choice?

But let us proceed a step farther in the slow passage of revenge, and complete its enormity. While we give vengeance the form of a man, let us make its object a woman—yes, a woman, whom it is happiness to love, courage to protect, and virtue to forgive. Honour trembles, while every grace and courtesy of life disappears, when the mind of man contemplates vengeance on woman.

What inclined me at present, to

write on this subject, was the sight of a poetic effusion, that has for some time attracted the public attention, as well as, I should hope, a very general abhorrence; and appears to have been composed in the true spirit of vindictive anger against one of my own sex. The author, to extend the effects of his mischief, has made it public. If, however, vanity should have a share in its notoriety, I shall beg leave to tell him and his readers, that he is neither so original nor so unrivalled in his hatred of a woman as he may wish to be thought.

Mr. John Oldham, a poet, who died upwards of an hundred years ago, curses a woman better by half than our modern bard has done. This I have no doubt but I shall be thought to prove by the poem which I am about to offer to my readers. It may be called a magazine of curses, where a man may pick and chuse any plague whatever that he would wish to fall on a poor woman's head. After all, this kind of satire is no more than a bitter, predetermined kind of scolding; and all I have to add is, that, high as his pretensions may be, the poet of the day is, as he will appear to be, but a second-rate scold. F. T.

*A SATIRE upon a Woman, who, by her falsehood and her scorn, was the death of my Friend.*

No, she shall ne'er escape, if gods there be,  
Unless they perjurd grow, and false as she.  
Though ill-made law no sentence has ordain'd  
For her, no statute has her guilt arraign'd,  
Yet think she not she still secure shall prove,  
Or that none dare avenge an injurd love:  
I rise in judgment, and will be to her  
Both witness, judge, and executioner.  
Arm'd with dire satire, and resentful spite,  
I come to haunt her with the ghosts of wit.

My ink, rabid, starts out, and flies on her,  
Like blood upon some touching murderer;  
And should that fail, rather than want, I  
would,  
Like hags, to curse her, write in mine own  
blood.

Ye spiteful powers, if any there can be,  
That boast a worse and keener spite than me,  
Assist with malice and your mighty aid  
My sworn revenge, and help me rhyme her  
dead;  
Grant my rank hate may such strong poison  
cast,  
That every breath may taint, and rot, and blast,  
Till one large gangrene quite o'erspread her  
fame  
With foul contagion, till her odious name,  
Spit at and curs'd by ev'ry mouth like mine,  
Be tenor to herself and all her line.

Vilest of that damn'd sex which damn'd us  
all,  
Ordain'd to raise, and plague us for, our fall—  
Woman! may worse, for she can nought be  
said,  
But mummy by some devil inhabited:  
Not made in heaven's mint, but basely coin'd,  
She wears a human image on a fiend:  
Her soul, if any soul in her there be,  
By hell was breathed into her in a he.  
Early in falsehood, at her font she lied,  
And should e'en then for perjury be tried:  
Her conscience, stretch'd and open as the stew,  
But laughs at oaths, and plays with solemn  
vows:—  
Less guilt than hers, less breach of oath and  
word,  
Has stood aloft, and look'd through penance-  
board.

But since her guilt description does outgo,  
I'll try if it outstrip my curses too;  
Curses, which may they equal my just hate,  
My wish and her desert, be each so great, }  
Each heard like prayers, and Heaven make }  
them fate.

Her credit, honour, portion, health, may  
those  
Prove light and frail as her broke faith and  
vows!  
Some base, unnam'd disease her carcase foul,  
And make her body ugly as her soul!  
Cankers and ulcers eat her, till she be  
Shun'd like infection, loath'd like infamy!  
Strength quite expn'd, may she alone retain  
The snuff of life, and then unquench'd re-  
main, }  
As in the damn'd, to keep her fresh for pain. }  
In fine, that I all curses may complete,  
For I've but curs'd in jest, but rail'd yet,

Whate'er the sex deserves, or feels, or fears,  
 May all those plagues be hers, and only hers.  
 What losing gamesters vent, what curses e'er  
 Are spoke by sinners, raving in despair,  
 All these fall on her, as they're all her due,  
 Till spite cant think, nor Heaven inflict anew.  
 May then, for once I will be kind, and pray,  
 No madness take her use of sense away,  
 But may she in full strength of reason be,  
 To feel and understand her misery,  
 Plagu'd so, till she think damning a release,  
 And humbly pray to go to bell for ease.  
 Yet may not all these suff'rings here atone  
 Her sin, and may she still go sinning on;  
 Tick up in perjury, and run o'the score,  
 Till on her soul she can get trust no more:  
 Then may she stupid and repentless die,  
 And Heav'n itself forgive no more than I, }  
 And so be damn'd of mere necessity. }

The writer of these verses was born in 1653. He received his academical education at Edmund Hall, Oxford; was patronised by the Earls of Rochester and Dorset; and died in 1683. His works have been printed in three volumes 8vo.

I am very sensible of the communications made me by a correspondent who addresses me in a very flattering manner, under the title of *Cornelia*; but it is impossible for me to comply in its full extent with her proposition. Her lucubrations are on very interesting subjects, and written with great elegance, as well as replete with impressive sentiments; but they are too extensive for the purpose of the FEMALE TATTLER. I really think that it would not be doing them justice to divide them, as I must do, to suit them to this work; and that the object of the excellent and ingenious writer would be better answered, and her own merit in the composition be better displayed, if she were to publish them

in a small volume, which I have no doubt would become a popular book of instruction with all those who have an interest (and who has not a deep one?) in female education, and whatever relates to the improvement of the female mind. At the same time, if she will consent to my making such selections as may be conformable to my views, and allow me the liberty of shaping them to the space which is allotted to me, I shall consider myself as deriving from her papers a very reputable advantage to myself, and the means of affording the best instruction and the most rational entertainment to my fair readers. If I should be favoured with her indulgent permission in this particular, my next paper will contain her thoughts on Female Attachments, and the affecting story with which she has illustrated a too frequent consequence of an unreflecting, hasty, and too fond formation of them.

I beg leave to inform my quizzing correspondent, *the Curious Philosopher*, that I am a well-educated, but liberal Protestant, and never go to confession. Whether I am a mother or a grandmother, a wife or an old maid, I shall not communicate to him. But this I shall say, that I should be sorry to be the parent of such a vulgar, impertinent, and indelicate booby, as from his very silly letter, to say no worse of it, I shall without hesitation determine him to be.

Dulness with rapture eyed the lively dunce,  
 Rememb'ring, that herself was pertness once.

## MUSICAL REVIEW.

*Dr. Arnold and Dr. Calcott's celebrated Collection of the Psalms of David for the use of Parish Churches, with a Selection from various Authors, arranged for one Voice, and adapted for the Organ or Piano-Forte.* Book I. Pr. 8s.

MESSRS. GOULDING and Co. are the publishers of this truly valuable collection of psalm tunes, the greatest part of which are by Dr. Calcott, Dr. Arnold, and Handel. The present volume extends to the 74th psalm, and is, we understand, to be followed by two more. In this book, by far the largest number of psalms is of first-rate excellence, a small portion is middling, and three or four only appear liable to decided objection. In No. 6 the progress of some of the harmonies is too glaringly abrupt; No. 21, as here given at least, is very indifferent; the same may be said of Nos. 56, 42, and 51; and No. 37, "by Handel," if composed by him, certainly came not out of his hands in the state in which we here see it. In No. 15 a proper bass seems wanting; and the nature of the solo in No. 66 appears to indicate the want of an accompaniment. With these few exceptions, the whole of the publication claims our most strenuous recommendation, and, above all, the numerous compositions of Dr. Calcott which it contains. No. 4 is eminently beautiful, particularly on account of the fugued passages. Nos. 7, 11, and 14, are also extremely good; Nos. 23, 31, and 38, excellent; and No. 69, by Graun, is a model of purity and of pathetic expression; and Nos. 70,

71, and 74, by Calcott, may challenge competition with the most favoured works of Hasse and Pergolesi. In this rapid sketch of some of the most prominently attractive compositions in this collection, we are aware that many not noticed by us deserve equally the attention of the lover of sacred music; but our room is too scantily measured to do justice to all, where the candidates in the scale of merit are so numerous. The same collection, we observe from a memorandum on the title-page, is also published in three or four parts, for the use of country choirs, at the price of 1l. 6s.

No. XIX. *Circassian Air, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, Harp, Flute, and Violoncello, composed, and inscribed to Miss Georgina Charlotte Nugent, by J. Mazzinghi.* Pr. 5s.

Mr. Mazzinghi seems determined to make the grand tour in search of national airs for his collection of variations. We have hitherto followed him with pleasure, and certainly should regret an early termination of the journey. The Circassian air, which he gives us at the 19th stage of his progress, however simple in melody, possesses a certain degree of peculiar originality which renders it highly attractive. The variations, as in former numbers, are not detached from each other, but follow in irregular succession. Their merit is not inferior to their predecessors; and in saying thus much, we express to the fullest extent the favourable opinion to which they lay claim. In those parts where

the left hand represents the theme, Mr. M. has, on this occasion, been conspicuously successful; and the quick action of the right, from *p.* 7 to the end, produces spirited bustle, richness of effect, and great brilliancy in the conclusion. The piano-forte is, as usual, so arranged as to admit of the absence of all the other instruments.

*The New Tout-Ensemble for the Piano-Forte, consisting of favourite Selections from the Works of various Composers. No. I. Pr. 2s. 6d.*

As the above title is sufficiently explanatory of the nature of this publication, we shall only add, that the present number contains a charming, but rather difficult, rondo (in F), from the 8th sonata of Mr. Ries. An indispensable violin accompaniment belongs to it, of which it would have been desirable to have given the whole, instead of adding only the obligato passages at the top of the staves of the piano-forte part.

*Introduction and Rondo for the Piano-Forte, composed, and respectfully dedicated to Lady Elizabeth Maitland Campbell, by G. E. Griffin. Pr. 3s.*

If we can trust to our memory, this is a portion of an earlier work of Mr. Griffin's, now published in this detached form. As good music can never be too widely circulated, we are far from objecting to this mode of republishing classic works. In this instance, in particular, the slow movement, as well as the rondo, are so replete with every thing that is good and masterly in harmony, and form together so complete a whole, that we are sure the advanced scholar can-

not but derive the highest delight and improvement from the study of the few pages here presented to him.

*A third celebrated Symphony, composed by Rosetti, arranged for two Performers on the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello, by J. Mazzinghi. Piano-forte part, 5s.; accompaniments, 2s.*

Mr. Mazzinghi's able and effective adaptation of this symphony calls for the acknowledgment of the piano-forte player. It is one of the finest symphonies we possess, replete with select ideas, excellent harmony, and masterly arrangement of the parts. The piano-forte part is by no means difficult; and the same is the case with the other instruments, which can hardly be considered *ad libitum*. This symphony, we observe, is likewise published by Messrs. Goulding and Co. for one piano-forte only, and also for a full or a small orchestra.

*"Hope, smiling, whispers future Joy," a Duet, composed, and dedicated to R. Jager, Esq. by Sir J. Stevenson, Mus. Doc. Pr. 2s.*

This duet consists of two movements in E $\flat$ , an andante, and an allegro. Both are conceived in a pleasing style of chaste melodiousness, but the allegro more particularly distinguishes itself by its lively and eminently graceful theme, and the various kindred ideas which are successively linked to it. Among those we observe with gratification, the elegant employment of the extreme sixth (*p.* 6); some shewy, but by no means difficult, vocal passages tend to produce a brilliant termination. There are a few er-



rors of the press, which even a common ear will be able to discover and rectify.

*The celebrated Duets of "All's well" and "Vive le Roy," from the Opera of the "English Fleet," and the popular Air of the "Opera Hat," arranged for two Flutes,* by John Parry. Pr. 2s.

The above several pieces are arranged with propriety, and in an easy style for two flutes; and the air of "All's well" has also been adapted for that ingeniously contrived instrument, the double flageolet. Performers of very limited proficiency will find the whole within the range of their powers.

*A seventh Concerto for the Piano-Forte, with Accompaniments for a full Orchestra, composed, and dedicated to Miss Emily Gregg,* by J. B. Cramer. Op. 56. Pr. 10s. 6d.

If in noticing compositions of this description, our remarks are usually of a more general nature than is the case with works of a less extended compass, the reason, instead of being a lack of matter, is rather, on the one hand, what the French term an *embarras de richesses*; and, on the other, a want of room to stow even the most valuable part of the treasure. This difficulty is felt with increased force in the consideration of a concerto from Mr. Cramer's pen: hence, on the present occasion, our readers will, we trust, require no apology, nor the author think it neglect, if we reluctantly submit to the law of brevity which our space imposes upon us. This concerto consists of three movements, an allegro in E major, a larghetto in C major,

and a rondo in E major. The allegro sets out with one of the most charming *tutti* we ever heard; and the solos, into which it branches out, whether we consider the elegance and infinite variety of the passages, the skill in the modulations, or the consummate neatness and purity of the harmonies, leave even to the adept nothing to desire. The slow movement is particularly distinguished by its beautiful and original subject, the delicacy displayed in the solo part deduced from it, and the tasteful and novel cadenza with which it terminates. The theme of the rondo is sprightly; and the different solos attached to it, exhibit the same features of matured perfection that are observable in the solos of the allegro. The part in G major, together with the preparation (*p.* 26) for entering and (*p.* 29) for leaving that key, appear to us one of the most interesting portions of this movement. Although it is natural to expect a trial of skill for both hands in a work of this kind, yet the passages, upon the whole, will be found to be conquerable by students that cannot lay claim to first-rate proficiency, such is the chasteness and the total absence of affected eccentricities which prevail throughout.

*His Royal Highness the Prince of Coburg's Grand March, composed and arranged for the Piano-Forte* by A. Voight. Pr. 2s.

Among three or four compositions that have met our eye with titles similar to the above, this is by far the best. In the first part of the march we observe no new ideas, but there is propriety and symmetrical regularity in the construc-

tion of the whole. The four first bars of the second part do Mr. V. very great credit; the contrapuntal contrivance by which they are eminently distinguished, is a convincing proof of the author's qualification for works of a higher order. The sequel of the second part exhibits some further interesting and effective thoughts, and its termination is brilliant. The trio in four flats is elegant, and well suited to the march itself. The next movement, "alla Turca," in C minor, and in the waltz style, also claims favourable mention. The oddity of the subject is not unpleasing; and the several successive parts, among which we particularly notice the trio in A b, evince inventive fluency and tasteful conception. In the beginning, however, of the part where the left hand imitates the horns, some nakedness prevails; and the conclusion of the movement is too abrupt and unprepared.

*The Bugle-Horn, a characteristic Overture for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Clarke, by W. Ling. Op. 15. Pr. 3s.*

Mr. Ling's compositions have invariably called for our decided commendation on every occasion that presented itself for introducing them to our readers; and the present overture, although perhaps not holding the first rank among his works, will by no means form an exception. It consists of a slow movement, an allegro, and a waltz, in all which numerous and appropriate imitations of the bugle are judiciously interspersed. The andante is in every respect satisfac-

tory; the subject of the allegro in D major lively and attractive; and the digressive matter devised with taste and with a due attention to variety. Among the modulations, we notice the apt transition to C, p. 2; the further progress to E b, p. 3; and the neat manner in which, by means of enharmonic substitution, Mr. L. glides from that key to three sharps. The *substance* of the fifth page deserves decidedly our favourable notice, although we conceive a less plain treatment thereof would have greatly enhanced the effect. The termination of the allegro is spirited. The subject of the waltz movement is pleasing, but not altogether new; and the trio, in imitation of horns, perfectly in character. Of episodic matter the quantum is proportionably small; the subject being frequently repeated. Upon the whole, we think the action of the left hand too plain and confined, especially in the last movement, where the bass almost invariably beats the time by three crotchets.

*Duet for two Performers on one Piano-Forte. No. III. from Op. 14; a new Edition, with considerable Improvements, composed by Muzio Clementi. Pr. 4s.*

As the host of flimsy compositions of the present day contribute not a little to the neglect of the standard works of Clementi, Dussek, Mozart, &c. we see with pleasure this earnest of a new edition of some of Mr. Clementi's works, and sincerely hope this publication will be succeeded by others of the same description. To some of our readers this beautiful duet in E b is unquestionably familiar; but not

having the first edition at hand, we are precluded from ascertaining and appreciating the alterations.

*The sacred Companion for the German Flute, Flageolet, or Violin, being a Collection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, as sung at all the Churches and Chapels throughout England.* Pr. 2s. 6d.

This little volume, which is published by Mr. Hodson, will certainly prove acceptable to those for whom it is intended. The collection is copious, the choice proper, and the price very reasonable. *Mozart's favourite Overture to "Il Director' della Comedia," adapted for the Piano-Forte, with Accompaniments for a Violin or Flute and Violoncello (ad lib.)* by T. F. Rimbault. Pr. 3s.; without accompaniments, 2s.

Although it is not this overture which has rendered the name of Mozart immortal, yet as it presents sufficient traces of his pen, and as, without it, the collection of Mr. Rimbault's arrangements of Mozart's overtures would not have been complete, the attention devoted to the arrangement of this overture must be considered as well bestowed. The piano-forte extract before us is, in every respect, satisfactory, and an aim at executive facility apparent throughout.

*A second Set of three celebrated Waltzes, composed by Mozart.* Pr. 1s.

These waltzes are pretty enough, and all the objection we have to them is, that they are ascribed to Mozart. To suppose that he gave them the several titles of "The King of Prussia's Waltz," "The Duchess of Oldenburg's Waltz,"

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and "Prince Blücher's Waltz," would be an anachronism; and to encourage a belief that Mozart made them, a deviation from critical veracity.

*An Answer to Jessie, the Flow'r of Dumblane, with eight Variations for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Curtis, by J. Mugnié.* Pr. 4s.

Mr. Smith's original composition of "Jessie, the Flow'r of Dumblane," has, with some ingenious alterations and inversions, furnished the theme for these variations, which are in Mr. M.'s best style. To mark a few of the most striking features, we notice the able bass evolutions, var. 2; the effective manner in which (var. 4) the theme is consigned to the left hand, first acting alone, and being, on the repetition, supported by repletory passages of the right. No. 5, in the manner of bagpipes, is particularly neat; and the larghetto, var. 7, appears to us the most favoured of all the variations: it discovers great delicacy of musical feeling, coupled with an able display of science and originality. The polacca, No. 8, is well imagined, and marked with great spirit; and the conclusion, p. 12, demands distinct mention: it is rich in harmony, and full of the most tasteful energy.

*"Harvest-Home," written by the Author of "My Heart is devoted, dear Mary, to thee," composed, and most respectfully dedicated, by permission, to the Right Honourable Lady Nugent, by her Ladyship's most obedient humble Servant, W. G. Perry, author of Lilla of Leamington.* Pr. 1s. 6d.

The melody of "Harvest-Home"

is pleasing, without exhibiting passages of decided originality or marked effect. The accompaniments appear to us in general appropriate, and, in one or two instances of the left hand, devised with peculiar neatness.

“*The Harbour of Peace*,” the Words by T. L. Peacock, Esq.; the Music composed, and dedicated to Dr. Crotch, by his pupil, W. A. Nield. Pr. 1s. 6d.

It affords us sincere pleasure to introduce Mr. N. to our readers by means of this promising specimen of his abilities. The melody of “*The Harbour of Peace*” is of a serious and plaintive cast, in F minor, and combines true pathetic expression with a creditable display of harmonic science. The accompaniment is chaste and correct, and a few repletive bars of minor parts are more particularly

entitled to our unqualified commendation. We also observe with approbation the concluding symphony, the change in the accompaniment at the second stanza, and the transfer of the melody to the major of the key (p. 3). All this, and other features of the composition before us, tend to shew that judgment and taste have guided the author’s pen. In the latter half of bar 11, p. 2, and in the corresponding major one, p. 4, there appears some harshness in the melody as well as harmony. The four last quavers a third lower throughout (*mut. mutand.*) would have been preferable, and also more within the generality of voices. The latter half of the introductory symphony (p. 1) seems to labour under some defect of rhythm, although we are aware of the licence that is generally used in that respect.

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## EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY AT SOMERSET-HOUSE.

OF the amusements which support the listless existence of the loungers, the industrious curiosity of the idle, and those voracious consumers of reputation, the critics, we consider the annual Exhibition at Somerset-House as the most extraordinary that this metropolis presents. Nearly one thousand works of art, the labours of the past year, are regularly laid before the public, the greater part unsold, and (we mention it with regret for the artists) with a prospect of sale for the remainder the most fluctuating and uncertain. This voluntary exertion of taste and talent, contributing, like harvests unreaped,

by their decay to future crops, is in the highest degree interesting.

Since we began to assume a character in the arts, this state of exertion, without adequate reward, is the more lamentable and surprising. We have added to our national character, as Mr. Shee has poetically expressed it, “the only wreath unwon before,” but neglect the only means of cultivating and preserving it—the effective encouragement of those by whose genius and industry it has been purchased.

In this age, when criticism itself begins to improve by casting off the trammels of manner and fashion, and looking somewhat de-

servng of the authority it assumes, public opinion should also become liberal, and lay aside its prejudices and predilections: it should compare the works of art with their reviews; adopt their merits, and support them. The love of what is antique, and the love of novelty, blind the taste of different classes in society, and cast a doubt over their opinions when judging of works of art. One class will allow no modern merit; the lovers of novelty, not rightly understanding perhaps the unvarying standard of nature, are equally fastidious in their judgment: thus, between both, the artist suffers, and his art declines.

This evil is one that it becomes the honesty of criticism to destroy, by giving way to its first feelings, which are those excited by an intelligent artist, and first experienced by the general observer, before we go to the less agreeable technical examination of the means that produce them. It was said, we believe, by Erasmus, "there never existed an artist so perfect that something might not be found in his productions which was capable of receiving improvement:" and yet, on the other hand, the experience of every day exhibits to us the works of men whose toil is ungraced by a ray of life or genius.

In examining the works in the present annual collection at Somerset-House, we shall adopt the arrangement which appears to us consistent with the proper classification of the art. Of the historical pictures in this Exhibition, the most striking is,

*The Raising of Lazarus.*—W. Hilton, A.

This picture is unfortunately placed in such a manner, that its shadows lose their power by the reflections from the room; therefore much of the power of the artist is lost. This is the only way we can account for the neglect with which it is passed even by the ladies, whose sensibilities we know are soonest affected by what is really interesting, and who are always quickest in observing nice touches of feeling. The intention of the artist was undoubtedly grand; and the plan of the picture was well contrived to give such an effect, from the large quantity of shadow and partial light it contained: but besides the deteriorating influence of the reflection from the white draperies, &c. continually in the room, we must think there is a defect not only in the size of the principal figure, the Saviour, but also in the expression of the countenance. The artist, having painted it in shadow, shewed a determination to overcome the necessary difficulty attending this part of his work: it was not necessary, however, that he should have made it so flat and colourless; we therefore rather think he has not succeeded, notwithstanding the glare upon it from the room. The Lazarus too, in the neck and shoulder, does not appear to us in a good style of drawing; and the hand is in the most unwarrantably careless style. It is greatly inferior to the *Dead Man restored* in Mr. Allston's picture, some time ago exhibited in the British Gallery. The circumstances that accompany the chief action of this picture are well conceived, and better expressed. In making these observations, we ra-

ther endeavour to account for its great want of public attraction. Perhaps the nature of the subject is one, if not the principal reason. The generality who form the gay scene presented by such a concourse of visitors, where few are disposed to be grave, must, in a great measure, look upon so solemn a subject as too great a check on their spirits to allow of their admiring it. This, which is perhaps a high and tacit compliment to the artist, also affords a proof how unfit such pictures are for a miscellaneous collection, and points out the necessity of setting apart for them a distinct and separate place.

*Mauritania.*—H. Thomson, R. A.

The composition of this picture, the story of which is taken from Thomson's *Seasons*, is really beautiful, the children in particular. There is an anxiety and spirit in the mother snatching her children to her breast, which is sweetly contrasted by the innocent and helpless sleep of the infant she is about to awaken. This is a tenderness of which Mr. Thomson ever avails himself, and by which he conveys a sentiment to his pictures peculiarly his own. The colour is heavy, except in the left corner of the picture, where the female and children are placed. It has been observed, that the female is fair, while the male figure is black: perhaps this was an oversight of the artist, to which his wish to give variety to the colour of his picture naturally led.

*The Punishment of Dirce.*—H. Howard, R. A.

We are sometimes pleased with an interesting subject when we feel

indifferent towards the picture, and, because it records a deserving fact, overlook the merit and ingenuity by means of which it is recorded. On the other hand, an obscure subject inevitably turns our attention from itself to the pencil or pen which displays it. This is a circumstance, in some degree, to be lamented, as we should rather have our imagination than our criticisms excited by works expressly directed to it. On this principle alone we do not relish this picture of Dirce's Punishment, knowing this artist's power to illustrate the most elegant and poetic subjects in the most correct and classical manner. His picture of the Pleiades, from Milton's description of Morning, was an exquisite specimen of his talents in this respect. In the picture before us, the drawing of the sons, their beauty, strength, and muscular activity, is admirable; while the supplicating attitude of Dirce pathetically appeals to the heart to rescue her from her fate. Elycas and the other figures are also well executed.

*Europa.*—Benjamin West, P. R. A.

The contributions of the venerable president begin to appear less numerous and interesting at the Academy each successive year. His *Europa*, in the present Exhibition, is secured from observation by the less elevated, but more sparkling beauties which surround it. This venerable chieftain appears to have drawn off his forces from the academic household, and placed them in a more commanding situation in the Gallery at Pall-Mall, where his grave talent is more powerfully felt than in a numerous exhibition like the present.

*The Crucifixion.*—E. Bird, R. A.

This most excellent artist, since he painted his celebrated picture of *Chey Chase*, has never deviated from a certain heavy effect in his productions. The gloom he aims at is opaque and dull, not clear and deep; it is unsuccessful colouring. We are eager that this artist should free himself from this sameness, for we admire the peculiar talent for the pathetic in painting which he possesses, without any admixture of monotonous solemnity. We like the picturesque manner in which the thieves are fastened to the cross: no other novelty seemed to strike us in his handling the subject.

*The Archangel Michael leaving Adam and Eve, after having conducted them out of Paradise.*—T. Phillips, R. A.

This picture has the merit of strong and beautiful colouring. We are surprised that the artist in general circumscribes his powers to portraiture.

*The Mother's last Embrace of her infant Moses, previous to placing him in the Ark.*—A. Perigal.

This picture is one of this artist's best performances. The character of the female is, however, without dignity: the colouring is in general good; but there is an evident carelessness in the work, which the artist might have avoided.

*Diana and her Nymphs bathing.*—T. Stothard, R. A.

This is the best performance of this artist in the present Exhibition. It pleased us most for the beauty of the landscape, and the sweet playfulness of the figures.

*From the Lady of the Lake.*—R. Cook.

This artist has furnished the col-

lection with four pictures taken from the beautiful poem of the *Lady of the Lake*, from the 1st, 2d, 5th, and 6th cantos. They seem well executed; we say *seem*, for, from the low spot in which they are hung, it is impossible that the spectator, who is at all affected by totally bending his head and back from the posture in which nature placed them, can survey those pictures with the smallest satisfaction to himself.

*Death of Rutland.*—C. Leslie.

This artist is also not much indebted for the situation in which the Academy has placed his picture. In despite of this disadvantage, it appears to be a work of merit in its execution.

*The Rabbit on the Wall, a candle-light Amusement: The broken China Jar, or Ghost laid, a Story founded on fact, and painted to illustrate a poem called "The Social Day."*—D. Wilkie, R. A.

Of narrative pictures we suppose we must place Mr. Wilkie's two performances in the first rank, although we do not think so highly of them as of his former works. They are in comparison trifling and unimportant; their execution is indeed admirable, and they possess little else.

*The Fight interrupted.*—W. Mulready, R. A. elect.

This picture is, in every respect, superior to the last: it has far more expression, better drawing, and chaste colouring. It is, in fact, the point of attraction in the great room.

*An Argument at the Spring.*—W. Collins, A.

This picture is full of interest. The cool, limpid spring, stealing through sedges, is beautifully ex-

pressed. The picturesque ruin, and illuminated stump in a dark wood, excite the most charming rural sensation; it captivates the imagination. This artist's execution cannot be excelled, yet it would be well if he adhered to nature in his trees; they want masses, and look spotty. The left arm of the girl who is about to take the infant, is incorrectly drawn.

*Shrimp-Boys at Cromer*, by the same artist,

is a beautiful picture. Its sunny breadth and clear shadows are excellent; and perhaps the shadowed part of the road and pool in his *Going to Market*, never was excelled even by himself.

*A Circassian Chief selling to a Turkish Pacha Captives of a neighbouring Tribe taken in War.*—J. Allen.

This is an interesting and affecting picture. It is extremely well drawn, and, we presume, correct as to costume, but it looks brown in point of colour: however, in this respect it is better than his former works.

*Portrait of his Serene Highness the Prince of Saxe-Coburg, &c. &c.*  
—A. E. Chalon.

This picture we rather accidentally discovered where no body indeed could be fairly charged with negligence in overlooking it, among the architectural drawings in the library. We feel ourselves here obliged, in consequence of some illiberal imputations which a part of the public press has been induced to send forth, to make some reference to a circumstance, which we should not otherwise have noticed, relative to the admission of this portrait into the Exhibition of

the Royal Academy. The Academy, like all other public bodies, has its code of laws and regulations for its own internal management. It is one of the latter, that, after a period to be fixed before each Exhibition, no works shall be admissible. When the portrait of the Prince of Saxe-Coburg was nearly out of the hands of the artist at Brighton, where it was executed, considerable satisfaction was manifested by all the Royal Family at the happy execution of the likeness, and a wish was expressed by several persons of rank who had seen the picture at Brighton, that it should be transferred to the Exhibition at Somerset-House, which was then on the eve of opening. The works for the Exhibition were then sent in, but the brazen tablet of the Academy could not be deformed by an infringement upon any of its provisions. However, H. R. H. the Prince Regent feeling that it would be at that particular moment a gratification to the public to have the picture in the Exhibition, with his Royal Highness's request the Academy of course complied, doubtless from a proper sense of respect, and also from that conviction which the members of the council must have felt, in common with every liberal mind in the community, that a deviation from rule in a particular instance and under circumstances so peculiarly interesting, and, above all, so unlikely of recurrence, never could be drawn forth as a precedent for a future claim, any more than that the exception to a general rule could grammatically imply the non-existence or abolition of the rule itself. Such is the short his-



tory of this transaction, which we trust cannot, by any misconception or misrepresentation, be productive of erroneous impressions. The artist who executed the work, and the individual concerned in the speculation of the print, were least of all interested in having it placed in a crowd of pictures, among which (as is the fact) it is wholly overlooked. We have no doubt, that, in the opinion of either of those, the best situation for the picture would have been under their own immediate care, and where subscriptions were daily receiving for the print then in hand. We do not concur with those who attach blame to the Academy for not inserting the picture in the catalogue (which it is said might have been done), nor for the place which they allotted to it after its admission; for, from the character of the parties concerned, we are most willing to believe, that both circumstances were accidental. After these observations, we, who are immediately concerned in the proprietorship of the work, shall of course say little of the portrait itself: it is before the public, and of its merits let the public judge. We have already stated the satisfaction of those most interested in its character and execution: the likeness is universally admitted to be most happily caught by the artist; the countenance is soft, and expressive of reserve and mildness, some would think of gravity. The prints from this picture, and of corresponding dimensions, will shortly appear.

The same artist has executed, and is now exhibiting at R. Ackermann's, 101, Strand, a *Portrait of her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte*, of exactly the same size

and dimensions, from which a corresponding print will be immediately taken.

*A Scene from Don Quixote—the Landscape* by J. J. Chalou: *Sancha Panza delivering the Message from the Knight to the Duchess.*—A. E. Chalou, R. A. elect.

The colouring of this picture is carried rather to a brilliant excess. The female figures possess much grace and beauty of expression.

*Morning—Boar-Hunting in the East Indies.*—J. Ward, R. A.

Mr. Ward's representations of hunts are admirable, no man ever drew horses in action better. His colouring and execution are of equal merit with his drawing.

*The Temple of Jupiter Panhellenius restored.—View of the Temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, in the Island of Egina, with the Greek national Dance of the Romaika, the Acropolis of Athens in the distance.*—J. M. W. Turner, R. A.

These are two very fine pictures by this eminent artist: the former one is particularly beautiful; its colouring is forcible, and the composition varied by tastefully contrasted lines. To those accustomed to English landscape, these pictures may seem overcharged; but the artist conveys the idea of another and a more luxuriant climate, a clearer atmosphere, and a fragrant air. The figures, as usual, are coarsely painted, but delicately and spiritedly conceived. We were particularly struck with the joyous figure striking the cymbals, and with two others dancing in the procession.

*Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still upon Gibeon.*—J. Martin.

Like the fine passages in a long and tedious poem, we sometimes

light upon a picture in the Exhibition that relieves us from the toilsome task of looking at the well-painted portraits of ordinary men, the common-place scenery of every day landscape, and historic pictures that look like the shadows of kings, "that the semblance of kingly crowns have on." In nothing does genius display itself more than in the sensibility it shows in choosing its subject, and in the comprehensive grasp which it embraces. Of this last class we do not hesitate to pronounce Mr. Martin's *Joshua*. It arrests the imagination, first by the grandeur of the subject, and next by supporting its elevation with all the pomp of circumstances. The lofty and superbiety, the troops advancing in admirable lines from the gates and mingling in the bustling fight below, the wildness of the distant scene, and the dreadful vengeance that Heaven discloses and is about to inflict on the flying enemy, display an original and poetical power over the subject, that stamps it the undoubted work of a man of genius. In looking at this work as a whole, we see too many exalted beauties, to protect the artist from any observation on some imperfect colouring, and a few other defects which may be found in the picture.

*The Entrance to the Port of London.*

—A. W. Callcott, R. A.

This tranquil sunny effect in the most busy scene in the world, is accompanied with those sensations that the place itself excites. To say, as has been said, that it is more like Cuypp than nature, is not true, and to say it is not like both, would be so likewise; but to say,

that even the Marquis of Stafford's Cuypp, which it most resembles, is equal to it, would be unjust also. Of this species of style we think this the very best picture we ever saw, in point of colour, composition, drawing, and brilliancy of daylight; in those it has no equal.

*Morning in Italy.*—W. Allston.

This is a deep-toned and well-coloured picture. The artist has powers of a higher order than subjects like this are calculated to elicit.

*The Wheat-Field.*—J. Constable.

From extreme carelessness this artist has gone to the other extreme, and now displays the most laboured finish.

*The Captivity.*—G. Arnald, A.

This artist is a good landscape-painter, but no poet; as his *Babylonish Captivity* proves.

*A Scene from Cymon and Iphigenia of Boccaccio; the Figures by F. Stothard, R. A.*—J. C. Hofland.

By the joint labours of these artists a good picture has been produced. We must prefer, however, Mr. Hofland's *landscape*: it has more of the symptoms of nature in it.

*Knights of the Bath going to be installed.*—F. Nash.

This artist's drawings are deservedly admired for their truth and force. From this painting a very spirited print has been engraved; as a companion to the *Installation*.

PORTRAITS.

Among the portraits in this Exhibition, that of *Lady Wigram* by Sir Thomas Lawrence, is the finest piece of nature, colour, relief, and finish, we have ever seen. Sir Wm. Beechey, Mr. Phillips, and Mr. Jackson have also some excellent

ones. Mr. Mouchet's portrait of *Mr. Jones* is also most expressive.

Among the female contributions we were particularly struck with *The Death of Abel*.—Vide Gesner's *Death of Abel*.—Mrs. Ansley.

This work is a bold and spirited effort of female talent. Of course, the necessity of painting without models almost precludes a lady from the possibility of a very correct imitation: yet, from the correctness of many parts of the figures in the picture before us, we cannot persuade ourselves, that Mrs. Ansley neglects altogether so essential a practice. The colouring is rather heavy, but the execution is particularly free.

Mrs. C. Long has also two small and well-coloured sketches taken in France. Her trees are extremely pretty, and her landscapes simple and natural.

#### SCULPTURE-ROOM.

This room is, as usual, well stocked with busts: but as we devoted but little to the portraits of our painters, we shall be equally brief with the busts of our sculptors, and content ourselves with saying, that some of them, by Mr. Chantry, Mr. Nollekens, Mr. Turnerelli, &c. are well executed; and the remainder will, we dare say, answer the purpose for which they were intended, by sufficiently gratifying the vanity of those good folks who ordered them.

*A Monumental Basso Relievo*.—

J. Flaxman, R. A.

This is a fine specimen of the perfection which belongs to the sculptor's art. The subject, if we mistake not, belongs to real life, and relates to one of those melan-

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choly incidents which embitter the human mind, by the visitation of heavy calamity. It refers to the sudden death of a father in a boat while sailing with his daughter. The sculptor has described the circumstance with the affecting interest that belonged to it. He has represented the interesting female with an expression and attitude of mingled fear and astonishment, supporting her weak and languid parent with all the affection of filial piety. The length of the boat is well filled up by the position of the boatman, who struggles to reach the shore with all that anxiety that the calamity which he witnesses is calculated to excite.

*Figure of Truth and Temperance*—

*Model for a Group in the national Monument to the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval*.—R. Westmacott, R. A.

These figures are draped with simplicity and taste; they are finely proportioned, and the attitudes display great dignity.

*Achilles contending with Scamander*.

—E. H. Bailey.

Our classical readers need not be informed that this subject is taken from the 21st book of Homer's *Iliad*, and the artist has, in the execution of the work, presented his justification for having undertaken the difficult task of embodying in sculptural form the fire of the poet's fancy. The figures are naked. In the activity and strength of the figure of Achilles he has, with fidelity, personified the boldness and power of the hero; while in the fine harmony of lines which his attitude contains, he has commingled the youth and beauty which belong to the poet's glowing de-

scription of his personal attributes. To the front of Achilles, he has contrasted the powerful and muscular back of Scamander with fine effect, particularly in the bending of his body to avoid the blow. The vacant space occasioned by the stride of the former, is happily filled up by shewing the head and breast of one of the drowned heroes. This is one of the most poetical works we have seen in marble for a considerable time.

*Prometheus chained on Mount Caucasus, where a Vulture was sent by Jupiter to prey upon his Liver.*—  
J. Hiffernan.

This is another classical produc-

tion, which does credit to (we understand) a young artist. His object appears evidently to have been, to shew a naked athletic figure in fine proportions. The anatomical parts are accurately and freely defined; nor would they have suffered in this respect, had the body been supplied with a little more plumpness.

*Eve entreating Forgiveness of Adam.*

*This group obtained the gold medal, &c. in the Royal Academy.*—  
S. Joseph.

These figures possess exquisite grace and beauty: the attitude and expression of Eve are truly pathetic and interesting.

## WOOD'S REMAINS OF BALBEC AND PALMYRA.

### TO THE EDITOR OF THE REPOSITORY, &c.

SIR,—As a subscriber to your most elegant and valuable publication, *The Repository of Arts, &c.* I take the liberty of pointing out an inaccuracy in No. III. of your New Series for March last, page 130. It is there stated, that “Adam, whose publication of his discoveries at Balbec and Palmyra had recommended him to some of our nobility,” &c. &c.

I did not notice this inaccuracy to you at the time, taking for granted, that it would have been noticed and corrected in your subsequent number; but so far from that being the case, I find the same erroneous statement repeated in your last number for the present month, page 254, in the following words, viz. “About the middle of the last century, Adam, Stuart, and Rivett (N. B. *Recett*, not Rivett,) visited the remains of Grecian art. Adam, by the publication of his discoveries at Palmyra and Balbec, af-

fecting at least an improvement,” &c. &c.

By the above repetition, it is clear that the author of the Architectural Review in your *Repository* lies under a decided error; and, if he will take the trouble of ascertaining the fact, he will find that *Wood published Palmyra in 1753, and Balbec in 1757*; and that Adam never published any work on Palmyra or Balbec. Adam's only work, I believe, on ancient architecture, is *The Description of the Ruins of Dioclesian's Palace at Spalatro, in Dalmatia*; and, I believe, he also published one volume of his architectural works, executed by him in this country.

The interest I take in the correctness of your valuable *Repository*, will, I hope, be my apology for the liberty I take in noticing this misstatement, and in entering into so many particulars for that purpose.

X. Y. Z.











## FASHIONS.



## LONDON FASHIONS.

## PLATE 33.—BRIDAL DRESS.

A FROCK of striped French gauze over a white satin slip: the bottom of the frock is superbly trimmed with a deep flounce of Brussels lace, which is surmounted by a single tuck of byas white satin and a wreath of roses; above the wreath are two tucks of byas white satin. We refer our readers to our print for the form of the body and sleeve: it is singularly novel and tasteful, but we are forbidden either to describe it, or to mention the materials of which it is composed. The hair is dressed low at the sides, and parted so as to entirely display the forehead: it is ornamented with an elegant aigrette of pearls in front, and a sprig of French roses placed nearly at the back of the head. Necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets of pearl. White kid gloves, and white satin slippers.

We have to thank Mrs. Gill, of Cork-street, Burlington Gardens, for both our dresses this month; and we must observe, that the one we have just described, is a wedding-dress which she has recently finished for a young lady of high distinction.

## PLATE 34.—EVENING DRESS.

This dress is composed of white lace, and worn over a rich white soft satin slip; the skirt is finished round the bottom by a deep flounce of lace, and three narrow byas satin tucks, which are surmounted by a wreath of beautiful fancy flowers. The body and sleeves are pe-

cularly elegant and novel; a satin front, which forms the shape in an easy and becoming style, is ornamented at each side with a light embroidery of flowers, and finished with bows of ribbon. The sleeve, for which we must refer our readers to the print, is, we think, the most tasteful that has been lately introduced. The hair is parted so as partially to display the forehead, and ornamented with a wreath of flowers. Necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets of diamonds. White kid gloves, and white satin slippers richly embroidered in coloured silks. A rich white lace scarf is thrown carelessly over the left shoulder, and partially shades one side of the neck.

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 GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON  
FASHION AND DRESS.

THE marriage of her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales has drawn together so great a number of the nobility and gentry, that London at this moment may be justly styled the emporium of fashion and taste. The lightest materials are now adopted for the elegant promenade costume: for the early morning walk, however, we must observe, that pelisses of green sarsnet, trimmed with the same material, and made as described in our last number, are still high in estimation with *belles* of taste. They are generally worn with a Leghorn bonnet of the French form, trimmed with ribbons to correspond, and ornamented with

intermixed plumes of green and straw colour; the edge of the front is finished by a rich straw-colour silk trimming. Owing probably to the very high price of Leghorn bonnets, they are now more fashionable than we remember them to have been for some seasons.

Pelisses of book and sprigged muslin are lined with slight coloured sarsnets, and trimmed with a profusion of white lace. The most elegant one we have observed, was trimmed round with a fulness of muslin, which was nearly half a quarter in breadth, and confined, at regular distances of rather more than half a quarter, by a rich letting-in lace, each fulness drawn so as to form a small festoon, which is trimmed round the fronts and bottom of the skirt by a flounce of white lace. The body is slightly drawn at the bottom of the waist, which is finished by silk ornaments on each hip, and a cordon to correspond with the lining. There is no collar, but a small white lace cap. The half sleeve corresponds with the trimming, which has, we think, a very formal appearance. There is a very pretty cuff, composed of letting-in lace, and edged with narrow lace. The favourite colours for lining muslin pelisses, are evening primrose, sapphire blue, wild rose, and straw colour.

Satin, sarsnet, and French spotted silk scarfs, are also in requisition for the promenade; they are worn with straw, chip, and white satin bonnets and hats, in the shape of which we observe nothing particularly novel. Feathers are still the most prevalent ornament; but for satin hats, flowers are also considered very elegant. The Coburg

hat, composed of white net over white satin, is particularly elegant; the net is placed with an easy fulness over the crown, and divided into puffings, round the top of the crown, by very narrow bands of byas white satin; similar bands are very tastefully placed round the middle of the crown. The edge of the front corresponds with the edge of the crown, and is ornamented with a wreath and bouquet of lilac. The form of this hat is a little in the French style, but by no means unbecomingly so.

White lace scarfs, and white lace mantles, the latter lined with white satin, and richly trimmed with lace, are considered most fashionable in carriage costume. White satin spencers and pelisses are, however, adopted by many *belles* of taste: the latter are trimmed round with net half a quarter deep, laid on full, and the fulness divided in various fanciful ways by a slight chenille trimming: this fulness is sometimes interspersed with bows of narrow white satin ribbon, and the pelisse is edged round with narrow blond.

We observe that pelisses, spencers, and indeed all high dresses, continue to be worn very broad in the back, short in the waist, and low on the shoulder. The backs of the most fashionable have a slight fulness at the bottom of the waist, and the sleeve is set in in a manner at once novel and extremely becoming to the shape: the front is so contrived as to form a half sleeve, sometimes in points, sometimes in the form of a shell, which being made without any seam on the shoulder, adds considerably to the ease of the shape.

White lace and white satin caps are the head-dresses most prevalent in the carriage costume: the Charlotte cap, composed of white satin and lace, and the cap *à la paysanne*, composed of white lace only, are equally fashionable. The first is a round shape, rather high, a caul composed of white lace, over which is placed three folds of satin edged with lace; these folds are brought to a point in front, where they terminate in a rich white lace rosette, in which is stuck a sprig of French roses. The cap *à la paysanne* is a small French mob, ornamented with ribbons only, and trimmed with narrow lace.

Plain and sprigged muslin, white sarsnet and spotted silk, and slight plain and striped sarsnets, are all worn in dinner costume. We see with pleasure that dinner dress is now made with a strict regard to delicacy: the bodies are either sufficiently high all round to shade the bosom, or else a small lace tippet, which comes about half way to the throat, is worn with a low body. Frocks are entirely exploded. Coloured bodies are very prevalent; they are in general worn with white lace long sleeves. The favourite trimmings are, white lace, blond, or plain net; the latter is much worn in puffings round the bottom: ribbon, which is disposed in bows, rolls, and in various other tasteful ways, is also very much worn. The skirts of dresses are much fuller than they were, but they still continue a walking length. Muslin bodies are let in with a profusion of lace, and the shape is in general formed by letting-in lace: where the sleeve is long, it is very full at the top of the shoulder, and this fulness is confined by a letting-

in, put so as to form a very pretty half sleeve.

Never in our recollection were the materials for full dress so various, tasteful, and magnificent as at the present moment. Gold and silver tissue, and gauze crape embroidered in gold, silver, or coloured silks, and gold or silver lama on net (which last is higher than any thing else in estimation), present an appearance so striking and superb, that the British *belle* dressed for an evening party, reminds us of the heroines of the Arabian tales. It is unnecessary to enter into any description of the form of evening dress, as we have given the two most elegant in our prints of this month.

The hair continues to be dressed nearly in the same style as last month, but rather lighter on the forehead. Feathers placed at the back of the head, and diamond or pearl ornaments in front, are generally adopted for full dress. Some very youthful *belles* give the preference to artificial flowers, but we observe they are only partially worn.

In half dress, small lace caps continue to be worn; but some *élégantes* twist a white lace handkerchief through the hair, suffer the ends to fall in the neck, and place a sprig of artificial flowers at the side.

Full-dress jewellery is now composed either of diamonds or pearls: coloured stones, intermixed either with diamonds or pearls, are wholly exploded. Sapphires, amethysts, and topazes are partially worn; but then the necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets must be composed wholly of the same gems.

In half-dress jewellery, white cor-

nelian, intermixed with gold, is very prevalent, and has an extremely elegant appearance: plain gold ornaments are also worn; they are finished with a degree of neatness and elegance which ought to prevent us from encouraging French jewellery.

Full dress slippers are not so high on the instep as last month; the materials of which they are composed continue the same.

White kid, or stout French silk sandals, to correspond with the dress, are highest in estimation in the carriage costume. Boots, the fore part of kid, and the hind of French silk, are most fashionable for the promenade.

Fashionable colours for the month are, green of all the lighter shades, evening primrose, sapphire blue, pale blush colour, and straw colour.

### FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

#### PLATE 32.—DINING-ROOM WINDOW-CURTAIN AND SIDEBOARD.

THE annexed plate represents a portion of a dining-room, containing designs of a sideboard, and other appendages to this apartment. A recess, circular at each end, is formed to receive the sideboard; which does not, therefore, curtail the length of the room, and so proportions the pannel as to re-

ceive a glass of moderate dimensions, over which is an appropriate tablet of figures. A cellaret is beneath, and candelabrum on each side. The curtain is of a very simple construction, being passed over the pole, from which it falls and terminates in a figured and fringed border.

### INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

DR. HUGHSON, the historian, is engaged, at the express desire of the Lord Mayor, on a work relative to the *Privileges of London and Southwark*, as specified and confirmed by charters, statutes, customs, &c. Since Dr. H.'s laborious investigation on these subjects, the inhabitants of Southwark have been extremely desirous of ascertaining the validity of those privileges which the corporation of London claim to exercise in that district, as is evinced by their reestablishing various courts of record in that borough. Of this work only a limited number will be printed.

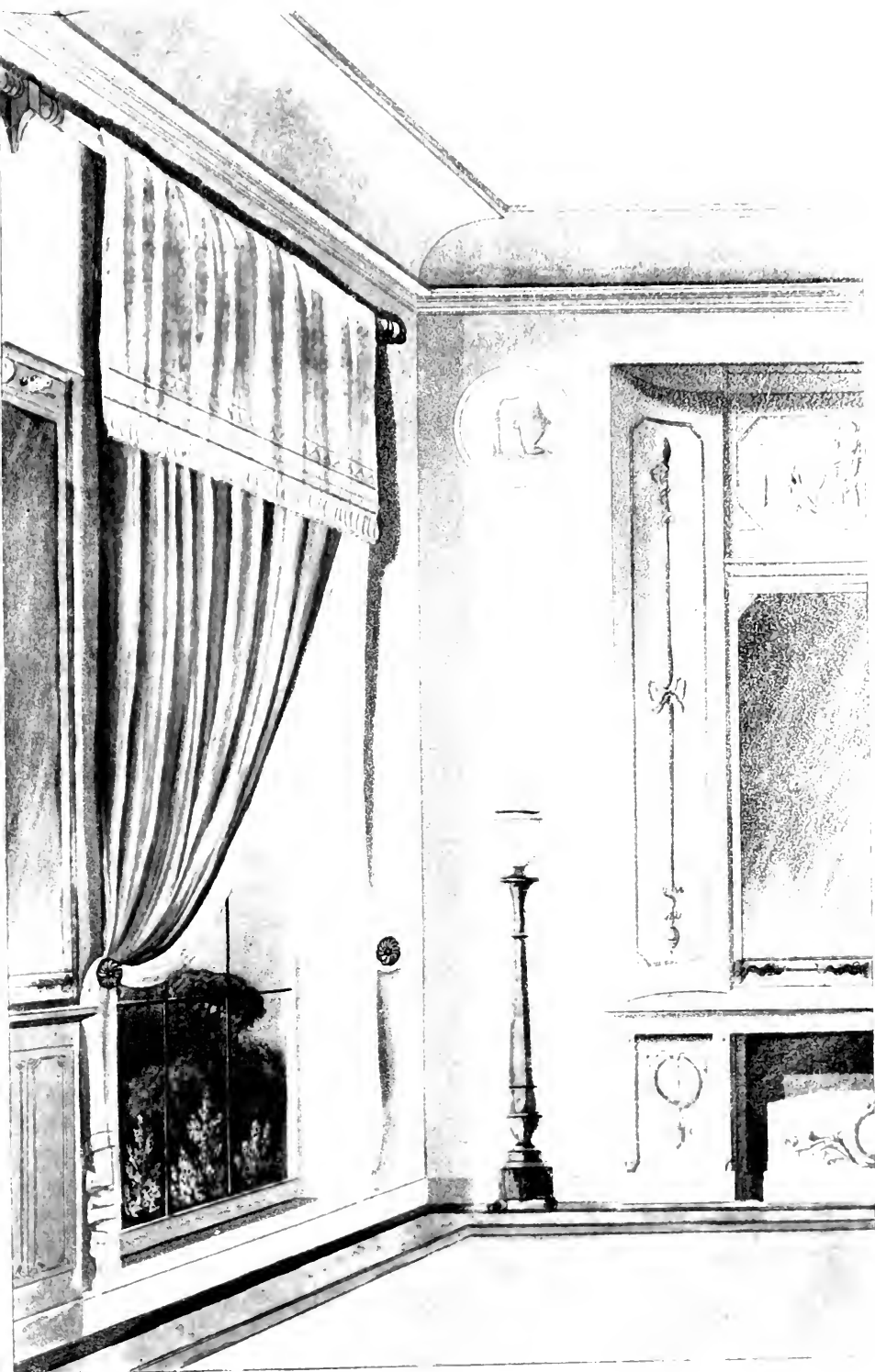
A new novel, entitled *Strath-*

*allen*, from the pen of Miss Lefanu, will appear early in June. The work is well known in the fashionable circles, and is written with considerable vivacity and much knowledge of life: the characters are well drawn, and delicately discriminated.

Early in June will be published, part I. of the *Pomona Britannica*, being a collection of specimens of the most esteemed fruits at present cultivated in this country, by G. Brookshaw, Esq.

Sir Cuthbert Sharp, F. S. A. will publish in the course of the present month, a *History of Hartlepool*, in the county of Durham.

A translation of the *Memoirs of*





*the Marquise de la Roche Jaquelin* is in the press.

Mr. Archibald Campbell has in the press, *A Voyage round the World, from 1806 to 1812*, in which the author visited the Japan, Kamtschatka, Aleutian, and Sandwich Islands; including a narrative of his shipwreck on the Island of Sannack, and subsequently in the ship's long boat.

Mr. C. J. Bertuch, of Weimar, in his *Geographische Ephemeriden*, gives the following particulars of the writer, whose travels have just been published under the name of *Ali Bey*:—"He is a Spaniard by birth, whose real name is Don Domingo Badia y Leblieh, of the military profession, and since his return to his native country has been promoted to the rank of general. His travels contain so much that is extraordinary and romantic, that I should be tempted to consider him as an adventurer, were I not personally acquainted with him, had I not received an account of him previously to his departure on his expedition, and had I not lately conversed with him here at Weimar on his tour through Germany. In the year 1804 I informed the public, that two literary Spaniards, Don Simon Roxas Clemente and Don Domingo Badia, had received orders from King Charles IV. to proceed to Africa, for the purpose of exploring that country. The former declined an expedition attended with so many difficulties: Don Domingo, however, persevered, and prepared himself for it so completely, that he not only acquired the greatest fluency in the Arabic and Turkish languages, but even submitted in London, in his thir-

ty-sixth year, to the operation of circumcision, adopted the Turkish name of Ali Bey el Abassi, together with the manners and religion of the Mohammedans; so that he was enabled to travel without danger through all Africa and Arabia in the character of a Turk of quality, who had resided for a considerable time in Europe. He purposely selected the name of Ali Bey, because it is one of the most common in Barbary; indeed he told me, that at Cairo he had once dined with a party in which were *Wirt. en* Ali Beys; and the surname of el Abassi was designed to produce a notion, that he was of the family of the Abassides, or descendants of Mohammed (a collateral branch of the Prophet's family, which is widely spread in the East), to procure him access to the great in the Turkish empire, and to excite respect in the vulgar. This mask was indispensably necessary to the success of his design; and during his five years' peregrinations, Don Domingo acted the part of a Turk of distinction, and a descendant of the Prophet, with such address, as to secure to him the most important results. On his return to Europe, finding that the government of his country had been overthrown during his absence, he resided partly in Paris and partly in London, engaged solely in preparing his travels for the press; and in 1814 came to Weimar to consult me respecting the publication of a German edition of them. In his letters, several of which I have from him in French, he commonly styles himself General Badia."

## Poetry.

## THE MASK OF MERLIN, or TITANIA'S VISIT :

## ON THE RECENT ROYAL MARRIAGE.

By ALICIA LEFANU, Grand-daughter of the late THOMAS SHERIDAN, A. M. author of  
 "Rosara's Chain," "The Sylphid Queen," &c. &c.

PROUDEST morn of golden spring,  
 Wake to joy the trembling string,  
 Crown with pomp and festive lay  
 England's solemn holiday!  
 Shall *my* faltering touch aspire,  
 Wandering wild, to wake the lyre?  
 Yes!—*One* name, with potent charm,  
 Scorn shall quell, reproach disarm:  
 While I sing the royal bride,  
 England's flower, and England's pride,  
 Love shall bid my labour live,  
 Critic zeal each fault forgive.

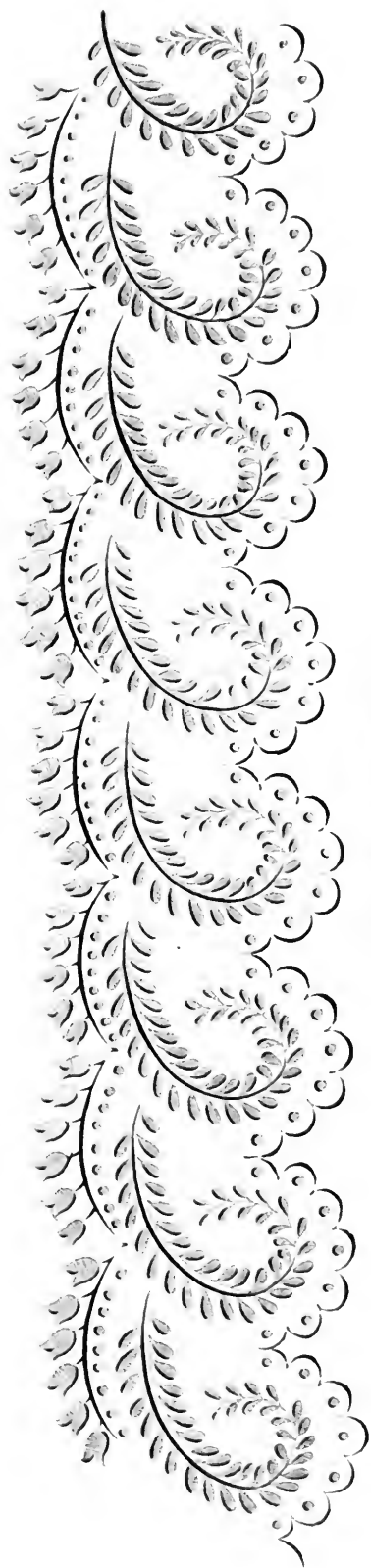
Far remote, in Cambrian vale,  
 (Fancy's spirits tell the tale,)  
 Still that ancient wizard dwells,  
 Merlin of the mystic spells;  
 Cambria's weal his latest prayer,  
 Cambria's princes still his care.  
 Soon as dawns their nuptial hour,  
 Summon'd by his wand of power,  
 Mark Titania's pygmy train  
 Lightly press the emerald plain.  
 Swift, around your sovereign spread  
 Crown imperial's tented shade!  
 In its golden bells is seen  
 Verge enough for fairy queen:  
 Flower-de-luce's velvet grain  
 Lends her robe its Tyrian stain;  
 Fairy gems, above, below,  
 In her zone and crownlet glow.

'Twas when Maia's genial power  
 Wakes the harebell in its bower,  
 O'er the bank and o'er the meads  
 Violet-woven tapestry spreads,  
 ON THAT day, to England dear,  
 Bright Titania, hovering near,  
 Arm'd with word, and arm'd with spell,  
 Last approach'd the wizard's cell.—  
 "Asks, my lord," she smiling said,  
 "Gifts to grace the royal maid?"  
 Lo! Titania flies to shower  
 Blessings on her bridal hour.

Lo!—but on the murmuring gale  
 Mark what forms majestic sail!  
 Hark! what voices meet mine ear,  
 Distant now, now sweetly near!"  
 Yes, 'tis he who rules the air,  
 Merlin plans the pageant fair;  
 Plann'd, blest power! thy grace to win—  
 See Titania's masque begin.  
 Swift, the cave's eternal night,  
 Changing, flash'd unearthly light:  
 Nodding groves and rocks around,  
 Bards and oak-wreath'd Druids crown'd;  
 While above the printless glade  
 Wander'd many a shadowy maid:  
 Thee, Britannia's hope! on thee  
 Dwelt each soul-taught harmony.  
 "Hark!" a bard enraptur'd sung,  
 "Sounds by Taliessin rung,  
 Sounds of power—your meander praise  
 Fades before HER conquering lays."—  
 "Lo!" a sterner Druid cried,  
 "Sacred lore, to us denied,  
 Lore of every clime and age,  
 Pains her mind's illumin'd page."—  
 Last in order, hand in hand,  
 Softly moved a beauteous band:  
 Charity, with downcast mien,  
 Glances o'er the shadowy scene;  
 Cheerfulness, with smiling eye,  
 Grace, and princely Courtesy;  
 Every generous Virtue mild,  
 Hastes to claim her favourite child;  
 Bids each spot her steps have prest,  
 Tell why Charlotte's name is blest!

Slowly closed their mystic strain,  
 Fair Titania speaks again:—  
 "Blest the youth, propitious Fate,  
 Smiling, names her destin'd mate.  
 Waft him soon, ye vernal gales!  
 Haste, expand the jocund sails!  
 Vain our care!—A lover's speed,  
 Lighter, swifter sails shall speed.  
 His the prize, the loveliest gem  
 Shrined in England's diadem!"







Ceased the queen: along the sky  
Burst a prouder melody.

Drum hands the chords are sweeping,  
Gifted bards the measure keeping;  
Swelling, deepening, mingling all,  
On mine ear these wild notes fall:—

“Is there a land where heroes rest?  
Where is the warrior’s meed prepared?  
Mark! far beyond the golden west

Bright glory’s deathless fame is rear’d.  
No mortal hands the godly structure  
framed;

No mortal tongue the sacred temple  
named.

“There, pinnacle, and dome, and spire,  
Each varied hue of fading light  
Adorns, when sinks the solar fire,

“Curtaïn’d in cloud, to vulgar sight;  
Clouds, that the spirits’ airy robe com-  
pose,

Who flutter round on wings of sapphire  
and of rose.

“Attendant spirits—to gifted eye  
They ope the jasper-pillar’d hall,  
Where, throned in godlike majesty,  
Sparkles along the statued wall  
Each hero’s form, in purest diamond  
wrought,

Who honour’s steep ascent through dan-  
ger’s path has sought.

“Their laurel crowns the spirits fair  
Bathe in the stream of life and fame;  
But chief, *his* image boasts their care,  
Hail’d with deliverer’s holier name,  
When Brussels shouted through her  
trembling domes,

“Courage, my country! England’s  
Arthur comes!”

“Still louder praise the royal hand,  
For him prepare a brighter wreath,  
Whose justice drew th’ avenging brand,  
Whose mercy knew that brand to  
sheathe;

Ev’n then, when victory flush’d the  
warrior’s brow,

Bade concord’s dearer bliss from  
GEORGE’S fiat flow.

“And thou, bright fair! in happiest time  
Accorded to a nation’s prayers,  
What deeds of generous worth sublime  
Have train’d thee from thy earliest  
years,

To seen, undazzled, glory’s proudest  
height,

As eaglets teach their gaze to brave the  
solar light!

“Blest the parent, blest the child,  
Who in home-found pleasures mild,  
(Quell’d their country’s haughty foes,)  
Change the laurel for the rose!

Be this thought your bliss and pride,  
Bliss to humbler loves denied:  
Yours the joys, and yours the cares,  
England mourns, or England shares.”

Thus my bold, yet trembling tongue,  
Druid lays would fain have sung;  
But be still, presumptuous lyre!

Had thy chords those notes of fire  
Waked by her, who, shrined above,  
Warbles now of heavenly love,  
(She who late, in sweetest lays,  
Tuned immortal Psyche’s praise,)  
Munsel of my native land!

Guided by thy influence bland,  
Verse should paint, in life-tints warm,  
Love’s reward, and beauty’s charm.  
No! ah, no! her magic strain  
Vain my hope to raise again—  
As when erst Erminia stray’d,  
Clad like Salem’s warrior maid,  
Feebler powers, and wild alarms,  
Shamed too soon Clorinda’s arms.

Seldom round a female head  
Twines the laurel’s graceful shade:  
There let milder myrtle’s bloom  
Waft its soft and meek perfume.  
Cease, my lyre!—unseen, unknown,  
Long, too long, I’ve waked thy tone;  
Long, too long, aspired to raise  
Notes untaught, of artless praise.

Oh, how favour’d! should the toil  
Win one bright approving smile,  
One benignant glance obtain—  
Hope presumptuous!—Cease, my strain!

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